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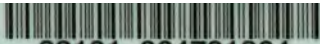
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ARISTOCRACY,
OR
THE HOLBEY FAMILY:
A NATIONAL TALE.

*'What's that with strongest influence weak mind rules?
'Tis pride, the never failing vice of fools.'*

**DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
TO THE HON. JAMES FENNER,
LATE GOVERNOR OF R. I.**

BY MRS. C. R. WILLIAMS,
AUTHOR OF 'RELIGION AT HOME,' 'TALES NATIONAL AND REVOLUTIONARY,' &c.

PROVIDENCE:
PRINTED BY J. KNOWLES.
1832.

**Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1832,
By CATHARINE R. WILLIAMS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Rhode-Island.**

TO
THE HON. JAMES FENNER,

LATE GOVERNOR OF RHODE-ISLAND,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE MOST RESPECT-
FULLY DEDICATED.

IN making this dedication, the author feels assured she need not inform your Excellency, that this tribute of gratitude and respect is not offered to the person who has successively held some of the most important offices in the gift of his fellow-citizens—as such; nor is it offered to the man of affluence; the motive to which, would militate against every principle contended for in the book: It is simply dedicated to one of the most active and efficient patrons of literature in our State,—to one who, when the divisions and distractions of PARTY shall cease, will long be gratefully remembered as the friend of science and of man—the promoter of every literary and benevolent institution, of every attempt to enlighten the minds and ameliorate the condition of the human family at large, and in particular of this his native State.

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As the following work has nothing to do with the political history of *this* State, either past or present, the author feels assured that the benevolent concern expressed by your Excellency, lest 'the insertion of your name should make the book an object of political animosity,' is unnecessary. Should such, however, in any one instance be the case, the *inconvenience* will be very cheerfully borne by her who has the honor on this occasion of renewing her expressions of highest consideration and respect.

C. R. WILLIAMS.

P R E F A C E.

IN purchasing a new book, we cannot expect to know the plot beforehand ; but we have a right to inquire into the moral tendency of the work.

The aim of the writer in the following pages has been, to assist in putting down those high notions, originating in pride and a spirit of competition, which it is well known is fast ruining a vast number of families and individuals in our country.

It is common among moralists and essayists to deplore the increase of luxury and extravagance among all classes ; but, as yet, the origin of the evil has escaped animadversion ; and if these pages should do no other good, it is hoped they may at least furnish a hint to those who are more competent to do justice to a very important subject. Should such be the case, the author of the following tale will not have toiled in vain.

It is a subject of regret to the writer that the facts upon which this story is founded, are of such a nature and the characters concerned of such a grade in society as necessarily to confine one almost exclusively to a certain class of individuals, who probably of all others are the most inaccessible to reproof. The evil complained of, does not—would that it did—belong to these alone. The spirit of aristocracy is as visible among the lower order of people as among the higher, while among the middling classes it rages to a greater extent than with either. The mechanic, who lords it over a handful of journeymen and apprentices, compelling them to adopt all his peculiar tenets in religion and politics, and to vote for this man, or that man, may have as much of it, as the rich idler, who lives at his ease, and looks down upon his tenants or manufacturers, as upon beings of an inferior order. And the princely magnificence which he affects, is not more ruinous or ridiculous, than the attempts of his poorer neighbors to vie with him in dress, and copy his overbearing and offensive manners. A constant desire to exalt

ourselves above those whom heaven has made our equals, is not peculiar to any one class, or to either sex, but to attack it in every quarter is not possible in the compass of one volume.

The author has some fear that the expression of political sentiment here, may be offensive to some, as it seems to be a prevailing opinion among mankind that a woman should know but little of politics, and say less ; but if they take the trouble to peruse this story to the end, they will see that it could not be distinctly understood without reference to the political affairs of the day.

The story occupies a period of eight years, from the year 1801 to 1809: and it is believed there has never been a period, since the commencement of the revolution when party spirit ran higher, than during that memorable epoch. The passions of men then in a high degree of excitement, have since had time to cool, and reason, with a vast many has once more resumed her empire. Persons who were not actuated by sinister motives, generally, are in amazement when they look back to that period and review the causes of contention.

It is not then the apprehension that the sentiments themselves will be offensive, if their coming from the pen of a female can be tolerated.

We venture in conclusion, to express a hope that the interest of the story may reconcile the reader to the *unfeminine subjects* which are sometimes introduced, or altogether erase them from his recollection. Such as it is, however, it is cheerfully laid before the same indulgent public whose liberal patronage has hitherto amply remunerated the 'labors of the midnight lamp.' Who have kindly withheld the arrows of criticism, and thrown the mantle of charity over every blemish.

ARISTOCRACY,
OR
THE HOLBEY FAMILY.
CHAPTER I.

“ 'Tis past the midnight hour!
The watchful guard, alone remains
Awake—except some plodding brains—
Have sleepless dreams of power.”

During the year 1800, while the canvass for the election of a new President was going on, while politicians were racking their brains, some to oppose and others to promote the cause of a favorite candidate, and every engine which avarice, ambition or cupidity, could set in motion were employed in the general stir, and frequent removals from post to post, and from town to town were taking place, “Squire Holbey,” as he was generally called in his own town, among others saw fit to remove.

His reasons for abandoning a delightful situation on the banks of the Delaware, were his own undoubtedly; though much it excited the wonder of some of his rustic neighbors, that any one so enviably situated as he appeared to be, could consent to leave his paradise of a place, and the free and wholesome air of — Grove, for the smoke of the city. His journey to New York, where he had for the present concluded to locate himself, had been com-

menced in haste, and concluded so; as he arrived, with his family at a late hour in the night, and proceeded to the house where he had before engaged a few cheap, but handsomely furnished apartments.

As to the three females belonging to the establishment, Mrs Holbey and two daughters, they averred they never closed their eyes during the first night of their sojourn in the great city. Visions of splendor, of dress, of pomp, of show and parade, with conquests innumerable, flitted past in rapid succession, through the morning watches, though they arose at a late hour, it did not appear that any one among them had enjoyed the blessing of repose; except the two small boys, sons of Mr Holbey, and a niece, whose unfortunate destiny had compelled her for the present to be an inmate of their family.

Far other visions haunted the pillow of the 'Squire, and disturbed his repose. He had embarked his all in an uncertain cause. He had left the quiet haven of domestic peace, his own home and fire-side enjoyments, in rural plenty, and launched his barque upon the troubled ocean of politics, but one aim possessed his soul, all his thoughts were engrossed by one subject, and he had resolutely determined to trample down every thing which stood in the way of his ambition. Conscientious scruples never troubled him, he was no coward, he had the heart to conceive, and the hand to execute almost any thing, though there was a cautious circumspection in his every movement, which seemed to carry the idea of timidity.

After his establishment at New York, his business, like many things about him, had rather the appearance of

mystery, being engaged from morning until night in writing, but what were the subjects his lucubrations was not known; he had never published any work, or designed to, that his family were apprised of. His evenings were usually devoted to company, whom he entertained in his study, and who very seldom stopped to pay their respects to the female part of the family, notwithstanding the oft repeated invitation,

‘Will you walk in and see Mrs Holbey and my daughters?’

‘Thank you kindly, but we are so much engaged this evening,’ was generally the answer, with the addition sometimes of ‘You know, ’Squire, we politicians have so little time to devote to ladies.’

‘Just so, just so,’ responded the crafty ’Squire, obliged to take the slight whether it was palatable or not, ‘that is what I often tell them,’ and the family amidst a nightly influx of company, had now lived some weeks in the city in almost total solitude. What this desertion could mean, is beyond our power to explain, but Mrs Holbey always chose to attribute it to the malignant influence of a certain family from the same town, who happened most unfortunately to take up their residence in the same neighborhood, and whose distant and somewhat contemptuous manners they always chose to style *political persecution*. But whatever was the cause of ’Squire Holbey’s fire-side being deserted, it is certain his lady’s want of industry and perseverance was not. That amiable woman (for she always bore the character of a very amiable woman) had upon her first arrival in the city busied her imagination,

and taxed her invention, to contrive the very best way of making their debut in society. Among other inquiries she had been trying to ascertain the most fashionable place of worship, and understanding there was more of what she chose to style *the nobility* frequented T—— Church than any other, she immediately determined the place of their first public appearance, and persuading her husband to hire an expensive seat in the most sightly part of it, she commenced preparations for the ensuing Sabbath.

To do her justice she had a very good taste of her own in respect to dress; her arrangement of colors, of girdles, of buckles, and rings and bracelets, and in fine, of all the frippery of the modern toilet, were as well planned as those sort of things can be, and after a week of most laborious preparation, the family were at length ready to make their first appearance.

The bell of T—— Church had nearly done tolling when Mrs Holbey, leaning on the arm of her husband, and leading a procession of three young ladies, and two small boys, bristled into the porch. The elevation of her spirits however had been somewhat damped by the very solemn appearance of the building as she approached it.

The dark and sombre hue of the walls was not relieved by the funeral shade of weeping willows, that all around hung their pendant branches over the sleeping dead, while the finely chiseled but mouldering monuments beneath, too plainly told the end of earthly glory. The very spire, Mrs Holbey protested, 'looked more like a monument than a steeple,' nor was the strange feelings awakened in her bosom at all dissipated upon her entrance into the

Church, and a kind of shudder crept over her, as she discovered by the time-worn inscriptions on the marble flags beneath, that she was stepping over the 'dust to dust' of former ages. The last stroke of the bell was heard e'er she gained the pew, and the deep toned organ commenced a funeral dirge. Mrs Holbey could scarce tell where she was, while the solemn peal echoed through the lofty arches and seemed to lose itself in the clouds—then suddenly descending, some chord in the bass would almost shake the building to its centre. The instrument was evidently touched by a master's hand, and so absorbed was the woman of the world (for she was not insensible to the charms of music) that she never thought of looking towards the pulpit, until the last note had ceased to vibrate on her ear. The first glance in that direction discovered between the chancel and the desk the black pall suspended over the remains of some fellow being now about to be committed to their last home. The surrounding pews hung with black, and filled with well dressed mourners, announced the departed was of some note ; a deep and unbidden sigh escaped from her bosom, while the sentence '*Sic transit gloria mundi*' involuntarily escaped from the lips of Mr Holbey. The lady on his left started, with something of a look of pleased surprise ; this person we will now introduce to our readers.

Adelaide Mellville was an orphan, the daughter of Mrs Holbey's only sister, and committed to her care, and that of Mr Holbey, by her parents, who both falling a prey to a contagious disease, died within a short time of each other. Mr Mellville would have preferred willing her to his only brother then in Europe, but as no correspondence had been

kept up with him, and they were ignorant of his particular situation, it was thought most advisable to leave her to friends nearer home, and with ill judged and indiscreet confidence they bequeathed to him at the same time their whole property without specifying its amount, or requiring any kind of pledge that it should be devoted to the maintenance of their orphan child. There were some trifling debts to pay, and as in all cases of sudden death, the property was left in some confusion, but Mr Holbey, sole executor of the will, set himself most earnestly to work to settle the estate, the amount of which he declared to be little or nothing, and that he considered it bringing up Adelaide upon charity to take her into his family and educate her with his daughters, but as she was so desolate, and besides nearly related it should be done. This of course did not blind the inhabitants of the town of —, who knew that Mr. Mellville began the world with a decent property, and that he had been remarkably prudent and industrious in his business, never engaging in any rash speculations whereby he could have encumbered his estate.

Poor Adelaide had now been some years in the family, and compelled as they made her believe, to eat the bread of dependence, though she in reality was the only person imposed upon. Nor were there wanting persons to insinuate as much to the orphan, and to advise her to have the matter of the Will investigated, and ascertain whether her father, who was constantly delirious during the last days of his life, was competent to make a will. But whether she had too high an opinion of her adopted parents to believe them capable of such flagitious conduct, or whether

she feared to make an attempt, which might prove abortive, and have only a tendency to incense her guardians, she turned a deaf ear to all such insinuations, and continued her life of mortification and passive obedience.

Adelaide Melville was no common character, although she might appear in some things to lack worldly wisdom : her mind was of a superior order, and having availed herself of every means of information within her power, she was, though only fifteen, remarkably well informed. Her manners were not showy, but lady-like and becoming. As to her person, it was about the middling height, graceful, but not remarkably elegant. Her countenance had that peculiar charm denominated 'sweetness of expression,' and though indicative of youth and health, was not particularly indebted to regular features, or a dazzling complexion ; she had not the superior height, or slender waist of Miss Emeline Matilda Charlotta, her eldest cousin, nor the bewitching graces and languishing looks of the younger, Augusta Sophia Willelmina, both artificial characters, perfect automata.

While the mother and daughters were 'sadly wearied,' as they expressed it, upon their first visit to the Church, their fair cousin enjoyed a season of repose which her heart had long sighed for. She perceived her cousins experienced a melancholy disappointment in not being stared at, and most awkwardly situated in being entirely unacquainted with the service, and wondered her aunt had not chosen to go where she must have felt herself more at home, and the simple form of worship was familiar to her ; but she herself inwardly rejoiced at the strange decision, as she felt

every word to be in unison with her feelings, and the close attention paid to the service she felt must have a happier influence than the custom of standing and staring about. The service was read by a young and very elegant looking man, but the sermon was from an aged clergyman, who looked as though he had almost survived the period when mortal hopes or mortal fears animate the breast. The family of Mr Holbey retired from the house of God with the mortifying conviction that not a single human being had observed them, and according to what they supposed fashion, absented themselves in the afternoon, as Mrs Holbey had been told the *haut ton* never rose from table until four o'clock.

Adelaide, gratified by her morning's attendance, entreated permission to leave the dinner-table and occupy the pew in the afternoon, a request which was readily granted, as Mrs Holbey observed after her departure, 'she thought it best there should be some distinction between the girls, and she did not know but this was as good a way to shew it as any other, for there would be none but *devotees* in Church in the afternoon. Her niece, however, had the satisfaction of hearing an excellent discourse from the young clergyman who read the service in the morning, delivered too, with much spirit and animation. She wished much to have been able to join in the service, and ineffectually sought to find it, when a fair hand was gently laid on the book, and turned to the place; and in singing she stood up with the congregation, though unable to turn to the hymn, the same hand removed the book and substituted another, which enabled her to join in the song of

praise. She had a voice of great compass, and most melodious sweetness, and it chimed so well with that of her unknown friend, one would have thought them both proceeding from the same person.

When the congregation were dismissed Adelaide turned round to exchange the book, and her grateful and expressive glance met one of equal intelligence from one who wore the loveliest countenance she thought she had ever beheld. She watched the receding form of the stranger, until finding herself almost alone, she slowly left, and sought her desert of a home.

CHAPTER II.

'Oh momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for—than the grace of God!'

Upon reaching —— street, Adelaide found the family engaged in listening to a new Play, which Mrs Holbey was reading aloud, and which her fair daughters protested they meant to see in the course of the week. Adelaide retired to her room after obtaining permission to take a book from her uncle's library, here she selected Hervey's Meditations, and with that and her Bible, passed a tranquil evening.

While sitting at breakfast next morning, for the first time Mrs Holbey thought to inquire 'how her niece enjoyed herself at Church the preceding afternoon?'

‘Much better than in the morning,’ was the reply. ‘I understood the service then, from having the places found me.’

‘Then some antiquated devotee was kind enough to take you under her special protection, I understand there are no others out in the afternoon.’

‘They must have an overflowing majority of that class then,’ retorted her niece. ‘I did not perceive any diminution in number. The lady who was so kind as to assist me was young, and had the most beautiful face I ever beheld.’

‘Really,’ said her aunt, ‘well I doubt not there are young devotee’s as well as old ones, and by and by there may be a pair of you.’ This was followed by a loud laugh, in which she was joined by the young ladies.

‘Well for my part,’ said Mr Holbey, for the first time joining in the conversation, ‘I see nothing more than common politeness in it; I wish some of the gentlemen had been as civil to me.’

In a populous city Mrs. Holley soon discovered the Church was no place for display, certainly not to make acquaintance in, and her invention was upon the rack to contrive some other method. Her eldest daughter was too tall to send to school, but the youngest she resolved to send to a boarding school hard by, where she understood the daughters of some of the most affluent and influential persons in the city were educating. Having by dint of persevering inquiry learnt something of the habits and regulations of the school, and that the Principal was a person very accessible to flattery, she commenced operations.

On the ensuing Saturday, (the only day in the week in which the Preceptress received calls to herself,) Mrs. Holley, and her two daughters elegantly dressed, stepped into a hackney coach and proceeded to the school, though it was only at the end of the street in which they lived. After being announced, she was ushered into the little parlor where madame S—— received her visitors. Here the lofty Mrs Holbey commenced by informing that lady, 'she had been some time inquiring for the most accomplished instructress in the city: that she understood besides there was none but children of the first families admitted, which was certainly the greatest recommendation, as she could not consent to her daughter's mixing in society that one knew nothing of, and entirely out of their line—that her husband and herself would be grieved to have them acquire vulgar notions, unsuited to their rank in life, but she felt persuaded there would be no danger here, and that they could have no fairer model to form their manners after than their amiable Preceptress.' That *amiable character* was entirely overpowered, and curtseying to the very ground, she returned her acknowledgments for the compliment, and promised every thing in her power towards the promotion of the young lady. She had penetration sufficient to understand what was required of her, and felt no scruples at pushing a young lady into the really respectable circle that generally composed her school, of whose family, habits of life, and even moral character she was profoundly ignorant. Her payments were made in advance, which terms were cheerfully complied with by Mrs. Holley, and a present of a handsome bank note

for any little extra trouble the new scholar might occasion during the first quarter, completed the contract, and Augusta was soon settled in her new quarters with a perfect understanding between mother and governess.

At the school of Mrs. S—— Augusta was introduced to the young ladies as the child of wealthy and most respectable parents, and the young ladies were particularly requested to shew her every attention and be strictly careful of their manners before her, as her parents were exceedingly strict, and her mother one of the most elegant and accomplished women in the country. This, joined to the rich wardrobe and costly ornaments of Augusta, carried the point. Children are generally taken with gewgaws, but this was not all. Augusta, who was very artful, soon discovered many of the ladies had pious parents, and she counterfeited so well, that they soon believed her and her parents models of piety, and she soon had invitations to visit the misses at home, and they in turn visited her, her sister of course was often included in these invitations. The courtesy of Mrs Holbey towards her young guests, so gained upon them, that at length some of the parents of the scholars were induced to call on her, and thus a system of visiting was commenced which caused Mrs Holbey to congratulate herself more than once upon her talents for conducting a seige.

Now it may be supposed that Mr Holbey was immensely rich, or his lady could not have afforded the expense of pushing into fashionable life at so dear a rate. To correct such a mistake, we will just state that his income was a very moderate one. He had inherited a small estate

from his father, and to that had joined the proceeds of the goods and chattels of the deceased Mr Mellville, and both had been augmented by a laborious attention to business. He had now for some years given up trade, and been a Justice of Peace, and held sundry lucrative offices, all of which, to use the language of his neighbors, '*he made the most of.*' His present business, whatever it was, was rather uncertain in its rewards and emoluments, and depended something upon the success of the object for which he was employed to labor—of that bye and bye.

To industry and perseverance, Mr Holbey joined economy the most rigid, and had a real help-mate in his accomplished wife, who managed their family expenses so well, as to be able to make a great show at a very moderate expense. To tell how this was done, we fear we should be obliged to disclose some of the secrets of high life, but as our history could not be so well understood without going somewhat into the minutia, and as their disclosure may possibly benefit some aspiring individual who has long sought this *philosopher's stone* we trust we shall be excused.

First, then, Mrs Holbey had but one servant at this time, and that was a young simple being, whom she had taken in childhood and trained to her purposes. This girl of course performed all the drudgery of the family, though under the eye of her mistress, who was necessarily obliged to pass some of her time in domestic business. Their labor as respected cooking, was much less than one would have supposed from the size of the family, since the plainest and cheapest kind of food alone found the way to their

table, except when they chose to make a display, and then nothing in our country at least could exceed the profusion and apparent prodigality with which their table was decked.

The fashion of permitting one to stand at the door an hour after ringing the bell, or lifting the knocker, before the appearance of a servant, (a fashion probably instituted among needy nobility or ruined bankrupts, in order to ascertain before admission, whether their visitors were sheriffs,) had just come up, and being the very height of *ton*, was of course immediately followed by Mrs Holbey; in fact nothing could have been more convenient in their establishment, as it gave their *one servant* the opportunity to put on shoes and a clean apron, and appear at the door as a tidy waiting girl; while that of obliging the visitor to wait in the drawing room an equal length of time before the appearance of the lady of the house, was equally convenient, it allowed time to change the dress completely, and even adjust the looks, which madam Holbey never forgot to do, though it sometimes puzzled her judgment to decide which of her faces to put on. She wished to appear graceful, fascinating, condescending, and what was rather hard, to appear at the same time exceedingly dignified. The lady herself was aware of the difficulty, and had at length wisely resolved to wear but one face at a time, but which to adopt as the *desideratum* was now the question; she could not always be quite certain of the quality of her guests, and to put on airs of condescension to persons exalted above her, by the majesty of wealth or station, or vice versa, would have been a sort of *bungling*, attended

with serious consequences. To prevent an evil of this sort she usually reconnoitered her expecting guests through a *port-hole*, and judging of their quality by their dress, and the degree of attention bestowed upon her superbly ornamented drawing-room, would regulate her features and address accordingly: It is true that after all this precaution she would sometimes fall into most laughable mistakes, but even then she would recover herself with such singular adroitness that a stranger would be unable to say whether it was accident or design.

It would require more than one volume to describe the various arts by which the Holbey's attained their end, suffice it to say they at length succeeded in making their way into fashionable life, and alas! were but little happier after all. The bare admission into a circle where they could command no influence, was unable of itself to satisfy the ambition of Mrs Holbey or her daughters, whose souls panted for a distinction they were never destined to attain. As to poor Adelaide she was but a spectator, being but rarely permitted to visit with the family and quite neglected in their fashionable parties. Her aunt had taken pains to persuade her guests 'that she was a dull mooping creature, and entertained *strange notions of things*.' She did not dress in the style of her fashionable cousins, and Mrs Holbey excused her by saying that 'Adelaide did not think it proper for a person in a state of dependence to dress much,' thereby giving herself an opportunity to expatiate upon her own generosity in protecting the hapless orphan; though she at the same time protested 'she deserved no credit on that score, as her conscience told her she was

injuring the girl, and putting notions into her head incompatible with her situation in life.' This invidious remark was often repeated, aside from her niece, to whom it was no grief to be neglected by the fashionable world, as they were for the most part as little adapted to her taste as she was to theirs.

Though the world's neglect had no share in afflicting Adelaide, yet she had a cause of uneasiness that pained her more than she dared to allow to her aunt, who sometimes questioned her slightly on the subject, and that was the increasing ill humor of her Guardian, accustomed at all times to starts of rage, it had now settled down into confirmed peevishness; every thing irritated him, nothing pleased or appeared to give even momentary satisfaction *at home*, though he still continued to wear in company the same simpering smile of apparent good humor. His niece, who was often left at home to make his tea, when he declined making one in their parties of pleasure, felt more than any one the increasing bitterness of his temper; she could often hear him walking his room in much agitation, swearing, and uttering imprecations that shocked her, and sometimes even excited her fears for his intellects.

But if the occasional violence and almost constant peevishness of Mr Holbey were terrifying, his fits of moroseness and gloomy abstraction were still more so. Sometimes he would sit for an hour without speaking, while his lowering brow and clenched hand seemed to say he was contemplating some deed of desperation. Adelaide thought it prudent to say but little on the subject to her aunt; to

her uncle himself she ventured once in very mild terms to hint, 'she feared that something unusual disturbed him,' and received for answer—

'Well, suppose it is so—what could you do for me? What do you know about politics?' The asperity with which this interrogation was made, frightened poor Adelaide from ever renewing the subject.

The horror which Mrs Holbey protested she felt, upon her first visit to the Church, soon wore off, but she never could really like it, and always lamented they had taken a seat in so gloomy a place, and soon besieged her husband to relinquish it, and go to another. But in this he for once asserted his independence by saying—

'You had your choice, madam—nothing could suit you but the most expensive seat in the most expensive building, and I shall not be at the trouble to hire another.' Mrs Holbey was constrained to submit in silence, but she seldom after this went out on the Sabbath, except to walk at the close of the day on the Battery. Adelaide meanwhile continued her attendance on public worship, where she gradually commenced an acquaintance with the amiable and pious Miss E——, her next neighbor, who was so much pleased with her meek and humble deportment in the house of prayer, that she at length introduced herself to the fair orphan, and solicited her acquaintance. Most gladly was the invitation accepted by one who felt herself so utterly destitute of female sympathy. Miss E—— requested her to pass a day with her during the week.

To gain her aunt's permission to visit Miss E—— her niece feared would be difficult, as she kept her so much

confined at home ; but she ventured to make the application, and putting her friend's card into her hand, requested permission to visit her on that day.

'Most certainly I shall not permit my niece to visit a family of whom I have not the remotest knowledge,' was the reply—'who knows, madam, but you may have picked up some very low acquaintance?'

'Low acquaintance,' repeated Mr Holbey, 'it is not a very low name—let me see the card ;' he took it from the hand of his wife, who really trembled with ill repressed rage.

'You are very much mistaken madam—the E—— family are among the very first in the city, a most ancient family, and immensely rich.' The countenance of Mrs Holbey underwent a considerable alteration for the next three minutes, at length she inquired, 'if there were any sons in the family?'

Adelaide had observed several times a most striking likeness in the countenance of the young Clergyman who occasionally officiated at church, and Miss E——, and the question for a moment confused her, and she faintly answered 'not that she knew of.'

A loud knock at the door immediately interested the attention of the ladies, and the next moment the identical young Clergyman was ushered into the drawing-room. With inimitable grace he immediately walked to Mr Holbey and shaking hands with him, introduced himself as Mr E——. Mr Holbey in his turn introduced him to his wife and daughters, with two or three young ladies who were visiting them. The young man kept turning his

eyes from one to another in some confusion, until Mr Holbey taking a hand of Adelaide drew her from behind her aunt's chair, where she had taken refuge from the scornful and upbraiding looks of that lady.

'My niece, sir, I presume you are acquainted with.'

'No, sir, I am not,' answered the Clergyman, standing and surveying Adelaide with a look of undisguised pleasure, 'I have not that pleasure—I merely came as a messenger, or rather as a substitute for my sister, who is so happy as to have become acquainted with Miss Melville. Eliza does not visit at present, being confined by the indisposition of my father, and she entreats the favour of your niece's company, to pass the day socially at our house.'

Mr Holbey bowed his assent to the ground, and turning to Adelaide, bade her go and get ready.

The ungracious looks of Mrs Holbey, and the dark and withering glance directed at her niece as she left the room, was not unobserved by her guests, and the conclusion was not a flattering one. The second daughter observed it, and inwardly regretted her mother should have dropped the mask so very inopportunately.

CHAPTER III.

‘With what a majesty he bears himself.’

Shakspeare.

The carriage that conveyed Adelaide and her clerical beau, after passing through several streets to a considerable distance, at length stopped before an ancient gate-way whose heavy carved work reminded one of other countries. Over the huge gate, which was of wrought iron, was suspended a large lanthorn surmounted by a coat of arms, which, though not carved with remarkable neatness and now much defaced, attested by its once splendid bearings the high rank of the family whose name it was intended to perpetuate. The building within the enclosure of dark brick, and immense thickness of walls, corresponded with the entrance: an air of gloomy grandeur seemed to pervade the whole establishment, and as Adelaide passed through the folding-door and up the spacious entry, a feeling of awe involuntarily came over her, and she felt as though about to appear in the presence of some superior being. Nor was the feeling lessened when received by her fair friend at the door of the sitting-room, she was led up to the master of the mansion to undergo the ceremony of introduction.

The venerable figure that occupied the high-backed chair in the corner, corresponded with all Adelaide's ideas of royalty. The majestic height of his person astonished

her, being several inches taller than any one she had ever seen before. With a faint smile he extended his hand to welcome his daughter's friend, who absolutely felt her's tremble in his pressure, and she thought as she ventured from time to time to steal a glance at him, she should never be able to describe the unearthly look which he wore, for he was evidently on the confines of mortality, besides which she could not but draw comparisons between the dignity of deportment conferred by nature and confirmed by education, to that assumed importance, which of all Mrs Holbey's disagreeables, disgusted her the most.

The day passed most delightfully to Adelaide; the restraint she felt at first gradually wore off, and she became social and agreeable. The old gentleman, as he listened to her artless remarks and unsophisticated language, could not but secretly compliment his daughter's discernment. Mr E—— had been a patriot and a soldier during our revolutionary struggle, and he could not converse long with any one without adverting to a subject, which of all others except *one*, interested him most. The subject of our National Independence was one that always aroused the attention, and almost absorbed the faculties of his youthful guest, and the judicious remarks which she made from time to time upon subjects which do not usually engage the attention of females, perfectly charmed her auditors. She was well read in the history of her country, and her fine memory readily retained every thing interesting to her feelings. In childhood she had often been seated on the knee of her grand-father Melville, and heard him

recount the exploits of himself and his regiment. He had been an officer in the service, and the affection of his little grand-daughter treasured up every word she ever heard him utter. Years had passed since he was numbered with the clods of the valley, but the impression left on her mind was but as of yesterday.

Though an advocate for liberty and equality, and one who had risked his life in the service of the Republic, yet it was easy to discern the elder Mr E—— was one who valued himself upon the distinctions of blood. Descended from an ancient and honorable family in England, and always accustomed to genteel and well educated society, it sometimes went strangely against his feelings to mingle with the motley multitude that the chances of life threw him among, in fact he had very nearly come to the conclusion that there was and ought to be, two distinct classes in society, viz., the well-born and well-bred, and the low-born and vulgar. There was one thing, however, at this time that rather tempered his feelings on this subject. He had become a warm partizan of Mr Jefferson in opposition to the administration of Mr Adams; personal intercourse with both these gentlemen in former days, had given him an insight into their respective characters, and he had hailed with delight the prospect of exalting his favorite candidate. He was aware that the sentiments of the new administration (for Mr Jefferson had just gone into office,) were diametrically opposed to his own aristocratic notions, and to be consistent, he labored as much as possible to keep them in the back ground, nevertheless they would sometimes peep out.

Mr E——, with the inconsistency we have mentioned, was yet a sterling character, a man of perfect integrity and great firmness of purpose : there was nothing vacillating about him ; no wavering, no compromising with principles ; whatever cause he espoused, he was sure to stand by in the worst of times. His heart or purpose never failed him ; this had acquired him the character of obstinacy, though in private life he was known to be exceedingly indulgent and yielding. He was always communicative and intelligent, and his insight into the politics of the day was only exceeded by his penetration of the human character.

During the day Adelaide, who was walking round to examine some drawings, and in particular, an old fashioned picture of the storming of Quebec, empaneled in the mantel-piece, happened to cast her eyes upon a plat of the city of Washington ; after examining it for some time, she said with a sigh—

‘I should like to have been there at the inauguration of the new President.’

The countenance of Mr E—— brightened. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘you are one of his friends and admirers I suppose.’ Adelaide stopped confused, a deep blush overspread her face, which increased to crimson, upon perceiving the young Clergyman had dropped the newspaper he was examining, and fixed his eyes upon her with a most interrogative look.

‘Why I really do not know what to say,’ she answered, ‘I was merely thinking of the splendor of the spectacle, his character is comparatively but little known yet—

and I—I cannot possibly be supposed to know much of politics.’

‘Not known, not known,’ repeated Mr E——, ‘the writer of the Declaration of Independence—the——’

‘Pardon me,’ said Adelaide, ‘*I know* but very little of him; I have been in the way of hearing much said of the new administration, but by its enemies only.’

‘By some proud aristocrats like me perhaps, loth to give up the distinctions of rank, and to become plain citizens.’

‘No, I believe,’ said Adelaide, with a smile, ‘the persons to whom I allude had no such distinctions to relinquish.’

‘They had high offices in the State to lose perhaps,’ continued Mr E——, ‘and that amounts to about as much.’

‘I believe not,’ said Adelaide, (starting at the moment for fear she was in some way committing her friends,) ‘my uncle has not lately held any office, no high one at any time.’

‘Very likely, very likely,’ said Mr E——, ‘I am not ignorant that some of the most violent aristocrats we have in the country have no distinctions to give up, and can have none to hope for except the distinction of wealth. It is the aristocracy of wealth alone they aim to establish. Now of all the sources of distinction this certainly is the most ridiculous, since the slave to-day may be the master to-morrow.’

‘And for that very reason,’ said the son, (for the first time taking part in the conversation,) ‘the most inoffensive. The oppression of the rich man is at best of short

duration, since property is continually changing masters.'

'You are entirely mistaken in the inference, my son,' retorted Mr E——, 'the knowledge that distinction may prove short lived, only operates to make it more intolerable. There is something in the human heart that resists the oppression of wealth in a peculiar manner, and many persons who would yield to the superiority of those who claimed precedence on account of their birth and breeding, would deny the right of wealth to exact respect, and consider all pretensions on that score as usurpation. The insolence of wealth is even more obnoxious than the proverbial insolence of office, and both harder to be conceded to than that of rank.'

'I cannot conceive of that,' said Adelaide, 'since riches, though like all earthly things, transitory, have yet some substance to them, "rank we know is a phantom, honor a bubble;" riches at least have a tangible form, and may be made subservient to our comforts, but what blood has helped any one? For my part I cannot conceive of any one being entitled to more respect for being the son of a gentleman.'

'Well done, my little republican philosopher,' said the old gentleman laughing, 'but as I am determined to make you understand me, I want your particular attention while I tell you why they are entitled to more respect.'

You know that intellectual acquirements and refinement of mind and manners does entitle the possessor to respect. Young as you are, you cannot be insensible to the fact, that next to religion, there is nothing that has operated so beneficially in restraining vice, as the progress of refinement.

In a moral point of view, then, refinement is an object of respect; we grant that the son of a day laborer may become possessed of a great share, by close study and much observation and exertion; whenever this is the case such persons are entitled to peculiar respect and admiration, both for having surmounted the difficulties that obstructed their way, and for that innate taste that led them to acquire something so amiable and desirable. The instances of persons bursting such barriers are however comparatively rare, and the manners and language of *persons of yesterday*, as the phrase is, be they ever so fashionable and showy, are universally deficient in refinement; some vulgarism is always slipping out, or some lamentable ignorance discovering itself in things which every one ought to be supposed to know.

‘Possibly such person may be the son of affluent parents, who have acquired their wealth by honest industry, but who could not in becoming rich change their whole character, and therefore with the property bestowed upon their son, they necessarily bequeath a portion of their manners and ideas. Oppose to such an one a person who has for many successive generations descended from a race of refined and intellectual people, placed by peculiar circumstances above the sordid employment of laboring for riches, and you will at once see the difference. Whatever your opinions with respect to equality in a Republic, (and I am happy to say they correspond with my own,) you could not nor would not withhold a respect and a reverence that sordid wealth will never receive from you.’

‘There is no resisting your words, dear sir, (said his youthful antagonist,) particularly as the demonstration of your argument is now before me.’ The eyes of Sidney, the young Clergyman, sparkled with delight at the compliment to his father, while the old gentleman bending his majestic person, answered by a low bow. ‘I question, however,’ said Adelaide, resuming the subject after a moment’s pause, and sighing deeply, ‘whether one’s happiness would increase by occasional intercourse with persons of the latter description, when obliged to associate daily with the former, and I more than ever rejoice at the prospect of levelling even such distinctions, and by obliging us all to labor for our daily bread, bringing us more upon an equality, and saving poor unfortunates like me from feelings of inferiority that are rather painful.’

‘A great deal will be attempted at levelling idle and unnecessary distinctions,’ said Mr E—— thoughtfully, ‘but it will not be effected without much opposition; this country is but half revolutionized yet. Mr Jefferson is perhaps the best person to go on with the work; he detests all ostentation, is plain even to homeliness himself, instead of assuming what does not belong to him, he actually disclaims what does. I never knew a man who “bore his faculties so meekly” as our present Chief Magistrate. There has been violent opposition to his election, but the contest has but just commenced; oceans of ink will yet be spent in impeaching his motives, and vilifying his character; what success his enemies may have we cannot now say, but posterity will do him justice; *America will be proud to enrol his name among the most able of her*

Statesmen, her greatest Philosophers; no calumnies can or will deter him from the steady course he is pursuing for the public good; no caballing or intriguing alter his purposes in the least; and the benefits which his administration will procure for the country I doubt not will be felt and appreciated by very remote generations.'

'There are those,' said Sidney, suddenly rousing from a fit of abstraction, and abruptly taking a part in the conversation, 'there are those who at this very moment I apprehend are plotting conspiracies that will as surely fall and bury them in its ruins as other natural effect follows its cause'—he turned an inquisitive eye upon Adelaide, but she answered not; the color came and went in quick succession; she might have said with Hamlet's ghost, "But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold"—whatever she had *thought* before, a new light now broke upon her mind, and the views it gave her were painful and alarming; Sidney observed her look of gloom and abstraction, and suddenly rising said—

'We tire Miss Mellville—come ladies accept my arm, and take a walk in the garden; you have not seen our garden, yet, Adelaide—I beg your pardon—Miss Mellville.'

'Oh, call me Adelaide, by all means,' said she, 'I love to be called so by my friends.'

'Then I will never call you by any other,' said Sidney, 'I love to address my friends without ceremony.'

They walked in the garden until sun-down, when Eliza entreated her brother to go in, saying the evening air would

increase his cough. Adelaide now discovered for the first time, that the interesting young Clergyman was an invalid, and the dry hacking cough which now began to trouble him at the close of day, compelled her to believe a confirmed one. A pang shot through her bosom that almost rent her heart asunder ; it was in vain she reasoned and struggled against the agonizing apprehension of Sidney's approaching dissolution ; in vain she repeated to herself, ' he is but the acquaintance of a day,' tears repeatedly forced themselves to her eyes, and it was only by the greatest self-command that she swallowed the rising sob of emotion. Yet Adelaide had not the most distant thought of loving Sidney E—— other than as a friend and spiritual teacher, and the brother of Eliza. She had for the most part sat under his preaching through the past winter, and she considered it a means of having enlightened her mind in spiritual things, and though she was profoundly ignorant of the phrases used to express a change of heart, yet it is certain her mind had during that period received a lasting bias, and that the things of time and eternity had since looked entirely different. Whoever takes the trouble to peruse the history of her eventful life to the period to which we have brought it, will be convinced that nothing but divine grace could have supported so young a sufferer through such singular trials.

Adelaide felt her obligations to Sidney E—— as a means of enlightening her mind, and strengthening her in the path of duty. There had been times when the painful feelings occasioned by her peculiar situation in the family

where Providence had placed her, almost amounted to impatience, and the feelings of her heart towards those who continued hourly to annoy her, and lacerate her feelings, almost to aversion. Against these natural infirmities, the man of God had set forth the prohibitions of the Gospel, and could he have been acquainted with her situation in every painful particular, (as Adelaide sometimes fancied he was by intuition,) he could not have addressed her more to the purpose. This will not appear surprising to any one at all acquainted with this subject ; they know that no person ever was benefitted by preaching until they could take some part of it to themselves, and that they very often fancy it really addressed to them, and that their individual case is the whole aim of the preacher's discourse ; but to return, she became entirely resigned to her situation, and feeling convinced that her heavenly Father had for some wise purpose determined the place of her habitation, resolved to abide patiently by the decision until it should please Him to remove her, and to consider those who were so regardless of her feelings, as instruments appointed for her correction or sanctification. She longed to express her gratitude to Sidney as being the instrument of promoting such a happy state of feeling, but diffidence prevented her ; now, however, that she was aware of his declining state of health, she determined to seize the first favorable opportunity ; none offered this time, though he persisted in escorting her safe home in the carriage. That day week was fixed on for another visit, and she felt she should almost count the hours until the day came round.

Upon reaching her aunt's parlor Adelaide found herself surrounded by a gay set of her cousins' acquaintance, who evidently treated her with more attention than they had ever done before.

'Who saw you home?' said Mrs Holbey, with one of her disagreeably inquisitive looks.

'Mr E——,' said the conscious Adelaide, and her cheek was instantly suffused with blushes.

'Oh!' said one of the giddy girls, 'so you are to be a Parson's lady—your servant, ma'am,' rising and making a low curtsy. Many other witticisms followed from her cousins, which drew forth loud and repeated bursts of laughter from the company; at length Adelaide ventured to put in a word.

'As respects Mr. E——, I am afraid no one will have that honor speedily, he is a confirmed invalid, and if he lives through the summer, (she felt herself shudder,) will leave this country in the autumn for a warmer climate.

This remark seemed to finish the discussion, and the object of such ill-timed raillery gladly availed herself of the plea of fatigue to retire to bed; it was not to repose though; the incidents of the past day and the conversation at Mr E——'s, continued to agitate her through an almost sleepless night.

CHAPTER IV.

*'So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour.'*

Of all the subjects of affliction in this world of trial, there is none perhaps that more deserves our pity (among those whose sorrows are purely sentimental) than the person whose affections are placed upon a being daily and hourly fading before them like the drooping flower, and gradually hastening to that 'bourne from which no traveller returns.' Many a young heart has been broken by this sorrow, while the world knew not of it—many a reputed misanthrope who has been accused of the want of human feeling, has deeply felt on this subject—they once perhaps felt that all their joys, hopes, expectations and anticipations were over, and after that felt not again forever. There is a feeling about the heart whose hopes have been withered in the bud, unequalled by any other pang the world can have in store.

To wander forth in the damp air of midnight, and steal to the lonely grave, or 'clasp the cold urn of her he loved,' has often been the sole enjoyment of many whom the world has considered invulnerable to sorrow, as cold, unfeeling, and insensible. The stone that covered all their joys reveals not the secret, and many a sufferer of this description has gradually sunk into the grave, and followed the beloved shade to the land unknown, without the cause even being suspected.

It was not long before the susceptible Adelaide became acquainted with the real state of her heart. And here, perhaps, we may blame and accuse her of indulging a morbid sensibility, and reflect upon her prudence in not exercising the very superior strength of mind with which she was gifted. But why accuse her? The human heart is destined to love once, if no more, and it is in youth alone that we are capable of imbibing this sentiment; by long intercourse with the world the heart becomes cicatrized and is no longer liable to such impressions; say what we will, it is not possible to *fall in love*, as the phrase is, after thirty; interest, convenience, various motives may determine people to marry after this, and there may be something of a preference founded in reason, but as to love, the thing is impossible; but to return.

Adelaide again and again repeated her visits; sometimes she would resolve to go less, but then how could she be so barbarous, her presence was so very acceptable to father and son, and so almost indispensable to the daughter, and she continued the dangerous indulgence. She had assumed courage to tell the son the effect of his preaching on her mind, and added to other ties he now considered her as his child in the Gospel. She had received with him the holy communion, and been made a member of the church where he occasionally ministered; his deportment towards her was such as a brother's might have been, and such as became a dying Christian too; convinced in his own mind that his time would be short, he labored to employ the few fleeting hours left him, in the

service of his heavenly Master. To strengthen the faith, instruct the judgment, and direct the principles of Adelaide was a favorite employment of Sidney, and such was the situation of his mind during the summer, that he never suspected the state of her's until towards the close of it. When the time drew near to make preparations for the voyage, he observed the subject disturbed her, and when he kindly took her hand, and observed 'that Christians should not sorrow as others at earthly separations, because they were sure of meeting again in Heaven,' he felt it tremble, and snatching it away, she covered her face and sobbed with violence. 'Ah me! this surely is the bitterest of all,' exclaimed Sidney, rising and walking the room in great agitation, 'Adelaide, for my sake, and that of my suffering family, I entreat you shew more firmness, if you feel so much, what must they suffer?'

Adelaide raised her head and gave him one look, but that look spoke volumes, it was not in nature to misunderstand or resist it, and in a moment he was again by her side.

'Adelaide—dearest! if I could live, but that you know is impossible,' and he added with difficulty, 'when I am gone think as little of me as possible.' Eliza here opened the door and stopped irresolute, undetermined whether to enter or not. Sidney beckoned her, and putting the hand of Adelaide within her's, faintly articulated, 'be sisters,' and left the room. Long did the two afflicted young women weep in each others arms, though they both agreed to avoid ever after saying any thing which could in the least agitate or distress their beloved brother.

But where, it may be asked, was the prudence of her aunt? Did she not see the danger of exposing her niece to the attractions of this singularly interesting invalid? She did see the danger, and anticipated a malicious pleasure in the trial which she foresaw was preparing for the gentle Adelaide. Her niece prosperously married would have been something she could scarce have witnessed, but drooping, afflicted, broken hearted, it was an image she delighted to dwell on, and though she had once resolved she should visit Mr. E——'s no more, she had been induced even to the humbling of her own mortified vanity, (for she was never included in the invitation,) to consent to the continuation of this intimacy upon this very consideration. She rejoiced in the certain prospect of treasuring up sorrow for her niece.

The day at length arrived when Sidney was to bid adieu to his country and beloved family as he firmly believed forever. The parting scene was a most affecting one; the two girls had resolved to suppress their feelings before him, but Eliza could not forbear sobbing on his neck, and Adelaide, when she advanced to shake hands with him, felt herself tremble so violently it was with difficulty she could stand; for a moment Sidney held her hand in his, and gazed on her with unutterable feeling, then raising it respectfully to his lips, withdrew. Eliza sprang to the window to have a last look as he ascended the carriage, when a sudden exclamation from Mr E—— caused her to step back—her friend had fainted, and the feeble arm of her afflicted father was endeavoring to raise her from the floor; she soon however recovered, and was com-

veyed from the room; she desired to be left alone, and Eliza reluctantly returned to the sitting room.

‘Had I known this before, Eliza,’ said Mr E——, ‘we might have prevailed perhaps upon this afflicted young creature to accompany Sidney abroad; so kind a nurse, so sweet a companion, might have done much for him; if she had only gone, too, as Sidney’s wife, my heart would have been eased of half its load.’

‘Say not so, dear father,’ said Eliza, ‘it would have been cruel indeed; there would probably in that case have been two victims instead of one, and I think we had better say nothing of this sort before her; she is a Christian, and is endeavoring to bow her mind and will to the will of God.’

‘True, true,’ said the venerable parent, ‘perhaps it is better as it is; at all events it can do no good to mention it now, but my heart bleeds for her—she has been a great comfort to us, but it would have been better for her never to have become acquainted.’

‘You forget, dear father,’ said his daughter, ‘that her immortal soul might have been saved through the instrumentality of our dear Sidney; if so, what are the sorrows of parting compared with the bliss of an eternal re-union in Heaven?’

Had Adelaide heard the conversation in the sitting-room, most probably she would have felt a pang of regret that she could not have shared the fate of the object of her ardent and romantic affection; but Providence had other and more important services to exact of her; she was destined to a higher honor than watching over the sick bed

of an amiable and pious husband, all excellent and praiseworthy as such an employment might have been.

Upon returning to her uncle's house three days after the sailing of the ship, the haggard looks of the youthful sufferer sufficiently testified to the trial she had undergone. To mingle with the gay and frivolous company who frequented her aunt's, had never been her wish, and she now more than ever rejoiced that she was not thought worthy of their society, as in the present state of her feelings what was only painful before had become intolerable. Yet she felt the hand that had smitten her, and her grief was softened by the belief that it was the correction of her heavenly Father.

The ensuing winter was past in great anxiety on the part of the E—— family as well as with their afflicted young friend ; owing to a very long passage to Bayonne, and other adverse circumstances, no news of Sidney came to hand until spring ; but when a letter arrived in that well known hand, the delight of Eliza and her aged parent were intense. The Paris post-mark announced he had not only escaped the danger of the sea, but lived long enough to reach that place, and when in addition to this they learnt his health was much amended, and that the stricture in his breast which caused the distressing cough he was afflicted with, seemed almost entirely removed, they felt they could not be sufficiently thankful ; they only wanted Adelaide to rejoice with them, and the carriage was immediately despatched for her. In former times Sidney had often planned travelling through Europe, and he was prepared, should his health become suf-

ficiently restored, to do so ; taking care to pass the cold weather in a warm latitude. In this resolution his father thought proper to concur, and entreated his son to deny himself no pleasure or comfort money could procure. The lamp of life which seemed almost extinguished in the venerable parent of Sidney, once more relumed, and his health and spirits revived so suddenly that Eliza used to say ' it had added ten years to his life.'

But we must now leave this interesting family and return to the Holbey's; to the drawing-room where fashion and folly still presided, and to the study where plot thickened upon plot.

The acquaintance of the Holbey family had much increased during the past summer. Many of the persons who frequented the study of Mr Holbey finding the family had somehow forced themselves into notice, and were visited by fashionable people, condescended to call on them with the females of their families, and notwithstanding former neglect, were most graciously received. Several wealthy families who lived within a *stone's throw*, had been watching most assiduously for some months to ascertain beyond a doubt the quality of their visitors, and now that they discovered they visited persons of *rank* from both ends of the city, ventured to step in.

This is no uncommon occurrence, but an everyday thing in the world. It is not unusual for next door neighbors in towns as well as in large cities, to reside for years near families without knowing an individual of them. During this period they, the *plebeians*, gradually emerge from obscurity, and the knowledge that no one dresses better at a

ball, or makes a finer appearance in the street, begins to raise their character in the neighborhood ; this becomes confirmed by observing that *genteel* people visit them, (though first in a kind of condescending manner) and that they are likely after all to work their way into fashionable life, notwithstanding the disposition of their wealthier neighbors to look them down. They now for the first time discover they are so happy as to have such amiable neighbors, and cards and calls soon admit them to the honors of their drawing-room, and instead of putting people out of doors who had endeavored to look them out of existence, their late civilities are most graciously received and scrupulously returned, and their invitations greedily accepted. To such degradation will fashion and idle ambition cause people to submit ; but this is not all, every thing began in folly ends in guilt. To make way for new associates old ones must be discarded ; the long tried friend of former years—the faithful monitor—the kind neighbor—the beneficent benefactor—must all be renounced ; fashion, like the mower's scythe, sweeps all that comes in its way. The height so hardily attained, must be secured at all hazards, and as it is known the honors most dearly bought are often held by the slightest tenure, it is not surprising that this war of extermination against ancient friendship is generally carried on until they are all literally frozen out of the house. No matter what their claims upon their regard or gratitude may be ; they may have wept for their sorrows, and rejoiced at their prosperity, and perhaps made a host of enemies by pleading their cause, they are now destined to be slighted, suspected, and at all events discarded. Oh,

Shame, where is thy blush? Can the dignity of human nature stoop to this? Can beings who never had even a thought beyond this world, consent to be thus degraded?

We mentioned the very economical manner in which the Holbey family commenced their city life—that rigid system would not however endure long; after an inundation of visitors, additional expenses necessarily occurred; a more expensive house was obliged to be taken, and two additional attendants introduced. No person can suppose that this style could be maintained without very considerable expense, however prudent and calculating the heads of the family might be. For the most part Mr Holbey had lived upon promises since his residence in the city, but of late a new mine of wealth had opened to him, and this compels us to unfold a guilty secret.

The brother of Mr Mellville, mentioned in the former part of this work, had lately come to reside at New Orleans, from which place he had written to Mr Holbey, having just learned the fate of his brother's family, and of the residence of their then only surviving child. He wrote, thanking Mr Holbey in the kindest terms for protecting Adelaide, and requesting to know if his brother had left sufficient for his compensation. To this letter he received an immediate answer of hypocritical professions, and a statement of the expense he had been at in boarding and educating his niece. Though this was not made in the form of a demand, it was promptly attended to, and a liberal recompense transmitted to Mr Holbey, together with a yearly settlement for the expenses of his niece in future. This liberal allowance never passed into her

hands, although it was expressly stipulated that all except the allowance for board should be submitted to her own disposal. The deceived orphan was never even informed of the vicinity of her uncle, and even made to believe if living, he had forgotten her. The deception probably would not have been attempted in the first place, if there had been any probability of Mr Mellville's return to the United States, but as he had sworn never to return, and as it was not then known that Louisiana was so soon to become a part of our territory, no danger was at first apprehended.

Although the acquaintance of Mrs Holbey had now become exclusively confined to the *bon ton*, it must not be supposed there was not among the numbers who frequented her house some truly estimable persons. Some of these believing her to be just what she appeared to be in company, for a time sincerely esteemed her. But it is impossible for a hypocrite to be always disguised. A sycophantic, time-serving, toad-eating flatterer must sometimes drop the mask, and however, custom, fashion and refinement may smooth the manners in polite intercourse, yet the universal sentiment entertained of such, when once understood, is that of unmingled contempt.

Among the numerous visitors of Mrs Holbey's was an old gentleman and lady of the name of Van Horn, descendants of one of the first Dutch settlers. They were persons of great wealth and unblemished character, and as they owned an elegant house in the neighborhood, and occasionally gave large parties, their acquaintance was esteemed a most desirable acquisition, it had long been cov-

eted by Mrs Holbey, and many rather forward advances made by that lady to attain her end ; they probably would have failed eventually if accident had not finally introduced them to the acquaintance of each other.

Mr Van Horn had a little orphan grand-child in his family, who was the darling of their age, and having been confided to their care under very peculiarly afflicting circumstances, contributed to make her a child of most uncommon interest; she was very beautiful besides, so fair, so ethereal almost, she scarce looked like a being of this world : yet one propensity in little Ellen, now scarce three years old, very strongly attested she belonged to the human race, and that was an insatiable desire to see and hear every thing, and a perpetual disposition to rove. She was generally watched with vigilance, but on the day which introduced the Holbey's to their acquaintance, her attendant had relaxed in her attention to her little charge, and little Ellen had been missing several hours, her anxious grandfather and excellent grandmother walking the house and wringing their hands, while every servant in the establishment had been despatched to look up the runaway.

Mrs Holbey, who knew how accessible people usually were under affliction, could not forbear such an excellent opportunity, she accordingly sent in regularly about once in every fifteen minutes to know if the child was found, and at length ventured to go in herself, and offer her ' poor services,' and attempts at consolation. Fortune favored her most miraculously on this occasion, for in the height of their distraction, just as the last scout had returned with the distressing assurance that no tidings of the wanderer

could be obtained, a hackney coach stopped at the door, and Mr Holbey alighted with the lost child in his arms. Pale, terrified and exhausted, the little trembling culprit was laid in her grandmother's lap, and almost stifled with caresses, while her rescuer was assailed on all hands with questions.

It seemed Mr Holbey had been called away on business that morning, to a distant part of the city, and in returning, happening to pass through a very narrow street inhabited by some of the filth and offscouring of the city, he had been arrested by the cries of a child whose voice he was sure was familiar; not supposing there could possibly be any one there he could be in the least acquainted with, he at first disregarded the impression the sounds made on him, until again arrested by the brutal oaths of the woman who was endeavoring to still the cries of the terrified little infant. Looking into a small dirty shop from whence the sounds proceeded, he immediately recognized little Ellen, whom he seized and bore into the street, loudly calling for help to secure the woman. In the confusion, however, she made her escape, and the people of the shop protested their ignorance of the transaction and of the woman, but the release of the little helpless innocent was obtained.

Mr Van Horn was no stranger to the character of Mr Holbey, and the general estimation in which he was held in his own town; chance had made him acquainted with that subject, and he besides perfectly understood the true character of his wife; he had firmly resolved never to be decoyed into an acquaintance with them, but it was not in

human nature to withstand the present temptation. He shook Mr Holbey warmly and cordially by the hand, and from that moment the two families commenced and intimate acquaintance. Nor was this all—the gratitude of Mr Van Horn and his wife bestowed many valuable presents on the female part of the family, as the most delicate way of repaying the weight of obligation they were under.

We have been thus particular in giving a history of the acquaintance between these two families, not because it has much connection with the remaining parts of this narrative, but in order to account for an intimacy between persons of such discordant principles, and whose tastes, manners and characters were so diametrically opposite. Nothing could appear in stranger contrast than the free, social, open-hearted Mr Van Horn, and the gloomy, designing, intriguing Mr Holbey. It is too a pleasure to recount one good action in a character of almost unmingled baseness, and to dwell on one bright spot where the rest was shrouded in darkness.

But we feel aware our hero should be properly introduced to the reader, in order that he may be prepared to judge of the pretensions of him who aspired to mingle with the *Aristocracy* of the country, and who felt himself competent to dictate to its rulers, to vilify the nation that gave him bread, to judge correctly of every measure of the administration, and detect the hidden motives of every movement of government, and every officer of government, whether civil or military. So respectable an organ of

communication between all the talents and erudition in the country, and the plebeians, or the *canaille*, as Bonaparte styles them, deserves a separate chapter for his genealogy.

CHAPTER V.

'I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match out his haughty spirit ;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.'

Mr Augustus Holbey was the son as was supposed of John Holbey, who visited this country in the exalted capacity of a drummer in Burgoyne's regiment ; he was a Scotchman by birth, and probably descended from some famous Chief whose name carried terror in the border skirmishes, as there seemed an inherent bravery, as well as a 'spice of nobility' belonging to the descendants. The mother of Augustus was a woman who had come over with the detachment in the capacity of a laundress, and our hero, like the celebrated Count Fathom, had the honor of being born in a camp, the child of a mother equally accomplished as the mother of that celebrated character ; her skill and dexterity in ransacking a field of battle, stripping the dead, &c., we doubt not was equal ; in short, her

accomplishments in every particular were such as are indispensable in a thorough going camp-woman, and none prided themselves more in the possession of them than the redoubtable Joan Armstrong. By the practice of these and other arts not necessary to be enumerated here, she had contrived even in the confusion of a camp to hoard something considerable. There had long been a consultation between the Scotch drummer and the damsel, respecting the expediency of deserting and taking up their residence in America. The drummer was a very singular fellow, and he had come to a conclusion which wiser heads among them rejected, that the country would not speedily be conquered. The very night before the fatal surrender of Burgoyne, the parties met to consult, and Joan having exacted a promise of marriage, concluded to put her little treasures in the hands of the drummer and elope with him. They deserted to the American encampment, and reached it in safety, shortly after which they proceeded eastward, and finally took up their residence in one of the New England States. Here in the interior of the country they established themselves in a small public house. Meanwhile the boy Augustus continued to grow and thrive. Their house was in quite a remote situation, and what their views could have been, after being accustomed to such public life too, can scarce be conjectured. Though lonely and desolate in appearance, it seems however that it yielded a profit, for they certainly contrived to grow rich, and as the neighbors expressed it, 'heaven only knew how;' strange stories have been told, and are still remembered in that part of the country, respecting the lit-

the Inn at the corner of — woods. For many years after their neighbors would tell of seeing men walking about the premises by midnight with their clothes dabbled with blood, and the ghosts of several ancient pedlars hunting for goods without any heads on. But we forbear to retail all the gossip of the neighborhood, particularly as they are not on earth to defend themselves, and the little Inn has long been a heap of rubbish.

Fortunately John could read and write a little, and knew something of figures, all of which knowledge he early communicated to their only boy, who to do him justice, was an apt scholar, and soon knew more than his teacher, whereat they determined to give him as good an education as the country afforded, though they lamented much and for the first time that they did not live in *dear England*, where he could have received an education worthy of *the son of a gentleman*; such as it was, however, they concluded to avail themselves of it, and Augustus was sent to — College, then an infant establishment. Very soon after his term had expired the old people both died, and left the son his own master. He immediately disposed of the place and effects, and taking his departure from a place where no tears marked the leave taking, proceeded to explore the country, and finally located himself in a small town on the banks of the Delaware, allured as was supposed by the charms of the lady whom he afterwards married.

Here John Holbey and his wife Joan had never been heard of, and here of course Augustus could swagger unchecked, and boast of his *English ancestry*, without the fear

of detection, though where he could lay claim to such, unless in behalf of his mother, is hard to conjecture.

It was not long before the talents of Mr Augustus Holbey as a writer, became known and appreciated in his new place of residence. He certainly excelled in that low kind of blackguard wit which is sometimes found convenient when the object is to hunt down a character, cry down a measure, or to lay open plots that never were formed, and detect conspiracies that never existed. Unhappily at that day such kind of talents were becoming in great demand, and sure to find a ready market, and a better place for the exercise of them at that precise period could not have been chosen, as the town had long been torn in pieces by two contending factions, neither of which seemed very conscientious about the means employed to put down the other, and had our hero confined his talents to the spot where they were first called into action, no mischief which he might have done would have been a subject of much lamentation. At first the business of Mr Holbey was exclusively confined to the town where he dwelt, the authorities of which had become obnoxious to a certain party then out of office, and Mr Holbey had become a freeholder, and his voice was first heard in town-meeting, where he had been very useful for some time before he opened his mouth, in the same way that Trumbull's hero first exercised his talents in Boston at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, that is, in assisting to create confusion, in his readiness to take a hint, to laugh, hiss, hem, cough, scrape his feet on the floor, or swing the door of the pew whenever any one was speaking whom it was the

interest of his party to silence or distract. Of all the curs who crouched at the feet of the opposition, none could rival him in fawning obsequiousness, and it would have been a wonder indeed if such docile obedience had gone unrewarded.

The wheel of State, as we all know, like the wheel of fortune, never stands still ; it chanced that the party to which our hero belonged came up heads, and then he was rewarded with an office, another and another followed in rapid succession, until his 'blushing honors' grew so thick about him, as to excite some little jealousy, even among his own cast, and had not his good genius helped him out of this difficulty, he might have been sacrificed to the resentment of some rival candidate, but just at this critical period, his amazing talents as a writer began to shew themselves.

He began by attacking some high characters in the State, and the election for the highest office in the gift of the country being then pending, he ventured his talents in an attack upon him who, in the order of Providence, was destined shortly to fill it. This attack for low bred wit, and vulgar insinuation, has rarely been surpassed during the eight or ten years that succeeded, (and that is saying much of it.) Even the best friends and warmest partizans of Mr Holbey were astonished, were amazed at his intuition, for mortal man, as they well knew, could never have informed him of all he ventured to assert. This paper, which was followed up by a series of numbers from the same hand, did the business for him : they were published in a neighboring town, and republished by the papers of the

In whatever society he happened to fall, he always felt himself perfectly at ease ; if they were good, he felicitated himself with the expectation of improvement by their conversation ; if ignorant, or unprincipled, his benevolent heart suggested the idea of instructing and happily conducting to their reformation ; and even where that were hopeless, still, while circumstances compelled him to endure their society, he was at ease, without having the least fear of contamination by the accidental contact, which as fellow lodgers or voyagers he was exposed to.

The simplicity of his manners and language on such occasions, and the unstudied politeness and kindness of his deportment, which put every one at ease in his company, furnished a strong contrast to many who would appear in pain lest some of their *inferiors* should take the liberty of being civil to them—(unnecessary pain, to be sure, since such persons in reality have no inferiors.)

Mr Van Horn possessed an ever ready fund of wit and humor, and used sometimes to give most laughable anecdotes of his excursions through the neighboring States ; frequently boasting, that if people had tongues he could make them conversable, and protesting he was never foiled in this way but once. The occasion was this :—he had been visiting one of the New-England cities, and was returning in a mail coach. Though rich, Mr Van Horn was always a great stickler for economy, and always kept some suits of indifferent apparel to travel in, which sometimes subjected him to the unpleasant necessity of taking up with the forward seat, and obliged him to dispense with many little civilities tendered to the well dress-

ed, spruce looking traveller. Whenever anything of this kind happened in consequence of ignorance of his quality, it was a source of infinite diversion, and furnished him with many agreeable anecdotes for the fire-side.

In one of the social sittings at Mr Holbey's, the conversation chanced to turn upon the subject of travelling in mail coaches, and the unpleasant circumstances of *persons of quality* being obliged to be 'cooped up,' day after day, with nobody knows who. The good natured and facetious Mr Van Horn thought this a proper opportunity to relate the history of his recent tour. He related the manner of his going through New-England, with a circle of agreeable friends, who left him on his return, at ——— city, from whence he departed for home in the mail coach.

The incidents which occurred during this journey furnished, on his return home, materials for just such a story as the occasion called for, and the old gentleman gladly availed himself of it, and related the following adventure, which being interspersed with a few Dutch phrases, might not be quite so intelligible to our readers in his language, we shall therefore give in our own—

THE ADVENTURE IN THE EASTERN MAIL.

It was on a beautiful morning, in that season of the year when Nature, as the poets say, 'puts on all her charms.' The carriage was well filled before the old gentleman took his seat, and he proceeded some way in si-

lence, until the rattling over the pavements had ceased, and they found themselves on a fine smooth road, where suddenly descending, they wound through a beautiful and picturesque valley. The exclamation of 'charming,' escaped the lips of Mr Van Horn, which seemingly was unnoticed, as no word of assent followed; and he again sank back in his seat, endeavoring to recollect the subject that occupied his thoughts a moment before.

They were now ascending a hill, which shut out their prospect; but upon gaining the top and 'merging from a little copse of wood, one of the most enchanting landscapes presented itself.

The beautiful bay of —— lay before them, lined with villages and country seats, whose gardens and pleasure grounds often descended quite to the water's edge. The mists of morning yet rested on the blue hills, and the curling smoke, from many a low-roofed cottage as well as stately mansion, added interest to the scene. Mr Van Horn clasped his hands in ecstasy; 'beautiful, enchanting!' he repeated, 'the sweetest landscape'—but no voice re-echoed the sentiment, and he was obliged to admire in silence. He could not forbear on this occasion turning round to see if no glance of admiration enlivened the faces of his fellow-travellers. But no—there was no 'sparkling intelligence' in a single human face but his own.—Had the landscape been clothed in the snows of a Lapland winter it would probably have elicited the same notice.—Soon after this they passed a narrow defile between two hills, between one of which and the road lay a gorge, so sudden, deep and dark, as to cause one to shudder in pass-

ing ; the carriage actually past within a foot or two of its abrupt termination. In the very bottom of this defile stood a house of singular beauty and most romantic appearance ; on two sides the rocks rose to the windows of the second story, and the remaining two were nearly covered by vines and fruit trees. An exclamation of astonishment from Mr Van Horn, was succeeded by the involuntary question of—

‘ Who could have chosen to bury themselves in such a nook ? ’ He looked around upon the company, but no one answered. The gentlemen looked at him with much *non chalance*, and the ladies—looked another way.

Convinced at length there must be some strange reason for this obstinate taciturnity, the old gentleman relinquished his efforts at conversation, and employed himself for the remainder of the time, until they stopped to dine, in endeavoring to discover the cause : once he concluded they must have suspicions of his character, and took him for some highway-man, or something of that sort ; but then his appearance was so unlike, his hoary head, his almost quaker simplicity of dress and language, forbade that conclusion ; at all events he resolved when he reached the half-way house, to make a business of perusing the advertisements, and see if any person of his appearance had lately absconded from the Penitentiary, or been convicted of horse-stealing or some other high misdemeanor. Upon reaching the Inn he accordingly examined the advertisements, but nothing of that sort met his eye. His curiosity now gave way to the calls of hunger, and seated at the far end of a long dining table, at a distance from his fel-

low passengers, he forgot the circumstances of the journey entirely until called again to the coach. He contrived before ascending it to call the driver aside and interrogate him.

‘My good fellow,’ said he, ‘can you tell me what is the matter with your passengers? Are they really dumb or not? For not one of them has uttered a syllable since we started, not even when we passed that fearful gorge in the hills, where we came within a few inches of going over the ledge.’

The driver happened to be somewhat of a wag, and a sudden thought struck him.

‘Yes sir,’ said he, ‘they are both deaf and dumb, they are a company of unfortunate persons I am carrying to the Hartford Asylum.’

‘Oh dear, oh dear!’ said Mr Van Horn, whose benevolent heart throbbed with pity—‘What a misfortune’—and ascending the carriage he threw upon his fellow travellers such glances of compassion. There sat a young lady in the bloom of life, her dress bespoke her in the enjoyment of this world’s goods, but her eyes he perceived were destitute of expression, and a kind of unmeaning simper sat upon her face, which discovered as he thought the almost total absence of intellect: here an aged female, who might have been her grandmother, had not the knowledge of her misfortune precluded the idea of her being married. Opposite, sat two young men much dressed and perfumed. ‘Strange fancy,’ said Mr Van Horn mentally, ‘to make such poor unfortunates dandies.’ Two ladies of no particular age, and a middle aged man of most stately appearance, completed the group.

The carriage rolled on, while Mr Van Horn, lost in his own reflections, which certainly partook much of feelings of thankfulness that himself was blessed with the gifts of hearing and speech, unheeded the distance. The remainder of the day's journey was however comparatively uninteresting; a turnpike, opened lately through a dense forest, inhabited by nothing except swarms of musquitoes, now and then a small cotton manufactory, with about half a dozen huts, and lastly, just before they reached the town where they were to quarter for the night, a scorched barren plain of about twenty miles circumference, certainly contained no very great claims to the admiration of the traveller. The extremity of this plain was however bounded by a strip of wild birch, whose thick underwood seemed so closely interwoven as to furnish a fine recess for wild animals did not its near neighborhood to the town render their retreat somewhat hazardous. At the moment of passing this something black darted out of the brush and commenced a kind of gambol round an old stump by the road side. Mr Van Horn, the only person who observed it, clapped his hands, exclaiming, 'a skunk! a skunk!'

'Where, where!' echoed half a dozen voices at once, while the ladies drew their garments closer about them, and the gentlemen pulled up their collars.

'Dunder and blixum!' exclaimed the astonished Dutchman, 'what does this mean? the vrows all spakel!' The object of their dread, alarmed by the shrieks of the females, buried himself in the brush, and the passengers again relapsed into their former imperturbable silence. 'Some

trick of that rascally driver I fear,' mentally reasoning the case, said the old gentleman, 'if I don't get the truth out of him when we stop, I will take it out of—but stop, I won't judge him yet.'

The carriage now entered the dusty streets of —, and each one had as much as they could attend to, to prevent suffocation until set down at the Hotel. The first thing the old man attended to on his arrival was to beset the driver.

'You arrant villain! what sort of joke have you been putting upon me, tell me the truth or I will cudgel it out of you—a likely subject to crack jokes upon, to be sure, an old man like me.'

The driver was convulsed with laughter when he heard the story of the skunk, so that the tears ran down his sun burnt cheek.

'I beg ten thousand pardons, mister,' said he, 'for the joke; but the passengers are only some of the Aristocracy of the two towns —; the two parties did not know each other by sight, and I told each separately that all the company except themselves *were persons that nobody knew*. I judged there would not be many words spoken.'

'Pity,' said Mr Van Horn, 'that these people could not like masons, have some sort of signal to make their quality known to each other. But tell me, driver, do you know any thing of their pretensions, my curiosity is quite raised.'

'Why something,' said whip-lash, scratching his head, 'there is old madam D—— and her two daughters belong to the family of Mr D—— of ——, who has

contrived out of three bankruptcies to realize an independent fortune. The two young gentlemen are sons to a man, who, as long ago as I can remember him, was hostler at the sign of the *Punch-Bowl*, and the young lady who looks as though she honored the earth by stepping on it, is daughter to a poor French barber, and educated upon charity; but all these things happened ages since, and they are now I assure you, some of the very first people in the towns of ———.*

Of course Mr Holbey and his lady with their polite guests laughed heartily at the adventure of the stage-coach, as they made a point to do at all the stories of their rich neighbor. It cannot be supposed they could much relish jokes that often hit themselves, but the acquaintance of the rich Mr Van Horn was too solid an advantage to be relinquished at any rate, and they wisely resolved to tolerate all his eccentricities as they chose to call them.

To Adelaide Mr Van Horn paid very particular attention, and would not be pacified unless she was called in to make one of the party whenever he was visiting there.

Every successive year has been levelling the distinction between young and old in our country, until it has become with us as with our friends over the water; a woman of sixty can scarce be distinguished from one of sixteen by her dress and manners at least. The last thirty years has made a very considerable alteration in this particular in our country; in the year 1803, the period to which we have brought our story, grand-mothers and grand-daugh-

*The adventure of the stage coach is literally true in all its parts.

ters did not usually visit in the same companies, and parents and children generally had a set of associates of suitable age. Though Mrs Holbey occasionally mingled with both, yet older persons formed even in her house a distinct company; into the elder of these Adelaide through means of her friends, the Van Horn's, was finally introduced, while the daughters, of far more suitable age, were careering it in a circle of pleasure and round of amusement adapted, as Mrs Holbey said, 'to their age and *station*,' with no danger from the rival charms of the fair orphan, whom her aunt now declared she considered it a duty to have under her own wing, as 'she felt her accountability infinitely more than for her own children.

To associate with people older than herself had always been a peculiar pleasure to Adelaide, and she rejoiced at her destination, for in that circle she promised herself both pleasure and profit: but alas! in this she was doomed to be disappointed. With respect to the subjects of conversation, religion for one was never introduced. Mr Van Horn and wife were members of the Dutch Church, but Mr Van Horn had an invincible repugnance to making religion the topic in mixed companies, and besides he argued 'talking such things to the Holbey's was like throwing pearl before swine,' and their guests, many of them members of the different sects in the city, who held such opposite tenets it was hazardous to introduce it. Besides there was at that day an all engrossing subject, which seemed to furnish conversation for all parties, all ages and companies, and that was *politics*.

CHAPTER VII.

‘ You that love the commons, follow me.’

Henry the VI.

At the period of which we are writing political animosity had almost amounted to a phrenzy, and the mania not only infected the males, but entered the female department. Females of America always have taken great interest in the political affairs of the country. From the first breaking out of the Revolution they had signalized themselves for devotion to the cause of liberty, and were doubtless many of them very useful at that period, but, when ambition sways the breast of a woman, we know it is boundless; there was another class of females who could not so easily give up the splendors of royalty and the honors of nobility, who were great sticklers for *gentle blood*, and whose day dreams and night dreams were constantly beset with stars, garters and ribbons, which swept by them in splendid confusion; some of these latter description effected prodigious mischief at that period, and their sentiments, like those of the former, were transmitted to succeeding generations.

Now the society at Mr Holbey's embraced persons of all descriptions with one exception, i. e. ‘the poor of this world;’ even orthodoxy in politics was not a sure criterion of merit, nor always a card of introduction, although

the aristocracy as Mr Holbey often said, were the true nobility of the place. Yet there were persons who visited them whom the bare name of aristocracy would rouse ; of course dialogues were sometimes carried on there with a degree of asperity that astonished and grieved the peace loving Mr Van Horn and the gentle Adelaide.

And here perhaps it may be proper to state the subject of dispute, and to take a retrospect of the political affairs of that day, though a very brief one. It is necessary in order to make the story understood, and we hope our readers will not be alarmed, and suppose the future pages of this book are to contain a dry dissertation on politics, or that we are about to renew a controversy at this day which the common sense of the nation at large has long since decided, and which will be a matter of wonder succeeding generations could ever have existed.

Should the spirit of contention originated at that period float down the stream of time embodied under some other name, posterity may make an inquiry that history will not answer : for the history of our country faithful to the truth, will only record the public acts of our national rulers, and as much of their private character as is susceptible of proof. The unblushing falsehoods, the base insinuations, the mistaken conclusions, and erroneous interpretations that assailed every act public and private of the then Chief Magistrate, the distinguished individual who was the chief subject of dispute, will then be forgotten, buried, lost in the rubbish of ages. There will only exist an indistinct idea that the great and the good have been persecuted even in our enlightened land, and that the

character under consideration had more than his share ; but the bitter animosity that was felt by the foes of the Administration of that day, and the unceasing efforts which were made to distract the councils of the nation, and paralyze their efforts for the public good, can scarcely be conceived of.

But to go back to the origin of the evil so severely felt at the period of our history. Ever since the establishment of our present happy form of government, there had been a party who were continually trying to excite discontent and rebellion by that most artful of all methods, viz. constantly predicting the evil they pretended to fear.

It was often asserted at the close of the Revolutionary war by these insidious meddlers, that the people were unwilling to be governed at all, "that each individual citizen had for so long a time been accustomed to vaunt about his rights, a great part of them had come to the conclusion that any sort of government was an imposition—that the lessons of rebellion and insubordination inculcated by the leaders of the Revolution, and treasured in the minds of the vulgar, was now about to be brought forth in domestic scuffle against the authorities of the country, or the very leaders themselves, and that the arms put into their hands to break off a foreign yoke, were now about to be raised against all government whatever which might be imposed upon them."

This croaking which commenced at the very first organization of the government, and disturbed the whole period of the administration of President Washington, (and in fact, on two occasions, nearly brought about the

evils it predicted,) continued through the whole period of Mr Adams' Presidency, and doubtless was the cause of some of the very severe regulations adopted at that time, and which made his administration so deservedly unpopular, and paved the way for a successor of a very different character. We have no disposition to draw comparisons between the two, where errors were more the fault of their counsellors than themselves, and occasioned by the pressure of existing circumstances; and whose virtues were their own.

When Mr Jefferson appeared as a candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate, the aristocracy were at once in arms, and every engine speedily set to work to oppose his election. And what, (it will be asked by succeeding generations,) what could possibly be urged against him?—A steady patriot, a warm friend of his country during that momentous contest that made her a nation, and one who had since that period been honored by holding offices of the greatest trust in the gift of the immortal Washington.

Why, first, there had been, and still was, a great hue and cry about *French influence*. In the first place, the very natural feelings of gratitude felt by the people of America generally, after the Revolutionary war, towards France for their timely interposition during the contest for independence—and which proved at least a republic can be grateful—was severely reprobated by the party of meddlers before alluded to. They began by impeaching the motives of the King of France, calling his interposition in favor of America, 'State policy,' and denouncing the

Government of France as the most corrupt on earth, destitute of every principle of benevolence and even integrity, and 'actuated wholly in their efforts to emancipate America by a desire to humble Great Britain'—as intriguing and mercenary abroad, and voluptuous, luxurious and effeminate at home. While the subjects were pitied, as creatures compelled to fight the battles of foreign nations, whenever it suited the nefarious views of their corrupt rulers.

Well the spirit of revolution began to shew itself in France in 1787. The storm which at first only resembled the growling a distant tempest, soon burst upon the nation like a deluge, and with overwhelming force carried all before it. Those *corrupt rulers* were swept from the earth as with the besom of destruction, and when the news of the decapitation of the King, of the slaughter of the nobility, together with the whole-royal family, reached our shores, how did these self-same accusers receive it? Why, they ran to the bells and tolled them long and loud, lowered every flag in the Union half mast, and appointed orators to pronounce funeral orations, in which the character of the deceased King was lauded to the skies, styling him 'a martyr, and America's best friend,' and loudly calling upon the people to 'avenge the torrents of *noble blood* that had been made to flow in France.'

The aiders and abettors of the evolutiron they afterwards denounced as a set of 'avaricious vagabonds,' who had arisen from nothing, and set this hurly burly agoing in order to riot in the spoils of nobility; and the people, a

set of 'mad-brained, blood-thirsty, jacobinical enthusiasts, the very worst set of people that the Lord in his vengeance ever tasked a Christian King to govern.

It was in vain that their opponents endeavored to reason the case with them, and refused to curse the nation in whose remaining population they could still trace the lineaments of a De Grass and Lafayette, with many a sunburnt warrior who had assisted to fight the battles of our country. No quarter was allowed to any who would venture to speak well of a single living Frenchman.—The people were ordered to bury every feeling of respect, gratitude, and even benevolence in the 'grave of the martyred King,' and the opprobrious epithet of Jacobin was *afterwards* indiscriminately applied to the whole Democratic party by the opposition. But to the pretended proofs of Mr Jefferson's undue partiality to France.

That gentleman had never disguised his jealousy of the intriguing spirit of Great Britain, and of the hold she still held upon the affections of too many, and for this of course he was accused of being completely under the control of France. His residence at the French Court, where it was asserted he must have imbibed French tastes, French principles, &c., was the chief reason given at first; in that they pretended to trace the origin of such a predilection, and judging others by themselves, the admirers of royalty and courtly splendor could not conceive of any one's rejecting it from plain republican principles alone, who had once enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing its allurements and partaking its pleasures. Although it was known that Mr Jefferson upon coming over to make a short visit to

this country while Minister at the Court of France, was offered his choice by Washington either to accept the office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, or return to France in his station of Minister Plenipotentiary—that he unhesitatingly accepted the former; still this made no difference in their accusations. It was at one time urged too by his enemies that Washington was wholly influenced by fear of his talents, in keeping him in such high and responsible stations, and not by confidence in his integrity; and at another time, that his talents were below mediocrity, and ought of themselves to prevent his being a candidate for the office of President, as he was perfectly incompetent to the duties from poverty of intellect.

The fact was, that all jealousy of the domineering spirit of Great Britain, it was asserted by the opposition papers of that day, ‘tended to keep alive a vindictive spirit, and since the treaty of peace, could have nothing national to foster it. That it was unnecessary and illiberal, and that though such feelings were natural enough in savage life, they were perfectly inexcusable in persons of polished habits, and well informed minds.’ It could only then originate in undue partiality to France.

One other charge on the score of French influence, brought against Mr Jefferson, was his temporizing as they termed it, in the affair of the sailing of the vessel sent by Mr Genet, the Minister from the Republic of France, who when in the United States, had the audacity to fit out and arm a vessel from one of the southern ports. It was during the recess of Congress, and President Washington was then at Mount Vernon. Governor Mifflin, of South Car-

olina, issued orders to forbid the sailing of the vessel. It was rumored the vessel still continued her preparations for a cruise, and Mr Jefferson and Mr Dallas both called upon Genet to know whether he meant to send the vessel out in defiance of the laws, and the orders of the Governor, and to them he pledged himself the vessel should not sail without the permission of the President, who was then daily expected from Mount Vernon; satisfied with this, they departed, and the treacherous Frenchman caused the the vessel to sail in the night; before the next morning she was completely out of their reach.* Whether they thought the forcible seizure of the vessel exceeded their powers, or whether, as is most likely, they relied implicitly upon the pledge given them, we cannot say, but we can at least distinguish in the conduct of Mr Jefferson that pacific temper that marked all his actions, that continual desire to avoid contention, and the resort to forcible and violent measures, that distinguished all the acts of his public as well as private life, from this first public proof of it, down to the unpopular measure of the Embargo. For this, however, he was most terribly abused by the opposition at the time of his election; the trio of course, Mr Dallas, Governor Mifflin and himself, but upon him the weight

* It is probable a manœuvre of this sort would not have escaped the vigilance of General Jackson, in a similar situation, but would the hue and cry of opposition have been less had he actually called out the militia and forcibly seized the vessel? Would there not have been an immediate demand for his examination before the State authorities, to see if he had not exceeded his powers?

of aristocratic censure chiefly fell, he was accused of being at the head of a plot to get the vessel off, though the only proof that could be given was that he did not cause the militia to be called out, and forcibly seize the vessel.

Another subject of animadversion, relating to the public life of Mr Jefferson prior to this period, was change of opinions about introducing the manufacturing system into the United States.

In the year 1782 Mr Jefferson had publicly avowed his opinions, 'That manufactures were a source of corruption; the vast influx of foreigners it occasioned, mostly of the lower orders and frequently of doubtful morals, the source of great licentiousness.' Nevertheless in 1793 he saw fit to change his opinions on the subject, and advise the patronage of manufactures, and the invitation of manufacturers and mechanics from foreign countries, believing as he said 'That the information they would communicate, and the relief they would afford from the petty exactions of foreign nations, would prove more than equivalent for the evils they would introduce,' thus shewing he could accommodate his opinions to the exigencies of the times, and not for the character of consistency, or from an obstinacy of opinion sacrifice the public good. This was, however, brought up against him, and ascribed to a 'spirit of hostility towards Great Britain, and a desire of pleasing France, by drawing so large a portion of her population from the shores of England, as it undoubtedly would.'*

* Language of the opposition papers of that period.

But there was one charge brought against Mr Jefferson which in a country where religious tests are not required, may appear singular, namely, that he was not a believer in the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures, or in other words, an infidel. What effect this might have had on a Christian community if made in a different spirit and in different language we cannot now judge. The manner in which the accusation was always worded, proved incontestably that they, his accusers, had no religion, whatever he had.

One thing the public certainly knew, that whatever the religious tenets of the President were, he had never endeavored to make proselytes, he had never sought to sap the principles, or undermine the faith of others; and what the peculiarities of his creed were, except a few expressions casually dropped or wrested from him, and a certain sentence in letters of confidential correspondence, made public for the occasion, was altogether a matter of conjecture.— Yet taking these for evidence, they inferred all was not right with respect to his faith, and the bitterness of party animosity was strengthened by the spirit of religious intolerance.

To us we must confess, it has always appeared an ungenerous method of framing our opinions from expressions casually introduced in private and confidential correspondence. We frequently breathe sentiments in the ears of our friends that would not bear the test of public criticism, and as regards our religious feelings, they vary so much, that persons of the soundest faith, and most unexceptionable morals may sometimes use expressions

that would seem to contradict the whole tenor of their lives, and the general tendency of their writings. Yet such was the unmanly and ungenerous course pursued towards Mr Jefferson, that a few detached passages from private letters were wrested to prove him an infidel, and by persons too, and whole bodies of religious professors, who have since deserted the high stand they then took, and even voted to expunge from their creed the obnoxious articles which related to the divinity of the Son of God, disbelief of which was the only real heresy they could honestly lay to the charge of Mr Jefferson. For the most that can be inferred from the passages alluded to, taken in their strictest sense, was that he did not understand our blessed Lord to be the Son of God in any other sense than we all are his children. Some confused notions he certainly had on the subject of revealed religion, according to our understanding of it, if those letters since published in his name are genuine.

It appears that Mr Jefferson insisted with all the pertinacity of Thomas, in believing nothing but what he had demonstration of. He knew there must be a God of infinite power and excellence because his creation proved it, but although the Scriptures assert 'God is a Spirit,' yet it appears he believed him to be corporeal and tangible. He had a most exalted idea of the character of the Lord Jesus Christ, asserting his belief that 'he was the most perfect character that had ever appeared on our earth,' and regretted his want of time to write a book which he had formerly contemplated; to prove, that in wisdom and virtue he by far exceeded all the sages of profane history;

and thus they asserted, that blinded by philosophy, he fell into the absurd error of supposing Jesus Christ a mere man, and yet a good man, two things irreconcilable if we had an accurate history of his life and death, since he permitted and received divine honors from men, and suffered death upon the accusation of blasphemy, namely, 'that he being a man made himself equal with God,' consequently if he were a man he suffered justly, since no human character, however perfect in other respects, could be guiltless who arrogated to themselves the honor that belongs to God only. However logical this deduction may be, and we should be the last to refuse to subscribe to the truth of it, there was one view of the subject which these self-constituted judges did not seem disposed to take.

Mr Jefferson was a Philosopher in an enlarged sense, and it is not strange that his mind accustomed to ramble beyond the bounds of visible creation, should sometimes be bewildered and entangled by the magnitude and multiplicity of the objects upon which it dwelt, or strange that at such moments expressions of doubt respecting certain subjects should escape him. 'Who by studying can find out God?'

It was a subject for humiliation if it were so, not of exaltation, enough to humble the proudest intellect to reflect that the mighty mind of Jefferson, with all its powers of discrimination, of perception and investigation, was yet incapable of receiving the Gospel scheme of salvation.—That to him who had such enlarged capacities the Bible was a 'sealed book,' and admiring at a steady course of moral virtue, a life of public utility, of undeviating integ-

city, of forbearance and forgiveness of injuries, and philanthropic love of mankind, in one destitute of the powerful stimulus of religion, of a person loving virtue for its own intrinsic loveliness alone, which might well put Christians to the blush, instead of taking such a view of the subject, they wanted to call down fire from heaven as well as all the vengeance of earth to crush him, who according to their own creed, *could not* believe as they did.

The famous remark so often quoted from Mr Jefferson in favor of religious toleration, was made a great handle of to prove him an infidel, namely, ‘Of what consequence is it to me whether my neighbor believes in one God or twenty Gods? A question, which in our humble opinion, ought well to be weighed. Not that our sympathies should not be exercised in favor of those who are in error that endangers their salvation; benevolence alone should teach us in such a case to use all reasonable methods to enlighten our erring neighbors, and teach us likewise where to stop, and beware what aids we call in to assist us. What right can we have to cite our neighbor to our law? To his own master he must stand or fall, and even if he chooses to be lost, it cannot affect our salvation in that sense, it will be of no consequence to us whether he chooses to believe in one God or twenty Gods. It is ridiculous then to become contentious or unhappy on his account.

One reason perhaps, of so great a hue and cry about Mr Jefferson’s religion, was the fact that it was at that time deemed sacrilege to touch upon certain articles of Christian faith set forth in the Scriptures; the reason-

bleness or unreasonableness of certain doctrines it was then thought was not to be called in question. The mystery of the Godhead, (a thing entirely incomprehensible to finite minds,) it was thought was absolutely profaned if investigated, and the unity of the Divine Being was looked upon as the union of body and soul, a thing which we know does certainly exist, but which it is impossible for us to explain. It was not then conjectured that a subject which was accustomed to be approached with such reverence by the Christian world almost universally, would in a few short years become a *common topic* of dispute and contention; that men calling themselves Christians, and then condemning a person to perdition for *having* a doubt on the subject, would themselves one day stand forth as the opposers of the doctrine, and make it the subject of as much profane remark and intemperate declamation as though they were disputing about the *birth place of Homer*. To make it a subject of even speculative inquiry, then, if known, was to excite a general shudder of horror.

Let those who have never yielded to the seductions of philosophy, 'That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,' take warning, and instead of pronouncing anathemas upon others, charitably indulge the hope that Christ may be the Saviour of many who have him not, and dwell with rapturous anticipation upon the joyful surprise when that most perfect Being shall be revealed as Judge of quick and dead, and the darkness of Philosophy dispelled before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness.

After the inauguration of the President, one would have supposed there must have been a season of comparative

quiet ; but no, the fire of the adversary was kept up with admirable spirit. New charges were brought against him daily, almost hourly ; some of which decency forbids us to mention, and even females taking the field, would roundly assert he was a person whom delicacy alone should prevent their advocating, and that it was downright scandalous and immodest for *ladies* to speak favorable of a man whose character for gallantry, according to their silly stories, exceeded all that ever went before him.

If at any time the Republican papers answered to any of the varied charges against the President, and exposed the falsehood of those charges, which they frequently did with some spirit, it was immediately circulated through the Union, by the papers on the opposite side, that such print was supported by the President wholly, although perhaps the very week before it had been confidently asserted the very same paper was wholly supported by France ; how they understood this, unless they confounded him with the French Republic, is difficult to say.

Mr Jefferson's dislike to a Navy had long been known ; it was now re-urged with great warmth. He was continually accused by the opposition of a determination to involve the country in a war with Great Britain, and at the same time strip her of the means of defence, so as to put her entirely at the mercy of France for protection. His chief dislike to a Navy was on account of the vast accumulation of public debt it would occasion, and because he thought to use his own words, ' it was the great cause of the oppression under which the people of England groaned ; ' all the dangers too which threatened that country he ascrib-

ed to it. He thought it 'one cause, and not a lesser one, of the overthrow of the French government, and that some cheaper substitute for natural defence might be found.' For this, however, he was assailed with all kinds of abuse from the opposition. The fact was, thousands of aspirants stood ready for offices in that department, who considered themselves disappointed through his means, and it is impossible to conjecture how he could have given satisfaction could a Navy have been created on the spot unless the whole could have been manned with officers.

But of all the subjects of contention and crimination there is none perhaps that will appear more unaccountable to posterity than that respecting the acquisition of Louisiana by purchase, and yet it is a fact that more ink was wasted in writing abusive invectives against the President for this act of his administration, than for any other, if we except the Embargo.

The singular ingratitude of decrying a measure that put us in peaceable possession of this long contested territory, we must confess has often been a matter of astonishment to us. To make this subject understood it is necessary to look a great way.

Every one at all acquainted with our national history will recollect the *Western Insurrection*, but every one has not taken the trouble to treasure up in his mind the cause of a revolt that so disturbed the mind of Washington, and threatened a dissolution of the Union, nor reflected perhaps that the cause can never operate again while Louisiana is in the possession of the United States. The whole seemed to have escaped the minds of the opposition, when

they commenced the attack about the purchase of Louisiana.

As this affair furnished the principal subject of conversation at the tea table as at the corners of the streets, in the drawing-rooms of *the great*, as well as in the bar-room of every petty Inn in the Union, at the precise period to which we have brought our story, we shall be pardoned perhaps for giving a brief sketch of the state of affairs respecting the Territory before it became the property of the United States.

In the latter part of the year 1793, the inhabitants of the State of Kentucky addressed a memorial to the General Government praying for measures to restore to them the free navigation of the Mississippi, and the privilege of using New Orleans as a place of depot, which Spain had lately taken a freak to deprive them of. The Senate of the United States returned for answer that 'negotiations were then pending between the two Governments, in which the right claimed by them would be asserted.'

Discontent and tumult had for some time been fomenting on this open abuse throughout the western country, and this answer of the Senate did not satisfy the hot-headed Kentuckians and Georgians, who making common cause, joined their forces and assembled in Georgia, with a party of French to co-operate with them, intending to move down the river and attack New Orleans. It is not necessary to recapitulate here the whole particulars of these violent and unlawful proceedings; by the prompt energy of Washington, aided by the Legislature of the country, a

sufficient force was immediately sent to put them down, and the insurrection was quelled. In the succeeding year the Government of Spain thought proper to concede to the United States the privilege formally, viz. the right of navigation of the Mississippi, as well as New Orleans as a place of depot. The United States continued to enjoy it until October, 1802. Spain was now at peace with France, and in friendship with Bonaparte the First Consul, and this was seized on at once by the opposition as a handle when the Intendant of Louisiana gave notice of an edict of Ferdinand, by which the United States were again deprived of their privilege, and forbid the navigation of the Mississippi, and the use of New Orleans as a place of depot, and by them it was asserted that a war with Spain was now inevitable.

To war with Spain was now virtually to war with France, and to war with France, then rapidly extending her conquests over the Globe, was at once to throw the country into the arms of England, as without her aid, it would have been impossible under the then existing circumstances to prosecute the war. The opposition now continually sounded in the public ear, 'There was no way consistent with national honor to avoid a war with Spain.' A proposition was made in the House of Representatives to occupy New Orleans by force, and after a spirited debate, rejected by a large majority. Mr Jefferson determined to avoid if possible a measure so ruinous, and with the advice and concurrence of the Senate, despatched messengers to Madrid to treat about the purchase of Louisiana. When advices were received respecting the cession

of Louisiana to France, Congress deliberated with closed doors, and agreed to await the effect of a similar application to Paris, and they did await in coolness and patience, though beset by all the tory faction in the country, who with incessant peltings, spared no terms of abuse ; curiosity, restless and impatient was added to other causes of exasperation. With respect to the situation of affairs between us and New Orleans, they were constantly dwelling upon the villainy of Ferdinand, and the vast importance of the privilege he had deprived us of, and the manœuvring spirit of France, through whose machinations it was affirmed the injury was caused, &c. &c.

The territory of New Orleans was represented as a perfect paradise, a source of immense wealth, a second land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, abounding with every thing rare and valuable. Most exaggerated stories of its riches and commercial advantages were circulated : and this most desirable spot—this city of wealth, it was constantly affirmed, ‘ ought to belong to the United States, that the acquisition of it was of immense importance ; we were continually reminded that Providence now held it out to our grasp, and it required nothing but resolution to seize it ; that nothing but the greatest improvidence and cowardice in the government prevented measures being immediately resorted to for occupying it by force ; that it required nothing but resolution to seize it.’

The plunder of New Orleans however desirable to some, would have been a subject of minor importance to the state of things, which the forcible seizure of it would have

brought about. A *Western insurrection* would now have been extremely popular with the faction, and a watchword for the rising of the whole company.

Imagination recoils at the idea of the misery and bloodshed, of the despotism and degradation which such an event might possibly have introduced, and an involuntary exclamation of gratitude escapes from the heart to that Being who has thus far disappointed the schemes of the unprincipled and ambitious—'who has brought us through so many and great dangers, and still preserved us a free people, with virtuous rulers, and our present happy form of government.

But when it was openly announced that New Orleans, with the whole Territory of Louisiana had quietly come into the possession of the United States by purchase, without the shedding of blood, or involving us in a quarrel with any nation, nothing could exceed the consternation of the oppositionists. Though staggering under the blow, their energies were soon aroused for a fresh attack, and every engine set to work to decry the measure. It was asserted in the first place that 'while messengers were on the way to Paris, the Territory was privately ceded to France.'—The facts were not then distinctly understood by the public, which were afterwards developed. That the Territory of Louisiana was guaranteed to France in a secret treaty, signed at Paris in 1800, by the Plenipotentiaries of France and Spain, (the last year of Mr Adams' administration,) and the cession was actually made in 1801, and the Spanish Intendant instructed to make arrangements to deliver

the country to the French Commissioners.* But to return.

The paltry sum, (in comparison of its real value,) paid for the Territory, was continually enlarged upon, as a debt which it would beggar the whole United States to pay.— The city of New Orleans, so lately the most desirable acquisition on earth, would they now insisted, 'only be a continual drain ; with regard to its situation and value, it was now represented as a 'dirty marsh,' the very 'air of which breathed pestilence,' an inconsiderable miserable hole, destined to be the grave of thousands yet unborn, and on every account a place we were far worse off for possessing, than we should be without it. Thousands of our fellow citizens they prophesied, would yearly be slain there, in the vain attempt to preserve it from Spanish and French spoliation. They foresaw it would be reclaimed at no distant time, though its intrinsic value was less they asserted than one third of the money paid for it, and finally that there could be no possible motive in the purchase but to please France, who they said, 'wanted money and must have it.'

Finding nothing gained from all this, the enemies of the administration now changed the method of attack.— Some little difficulty arose in settling the boundaries of the purchase, and now the hue and cry arose 'that the President had suffered himself to be cheated, most egregiously duped in the purchase, since the boundaries had not been explicitly defined.'* But although they said, 'the Presi-

* Goodrich's History of the United States.

dent had acted with unparalleled folly, in purchasing it as he had done, yet they were 'ready to avenge the insult, and compel justice at the point of the sword.' But in vain did their generosity proffer so great a sacrifice, no advantage was taken of such benevolent offers, in vain was the philosophic temper of the President assailed at all points, no vulnerable place could be found, nothing appeared to disturb the equal tenor of his mind, or alter his conduct in the least, calm and unruffled he bore the storm, as he did through the whole of the stormy period of his administration. The boundaries of Louisiana were now peaceably settled, and the all desolating horrors of war once more avoided.

That national tumult of the description now under consideration, originated in disappointed ambition in nine cases out of ten, no one can for a moment doubt; but in the scramble for power at that period it is difficult to say precisely what kind of power was aimed at. Various surmises were hazarded by the friends of the reigning administration, who exasperated by the continual accusations of *devotion to France*, would sometimes retaliate with great severity, though for the most part they were compelled to act on the defensive.

The design to bring the United States again under the yoke of Great Britain, (as they were sometimes charged with,) seems scarcely probable, as in case of such a transfer, few could hope for reward or emolument; such a swarm of needy nobility and gentry would have been first to be provided for, chance if even the very ringleaders of insurrection would have more than caught the crumbs that

fell from their table; they could not at all events have been so much exalted but others must have been above them, and the ambition of many would not have stopped short of the topmost rounds of the ladder.

That it was the wish of the minority, or rather of their leaders, to dissolve the Republican form of government, and substitute an absolute monarchy of their own, was rather more rational.*

Another suggestion, or rather charge against them was 'that they aimed to divide the country into a number of petty principalities, where each ambitious spirit could have found employment in lording it over a few acres, each lit-

* Though in the age of childhood at that period, we recollect some circumstances favoring such a supposition, in particular we have a distinct recollection of a certain aristocratical family who betrayed great anxiety to get the name of a *young son* enrolled among the Cincinnati in the stead of his deceased father. With childish curiosity we teased the mother to know 'what advantage such an honor could possibly bestow, and we recollect, that after stating to us the origin of the Society, and its general objects, she added, 'but there is another thing connected with it, which you must never tell—it is supposed the form of government in this country will sometime or other *be changed*, and if it is, *they* will be an Order of Nobility.'

Child as we were at that period, we considered the keeping of a secret as a trust of inviolable honor, and though we sometimes used to contemplate our little friend as a future nobleman, never mentioned it; by degrees, however, we began to think it a monstrous perversion, that the heroes who had staked their lives upon the principle, 'That all men were, and of right ought to be, free and equal,' should unconsciously be made the instrument of forging new fetters.

the sovereign been independent in his own territory, and collected around him a choice little *Court* of *all* the wealth and *all* the talents comprehended within the circle of his own jurisdiction. This would have been *aristocracy* with a vengeance. Ridiculous as such a supposition may appear, there was something to ground even such an opinion upon, and that was the manifest design to *dissolve the Union*, the great pains taken to set the middle and eastern States against the southern and western.

But after all, these things were conjecture, it is impossible to tell what would have been done by persons who never had the power to do what they listed.

As to the administration party, they have not been without those errors which every thing human is subject to. But thirty years of republican legislation since that period has proved the charges then made against them to be false, and the prophecies vain. These latter, as we can now look calmly back and "smile to hear the distant tempest roar," it is quite amusing to recount.

First, that "the country was about to be sold to France."

Secondly, "that rank Jacobinism would immediately take the lead of pure republican principles."

Thirdly, "that anarchy and wild misrule would immediately become the order of the day."

Fourthly, "that more innocent blood would flow in our country, if the power continued in the hands of the republican party *twenty years*, than ever deluged France during the time of revolutionary fury."

Fifthly, "that in much less time, Atheistical principles would progress so fast as almost to banish the very name of religion."

Sixthly, "that our altars would soon be banished and our temples overthrown, the sabbath disregarded and even the very appearance of religion cease."

Seventh, "that murder, adultery, and all the horrible crimes that ever scourged society would soon walk abroad unawed and unchecked."

Eighth, "that the country was about to be overrun with Frenchmen, and that in a few years it would be difficult to distinguish our own countrymen or former language, as there would be throughout the country such a jumble of French and English as would surpass the confusion of Babel."

Ninth, "that misery and speedy degradation awaited us at home, and abroad contempt and pity."

These and many more such prophecies were continually handed about, and formed a subject of unceasing lamentation and general conversation by the party inimical to the administration of that period. Nearly thirty years of *peaceful legislation*, we had like to have said, but peaceful it cannot be called, (constantly assaulted from foes without and opposition within,) but thirty years legislation of the same party, pursuing invariably the same policy, have since passed, and let us take a survey of the state of our country.*

* Some difference of opinion may exist with respect to what constitutes that period, but we believe none will dispute that nearly thirty years of pure Republican legislation has passed since 1801.

Is there a nation on earth more respected abroad ? We are not, it is true, giving laws to the world ; but we are giving an example which every nation on the globe is anxious to copy ; an example that has aroused many an oppressed people to struggle for their rights, and caused every tyrant on the throne to tremble.

The same wise policy towards France and England, has invariably been pursued by our Government. We hold them both in peace friends, but not allies, not at least in the sense implied by the opposition.

The sabbath has continued to be regarded, as a day set apart for religious services ; and instead of our temples being overthrown, there is no end to the new ones erecting. But amidst many contending sects, some hypocrisy, and more enthusiasm, pure and vital religion never probably had so great an influence upon any nation. We see that liberty of conscience, so far from degenerating into licentiousness, has had an opposite tendency. It has caused the different sects of religion to be more regular in their walk, more exact in the performance of their duties. It has caused a holy emulation of who shall honor God most, and each is afraid to transgress his laws still more from the fear of being reprov'd by the brighter example of his neighbor.

In all countries public opinion is somewhat fluctuating, and it is nothing uncommon to see one party up to-day, and to-morrow down, and vice versa—and it is somewhat singular that notwithstanding the untiring opposition of the minority, power has continued so long in the hands

of one party, and the cause is really a matter of interesting inquiry.

But to those who candidly and impartially investigate the subject, we think it must be obvious that one great reason, and that perhaps the greatest, is the treatment of public officers of the administration party by the opposition. Through the whole contest they have constantly maintained, (and it is the most curious assertion they have made,) that they were the strongest side; that all the wealth, talents, and erudition, as well as all the virtue, in the country, were on their side. If this be true, it is surprising that their opponents have for so many years held the reins of power, the first offices in the gift of the country, and still do hold them. By what strange fatality does it happen, that none but the illiterate, the untalented and the poor, can govern? That the strong are overcome by the weak—the wise by the simple—the learned by the unlearned and illiterate.

Were this in any one instance the case, and we believe it has been in many, a very sufficient reason might be given for the exaltation of the humble and the abasement of the proud.

People of very different sentiments have reasoned together upon the subjects of their difference and kept their tempers; have kept within the bounds of decency and good breeding; have argued and even disputed without losing sight of politeness—but scarce ever has an argument been conducted by the opposition without degenerating into scurrility and personal abuse.* The private cha-

*We allude particularly to the expressions commonly used

racters, and family misfortunes, and hereditary defects of many a political opponent has been dragged forth, and exposed with malignant satire before an unfeeling world; every political club of theirs was a circle of scandal, and every opposition paper a vehicle that conveyed it to the public. Male gossips were continually prowling about, hunting for something disgraceful in the characters or families of their opponents; and though the discoveries thus made has certainly disgraced some individuals, and killed more—though in some few instances a man may in consequence have put a pistol to his head, or a woman died broken hearted, yet on the whole, the discoverers have been the greatest sufferers.

We do not say that the party thus attacked did not in most instances retaliate. The great evil of any sin or folly, is that we cause others to imitate us. We do not say that the vulgar abuse so liberally poured out upon one party, was not often most abundantly returned. But we do say that they were second in the offence, and only followed the example of their refined and talented neighbors who should have set them a better. The woe has fallen upon those by whom the offence came.

Happily these things reach not beyond the grave, they affect not the memory of the departed, they seem indeed forgotten, while all the good in their character is remembered. Many a pen busy once in slandering the charac-

in the opposition papers of that day. The polite epithets of 'Demagogues,' 'Jacobins,' 'Jackasses,' 'Cut-throats,' 'Hell-hounds,' 'Blood-hounds,' &c: &c. which were bandied about in liberal profusion.

ter and impeaching the motives of the venerable statesman who then presided over the councils of the nation, has since done ample justice. Many have actually become convinced of their error, and others having now no political purpose to answer, are glad to avow their real opinions, and would thankfully, were the thing possible, now make reparation; that however is not necessary, since all attempts at injury have been like the snail, who undertook to obscure the beauty of a portico in a celebrated temple, by dragging slime over it.*

*For the last few years preceding the election of the present Chief Magistrate, the spirit of party seemed to slumber, and so very quiet had it become, that some even ventured to predict that it would be finally *laid*, that the two parties had melted into one, and become so perfectly amalgamated, we should soon be unable to distinguish either. Would to God it might have been so, but alas, the old enemy is once more awake, and like a giant refreshed, he has arisen, and is once more in the field. The same methods taken to blacken the character of the national rulers in 1803, has again been tried over. Then the country was about to be sold to France, now it was to be governed by 'military despotism.' What is meant by this term the people do not perfectly understand, but many a well meaning person has been influenced by it, and with his head filled with visions of standing armies, soldiers quartered in his house, eating up his whole substance, and his sons dragged away to fight the battles of he knows not what, and haunted by the imaginary sound of the drum and fife, has been induced to vote for he knows not what, and advocate measures of which he is a very incompetent judge, solely from fear of a 'military

CHAPTER VIII.

' Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.'

Shakespeare.

Mr Cornelius Van Horn, and his old fashioned dame, absolutely felt themselves in a new state of existence when first introduced into the circle at Mr Holbey's. The visitors almost exclusively consisted of persons of sentiments, diametrically opposite to his own in most points.— But he was astonished to find many there whose proud aristocratic notions would, he judged, have made them

chieftain.' This reminds us of an anecdote, so very applicable to the subject we cannot forbear the relation of it.

Walking in a remote country place in the year 1809, with a party of young ladies, we came to a lonely cottage inhabited by an aged couple; one of the ladies stopped for water, while the remainder seated themselves on a bench at some little distance awaiting her re-appearance. After some time we were aroused by violent and repeated bursts of laughter from within, we immediately rushed into the house in a body to learn the cause of the merriment. The old woman sat staring in stupid wonderment, while her husband discovered a most curious physiognomy. Our rude young companion was seated on the floor, with her combs scattered about, her hair hanging about her shoulders, and every feature convulsed with laughter which was renewed upon our entrance.

more select in their company, for the real character of Mr and Mrs Holbey was, notwithstanding their brilliant parties, and the display in their habitation, very soon generally understood, and remarks to their disadvantage and cutting sarcasms were frequently made even by their

We insisted upon knowing the cause, which, interrupted by many a paroxysm, she at length gave us.

'You see,' said she, 'how happy they seem here, should not you think these people were perfectly happy?'

Al! — 'Yes.'

'Well, the old man has been perfectly miserable this eight years, for fear he should have to *speak French* in his old age, he had no other living trouble.'

Here she relapsed into such a long and violent fit of laughter, that the old man scratching his head two or three times, was compelled to finish the story.

'They told me, (he proceeded,) eight years ago, *if Jefferson went in, this country was to be brought under France*,' so says I, for sartin, if Frenchmen are to rule over us, we shall have to speak French, shan't we? Yes indeed, says they, there will be a law that every body that speaks English shall be guillotined. Now the being under France or England would not have made much difference to me, as I shan't be here long you know, but to set about in my old age to learn French, and to have to jabber, and mince, and bow and scrape, why I thought I'd rather die first, and I have thought of nothing else for eight years.'

We never saw the old man again, who died soon after, of the infirmities of age; but we understood from one of his neighbors who witnessed his exit, that so completely had the idea of 'coming under France,' as he called it, got possession of his brain, that he raved incessantly about it in the delirium of death, and his last words were, 'My God, I can never learn French!'

guests, while feasting at their board, some of which he felt assured, did at times reach their ears, but they were too politic to understand them. The good old gentleman felt even grieved that such expense should be lavished upon such unthankful guests, and moralized much upon the folly of human nature in thus perversely pursuing a shadow, when true happiness and contentment seemed within their grasp. As to conversation in these companies, as politics was the unfailing and untiring theme, and he abominated a pitched battle, he was obliged to content himself with occasionally throwing in a remark, or telling a story, or chatting in a corner with the neglected Adelaide, whose powers of mind he easily discerned though diffidence and the fear of her domineering aunt and severe uncle prevented their development. The deep game Mr Holbey was playing with respect to her property, was something never suspected by him; he, nor no one present guessed at the nefarious villainy of his conduct towards that unfortunate orphan, for in addition to the recompense obtained for her education and board, Mr Mellville had lately forwarded large sums to be placed in one of the banks in New York in her name, in order to secure her a little property, in case of those accidents in business which all are liable to in the fluctuations of trade. His fears of exposure had trebled since the announcement of the purchase of Louisiana by the United States, before that event he felt safe from being surprised by the appearance of Mr Mellville, as he had made a vow never to return to the United States, and Mr Holbey knew he would be conscientious in keeping it; but now that the Territory in

which he had settled while a Spanish province, had come within our own jurisdiction, and was about to be admitted into the number of States,* he thought the prospect rather gloomy. Edward Mellville could now visit any part of the Union without an infringement of his promise ; one thing, however, still comforted him, and that was the overwhelming press of business that tied Edward to New Orleans. This small source of consolation was destined to fail subsequently, when the vexatious restrictions upon our commerce obliged him to withdraw the vast amount of property afloat on the ocean, and become a man of leisure, but we will not anticipate. The thorns of conscience never troubled Mr Holbey, yet his life had now for some time past been one of racking inquietude. No double-dealer is so securely masked but his villainy may some time come to light, and it often happens in a moment unlooked for ; all this he was aware of, and peace was a stranger to his bosom.

With the E—— family Adelaide had kept up constant intercourse ; the letters of Sidney always made mention of her in a most affectionate manner, yet the health of the young man it appeared was by no means confirmed, and his great design in writing so often to his friends appeared to prepare their minds gradually for the change, which though protracted, he believed to be hastening on.

The fortitude of Adelaide it is true, supported her, but the struggle between the fluctuations of hope, and alter-

* It was not however admitted into the number of States until 1812.

nations of despair, occasioned serious injury to her health, and her uncle approbated her going into the country for a time with the E—— family, who were about to remove to a farm of theirs some miles from the city. They gave her a pressing invitation to go with them, but Mrs Holbey, however, to her astonishment and regret, absolutely refused, saying she was so useful to her in entertaining her friends, that she could not spare her. This was really the case, but besides the assistance which she gave to her aunt, there was another and a selfish reason why she could not be spared.

Among their numerous visitors was a family of the name of R——, who at that time made a great figure in the city. They were esteemed immensely rich, but persons who had risen from great obscurity, and the manner in which their wealth was supposed to be obtained, had rendered them rather more notorious than many whose rise in the world had been equally rapid.

Just before the breaking out of the revolution in France, John R—— was a common sailor out of the port of New York. He had married the daughter of a fruit woman, residing in one of those underground habitations that contain so large a part of the population of the city, and for three or four years they struggled through great difficulties. Neither of them were gifted with much sensibility, and Nancy, the wife, was as destitute of understanding as a human being could possibly be who was just capable of performing the common offices of life.— However, they got along; and John, from using great diligence on shore, obtained some knowledge of the sci-

ence of navigation ; and at length, in his seventh voyage, became Mate of a vessel. This vessel was destined to a port in France, whither she arrived in the beginning of the uproar.

The Captain had disposed of his freight, and nearly shipped a return cargo, when he was taken suddenly ill, and died in a few hours—of course the mate became first in command. Previous however to the Captain's death, he had made preparations to bring away a noble family to the United States, and arrangements had been secretly made to accommodate them on board. Just before his death he held a consultation with the mate, with whom he as was supposed, left instructions respecting the proscribed and persecuted family. The mate proceeded to Paris even before the captain was buried. One or two short but mysterious excursions followed, and the vessel was hurried away in the night on her voyage homeward. But no passengers came ; something of the business had been made known on board previous to the captain's decease, and to the honest questions of the sailors, the mate returned answer, that he could not find the family and it was hazardous remaining longer in port.

The confused manner of the captain, his frequent fits of abstraction, and certain sentences uttered in his sleep, on his voyage homeward, excited the suspicions of the crew that the captain had secreted the property of the said family on board, and betrayed the owners of it to the fury of the Directory. No other proof of it ever appeared, however, except from the circumstances of the family, which from that day were materially altered.

In the course of a few years they ventured to come out in full splendor—kept a gig, then a carriage, took a large house and furnished it in great style, and sent their children to the first boarding schools, but as they were mostly too old to *make over*, there was after all such an odd mixture of refinement and vulgarity about them as to cause much amusement.

The crowding themselves among people of *ton* was at first somewhat difficult ; but what will not money effect? In the enterprise of climbing into company, they were aided by the owners of the little vessel which still continued her mysterious voyages, and still retained captain R—— as its master, and it was often matter of wonder, that such a little affair—for she was only —— tons burthen—should be a source of such immense profit as it appeared.

Captain R—— had one son, his eldest child ; he was a hopeful youth, and seemed to promise to spend some of his father's ill-gotten wealth. He was much caressed, for profligate as his principles were there was a certain air of quality and assurance about him that was extremely taking ; he was not handsome indeed, but these helped to set off his well-made person to great advantage, confirmed by the reputation of his father's inexhaustible riches.

The two daughters of Mr Holbey were both fascinated by young R——, but unfortunately he had caught a glimpse of their cousin, and was captivated by her. His character and principles had become known to Adelaide

from a mournful circumstance that had transpired in the neighborhood, and she justly abhorred him.

He had won the affections of a young orphan girl, a dependant in his father's family, and left her a prey to shame and misery. Captain R—— and his coarse wife had no charity for sins like hers, and they turned her from their door without pity or remorse. She sought and found shelter with a friend, though an humble one, who lived in the same street and only a few paces from the residence of Mr Holbey. Here the misery of her situation, combined with a broken heart, brought on a fever. Adelaide accidentally heard of her situation, from a servant in the family; she visited her frequently, and the wretched girl expired in her arms, after having given birth to an infant which happily followed her in a few hours.

It seemed to be a great delight to Mrs Holbey to torment her niece. As to marrying her to Frederick R—— she could not have wished it; as she had long intended, if possible, to make a match for him with one of her own daughters; and she knew her niece abhorred him. But he had deputed her to plead his case, and the spirit of contradiction made it a much easier task than she had anticipated.

‘And so, madam,’ said Mrs Holbey, after an animated debate, ‘and so, madam, you will not have any thing to say to Frederick R——, on account of that dirty minx, whom you degraded yourself by visiting a few months since.’

‘Dear aunt, said Adelaide, ‘do not speak of poor Sophia in that manner; consider she was, though basely betrayed, a true penitent, and doubtless now is a saint in Heaven.’

‘Monstrous! what, that Drab in Heaven? why what sort of company do you suppose are admitted there? But this is nothing to the purpose; those kind of things are nothing in a man—Frederick is not esteemed any worse for it.’

‘But,’ retorted her niece, ‘the law of God makes no difference between the offenders on account of the opinion of men. The judgment of this world will be reversed in the eternal world. There the *betrayed* will be justified, and the *betrayed* condemned.’

‘Why,’ said her aunt, ‘do I understand you? do you pretend to say that a man is as bad as a woman in such cases?’

‘Worse, infinitely worse,’ said her niece; ‘who is the tempter? You might as well say that Eve was more guilty than the devil that tempted her. No woman is tempter, unless some vile abandoned creature long addicted to a course of vice, and we are not speaking of such. Though the great Legislator makes no difference in the offenders, as I before observed, the world will not even divide the guilt, and let him who has caused it, come in for a share. And I must confess that of all the faults of my sex, I am most ashamed of that of endeavouring to screen the other from blame, and lay all the fault to their own. There is in my opinion something not only unfeminine, and indelicate in it, but monstrously depraved,

and I never see a woman caressing one of those sort of men, I mean loading him with civilities, but I suspect in a moment the purity of her own principles.'

Here Mrs Holbey stopped, utterly at a loss for an answer; the boldness of her niece amazed her, and the novelty of the doctrine confounded at length tacking to another point, she went on.

'Now Adelaide think how much pains I have taken to look you up a good husband, and here is one young, rich, and handsome, one that half the girls in the city would be glad to have.'

'I am very sorry indeed to disappoint you madam, but the heart is not to be forced, and my judgment here corresponds with my feelings, I will positively never marry a man of his principles.'

'Ridiculous,' muttered Mrs Holbey, as she ascended to the drawing-room to entertain a select party, 'insufferably ridiculous.'

This select party was a very few friends of the younger class, invited to keep Frederic R—— in countenance, her own daughters were present, and Adelaide together for a novelty. Condemned to pass the time in the society of one whom she both detested and despised, her niece endeavored to conduct herself with propriety, and yet so as to give as little offence as possible; her coldness however was so marked, that Frederic R—— could not but feel mortified at it, and determined to revenge himself by flirting with her cousin Miss Emeline, who was so good natured as to endeavor to sooth the feelings of the mortified lover, and so successful were her efforts, that the evening

passed off tolerably, and Adelaide came off with a far more moderate lecture than she expected.

Mrs Holbey had designed to have the assistance of her husband in tormenting her niece, but the flirtation of her daughter this evening changed the current of her thoughts, and she now resolved to lend all her forces to accomplish for Emeline, what she had before despaired of doing. Her endeavors were well seconded by that young lady, and to make a long story short, Emeline Holbey in a few short weeks became the wife of Mr R—— much to the satisfaction of her cousin, who tried to treat him as a relative, though the image of the betrayed and murdered Sophia would at times rise between them.

One great object of the family was now accomplished; they had disposed of one of their daughters as was supposed to a man of fortune, at least one who would be so. The idea of strengthening themselves by such an alliance, was ever uppermost, but in this they were doomed to be disappointed. Captain R—— had no respectable connexions whatever, and in fact he had none now of any kind, having frozen all his poor relatives out of the house long since; by some *strange accident* his low origin was not known to the family he connected himself with until after the marriage; then it was a subject of great satisfaction to some of the guests of Mr Holbey to hint at, as also the indirect sneers by which he obtained his property. The first they were exceedingly mortified at, the last was a subject of perfect indifference; no fears of a terrible retribution alarmed them.

Much as Mr Van Horn saw to despise in this family he could not from the habitual benevolence of his feelings, but feel a sensation of pity for the young lady, who had precipitated herself into a marriage with a fellow of Frederic's well known principles. Once he ventured to hint something of that sort while the matter was pending, but finding it not very graciously received, forbore the subject.

After the marriage of Emeline, the new couple were accommodated with an elegant mansion in — street, most splendidly furnished, and the pride of Mrs Holbey, and mean ambition of her husband were exceedingly gratified by the display of their daughter's establishment; persons from their old place of residence on the Delaware, with whom they were but slightly acquainted, were frequently met in the city and compelled to call on their daughter, in order to excite the envy of their old associates by a relation of the splendor in which she lived, while her mother took care to insinuate that nothing but inclination prevented Augusta from being settled equally eligible, but the dear girl loved her parents so much, she could not support the idea of a separation from them. 'And where,' the country guests would sometimes ask, 'is that lovely niece of yours? We should not have been surprised to have found her so well married.'

'Why somehow,' her aunt would answer, 'she does not seem to please the beaux'; Adelaide is a very clever girl, but there is nothing fascinating about her.'

The truth was, the family had discouraged several applications upon the score of her former attachment, for though she had never disclosed her sentiments, they took the liberty of saying her heart was disposed of. Frederic R—— was the only person who had ever persevered after such a discouragement, and he would not be put off without at least an effort. The charge of stiffness, preciseness, &c., which was often indirectly aimed at her, was certainly erroneous, as no one could be more easy, unaffected and conversable, except on one subject that unfortunately was the everlasting subject of conversation at her uncle's. Upon that Adelaide resolutely preserved silence; with a prudence much above her years, she resolved to avoid all occasions of offence or altercation. She knew Mr Holbey was extremely susceptible to every thing on that subject, and her reason and conscience both forbid her to go all lengths in condemning with him.

CHAPTER IX.

‘ Great men oft die by vile Bezonians—
A Roman soldier and bandetto slave
Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus’ bastard hand
Stabb’d Julius Cæsar.’

We have now brought our tale to the year 1804 ; it was now a very busy season, the second term of Mr Jefferson’s election approached, and it was necessary that every man should be at his post, and that every thing should be done to impede so dreaded an event. The talents of Mr Holbey, like those of many other persons of like sentiments, were put to severe requisition. The bustling about, and ingress and egress of certain unknown visitors to the study to hold nocturnal consultations, increased nightly. Had Adelaide been in doubt respecting the business transacting there, her doubts must have been solved by the perusal of a scroll that accidentally fell into her hands in passing the door one day ; as it was hastily shut, the paper blew towards her, she did not at first know where it came from, until taking it up she read a word or two that excited her curiosity to see the remainder, as there was no name, and it was a mutilated sheet, she felt no compunction at retaining it, and safely closeted in her room, she sat down to the perusal. The first and last part were torn off, but the paragraph left commenced thus :

*'Thus far you have done well, but you must not relax, no matter upon what ground you go, so you blacken his character. You say, 'the old charges have become stale,' then invent new ones. That anecdote that old ——— related, though not a word of it is true, will do nicely, excellently—make the most of it; charge him stoutly with ***** and defy his friends and partizans to disprove it. The parties are all dead pretty much, and dead men tell no tales—no nor deny none.*

His moral character, his dangerous morals, be sure and insist upon that, no matter about believing the thing yourself you know, the thing is to make others believe it. If we could contrive something to gull the yeomanry, there is the rub. They stand like a firm phalanx around the Presidential chair; it were easier to beat down an army of spears than move their stubborn metal. If any thing would do that, the charge of Infidelity if well supported might. Do the best you can with that, be sure and insist upon the speech of Randolph, about the meeting-house in Connecticut, his friend's sentiments are his own, and infidelity in him, is only a borrowed light from the President—

The remainder of this interesting communication was torn off; much to the grief of Adelaïde, whose curiosity had become quite excited by this specimen of diplomatic instruction; but what should she do with the scroll after she had perused it; to destroy it might raise suspicion in her uncle should he miss it, that some of the family had in-

vaded his sanctum sanctorum, and his temper, already fractious and irritable to the last degree, might vent itself upon some unfortunate domestic, or even upon herself, should he chance to suspect her. At length trusting to his habitual fits of abstraction, and hoping one of them might be on, she ventured to steal to the door, and insinuate it under the crack; the experiment succeeded, and she retreated to her own room undiscovered.

In addition to the labor of writing, attending caucuses, &c., Mr Holbey had now to travel frequently from town to town, and State to State, and in these excursions his lady pertinaciously insisted upon accompanying him, though his journeys were generally conducted with such rapidity as to preclude the idea of pleasure. Her plea was ill health, and the benefit derived from exercise, and to do her justice, we believe that was the case, the life of dissipation which she now followed, the late hours she kept, and the cares of ambition, had worn upon her constitution, and disposed her to premature old age. Female diplomatists were common in those days, as well as female disputants, but her talents unhappily did not qualify her for any such business; beyond match-making and match-breaking they had never been taxed; but the rage of travelling had seized her, and as her boys were away at school, and Augusta chose to stay with her sister, it was at length arranged that Adelaide should pass a few weeks with her friend Miss E——. The long desired permission was most thankfully received, and she wrote to Eliza to apprise her of the the visit, and received by return of post

a most affectionate answer, and desire to haste her journey. A few days after found her an inmate of the peaceful and respectable family that inhabited E—— farm. Most joyful was the meeting between the two friends, and cordial the welcome from the venerable master of the mansion.— She found Mr E—— perceptibly altered for the worse, notwithstanding the benefit of purer air, yet he still continued to walk about, and daily went to view their beautiful garden, supported by the arm of his lovely and pious daughter, who watched his countenance with looks of anxious tenderness ; he was frequently too feeble to walk, without sitting down often to rest, and the arm of Adelaide was now added to his other support.

‘ Oh how different,’ thought Adelaide after a few days residence there, ‘ how different my time passes here ; here God is regarded in all things ; here the day begins and ends in prayer, no light, frivolous and scandalous subjects of conversation occupy the time, the minds of this family are too well informed to need such food, besides that their principles would forbid such an abuse of time. No anxious inquiries after the newest fashions, nor that constant labor of altering, cutting, and contriving to keep pace with them, that makes the house of my aunt such a scene of confusion.

Her present residence must indeed have been a relief to Adelaide ; Mrs Holbey, since her living in the great city, had been indefatigable to keep up with fashions, one of the *supernumeraries* was employed as a seamstress, and her niece who spent the greater part of her time in assisting her, was obliged to take her share of the fretful and

sometimes passionate complaints of her aunt, whose rage to keep up with the pink of the mode, kept her constantly uncomfortable, and do the best they could, she was never perfectly satisfied ; the power of making her young and handsome was not delegated them ; as to the latter, she had never been remarkable for beauty, and the mother of grown up daughters could scarce expect to pass for young. This was of course behind the scenes, for the moment a visitor was announced, her face was all smiles, and she would at once throw off the vexation of the work-room, and appear before them with such an air of dignified ease that no one would have in the least suspected her late employment, nor dreamed she had just ceased scolding her unfortunate niece and attendant. She used frequently to speak of her devoting a portion of her morning to reading, and to impress the belief upon her guests that this had been her employment, would sometimes appear with a book in her hand ; in reality reading was one of the most unpleasant of all avocations, unless it was something relating to fashions, or some scandalous paragraph in the newspapers.

We cannot follow the family of Mr Holbey during the absence of their niece. What transpired in his electioneering excursions has never come to our knowledge.—Doubtless the particulars would be infinitely interesting, but for the present we must abide with his much injured niece.

Who can wonder at the happiness of Adelaide when released from the painful restraints of her uncle's house, and transported into a region where every thing was con-

genial to her taste and feelings—among those she loved, too, and who besides were the friends of Sidney, never tired of talking of him to her delighted ear, never weary of hearing his praises. The frequent anecdotes of his early life, the various instances of his goodness of temper and correctness of principle were ever pleasing. How truly delightful to hear the praises of those we dearly love !

The early piety of his beloved son was of all others a favorite topic with the venerable Mr E——. Frequently when mentioning the pleasing proofs of a Christian temper in him even in childhood, he would lift up his aged hands and bless his Heavenly Father who had hitherto kept his child unspotted from the world.

‘Let others boast,’ he would say, ‘of the greatness of their change, of their being plucked as brands from the burning while wallowing in sin, (a thing truly to be thankful for,) but my happiness is that my darling boy was led “to seek *first* the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness,” that he was taught to love his Creator in the days of his youth, and gave his young heart first to God. He cannot, it is true, stand up in the pulpit and ~~boast~~ of his extraordinary change, he cannot describe the pollutions of the world in such a manner as nearly to pollute the ears of those who hear, he cannot tell of his former crimes against the law of God, as well as of decency and common sense, and then cry, “behold the change ! come and see—if ever man had full assurance I may well have. Others may doubt, but of my conversion no one can.”

'He who, (continued the old gentleman,) from a villain becomes an honest man, it is true has incontrovertible evidence that a great change has taken place. Whether it be from fatigue of the pleasure of the world and of sin, or a desire to acquire a new character, or a rising distaste to the gallows, or—conversion to God, yet the evidence is certain; and he who like my beloved Sidney, early rejects sinful pursuits because he knows them to be offensive to his Maker, as well as detestable in themselves, and subversive of all moral principle, he who like my son, rejects the vain pomp and glory of the world, whose gratifications fortune has placed within his reach, for the pursuits of piety and godliness has another sort of evidence.

I know the ignorant run in crowds to hear a man who has been a notorious sinner, and many enthusiastic people absolutely shrink from the preaching of a man who has always led a moral life; but persons of sense, of information, and real discernment, are nevertheless most edified by the latter. People of experience, too—that woful teacher!—who know all the deceptions of sin, and that it can occasionally assume almost any shape, are slow in giving credit to such marvellous conversions. They remember, in the strong language of scripture, "many a dog return to his vomit, and sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire." They know the polluting nature of sin, and that its motions are not so easily eradicated from the heart, or its images from the brain.

'There is not,' said Mr E——, pursuing his subject, 'there is not to my mind a more disagreeable and

repulsive being than one of those self-righteous teachers, coined out of the lowest and most profligate of sinners, dictating to and overhauling other Christians, people who perhaps worshipped God in sincerity and truth before they were born, and telling them "they have never experienced a change," because they can tell of no change like theirs. They have never given way to evil practices and corrupt propensities until they had become a part of themselves. The person who has never given way to a revengeful temper cannot tell *when* he ceased to wish his neighbor ill and to seek his harm; he who has confined his affections to one dear object cannot tell when he ceased to desire his neighbor's wife; nor will he who has been satisfied with the allotment of this world's goods which Providence has bestowed upon him, be able to tell *when* he ceased to covet the possessions of others; he who has always been honest in his dealings can name no time when he left off cheating or stealing, or who was always temperate when he began to hate spirituous liquors.

There is however in moral persons, when they begin to comprehend the great end of creation, and to feel interested in the concerns of their immortal being, an increasing love towards their neighbors whom they have seen, as well as towards Him whom they have not seen; they see too a beauty in holiness surpassing description, and their feelings are often too refined to meet the comprehension of such as I have been describing, who continue to inquire, 'where is the evidence of his change?' not discerning that the evidence is, like the change, *internal*.

The persons of whom I have been speaking are not contented with the great enjoyment they profess to feel themselves, but they must ascertain precisely what state others are in and try them by their own standard. They generally upon coming into a church want to commence a general overturn, or *sifting*, among the members; to make, as they call it, "a rattling among the dry bones;" that is, to carry on a kind of inquisitive process, by which they expect to detect all false professors, and I have known a member of this description succeed in throwing a whole church into confusion before he had been in it six months. By degrees such persons draw a few to their standard, and then commences the *Aristocracy* of the Church—and of all aristocracy, this is the most arbitrary and tyrannical. Adelaide, did you ever know any thing of *aristocracy* in churches?

Adelaide replied that she never did; that she had heard something of the kind hinted, when speaking of the Bishop of the church to which she belonged, but had been taught to believe there was a perfect equality in all sectarian societies, not only among the members but their Clergy too.

'Nothing can be a greater mistake,' said the old gentleman; 'the baneful principle of aristocracy has everywhere extended its influence. The desire of man to exalt himself above his fellow, is found everywhere; and religious sects, far from levelling idle distinctions, create new and arbitrary ones. The purer the sect is esteemed, the greater in general is the tyranny of their government. Religion itself however, always bear in mind, is not to be

charged with this. The distinguishing characteristic of true religion is, and ever will be, humility; but it is the mistaken notions of it received from the traditions of men, joined to the worst sort of pride, i. e. spiritual pride, that occasions this.'

'Pity,' said Adelaide, 'that pride should ever insinuate itself into spiritual things. It is the most tyrannical of all passions, and doubtless the cause of those bloody persecutions which have disgraced the church in former ages.—The attempt to tyrannize over the conscience of another, and above all to coerce in things indifferent in themselves, appears to me the most unreasonable of all the effects of pride. But I was just now thinking, dear sir, of one sect of Christians whose manners I very much admire, because of the appearance of humility and perfect equality among them. I mean the Quakers. I hope the spirit of aristocracy has not found its way into their quiet assemblies.'

'Hem,' said Mr E——, 'of that another time. It reminds me of a most interesting story, the whole particulars of which are undoubted matters of fact, and which I will relate to you the first opportunity that offers; at present, I wish to make a few remarks respecting the government of the church where you and I have the honor to be members.'

'I believe it is agreed on all hands that it is necessary that every thing should have some sort of government.—From the earliest ages of Christianity down to a period of time not more than three hundred years distant, the whole Christian church has been governed by Bishops; and we

have the fullest testimony that we can have, unless a voice from heaven should proclaim it, that such an arrangement was agreeable to our divine Master, the great Head of the Church. Since the discipline was decided upon originally by these, who must have known the mind of our Lord, either from his own lips, or from those of his immediate successors the Apostles; if from the latter, there was no danger of deception, the office of a Bishop was then martyrdom. That the whole particulars of the discipline directed by our Lord is not contained in the Bible, is no evidence against it; the book itself testifies that 'there were many other things which Jesus did,' not contained there, and why not the directions for regulating his Church one? We know it must have had some sort of government, as it could not have existed without.

'But I am not going into an argument in favor of episcopacy, but simply defending the Church from the charge of *aristocracy*. I assert that the government of it is such, as to cause a perfect equality among its members. With the necessary distinction between priest and people, and Bishop and Priest there are no other distinctions; it is not possible for a few designing or enthusiastic members whatever their pretensions to extraordinary sanctity may be, to take the reins of power, and lord it over God's heritage.— It is as preposterous as to consider the King of England the head of the Church in his kingdom, because he styles himself the 'Defender of the Faithful,' when it is known he has no more spiritual power in the Church than the meanest member in it. The fact is, there are here no

committees to set upon the characters or consciences of its members, and that is the true reason why persons of a certain description choose to leave it, and go where they may possibly arrive at higher honors. Now Adelaide dear, have I not vindicated the Church ?

‘Most ably, sir,’ said Adelaide, whose reverential regard of the speaker made her almost fancy that truths divine came mended from his tongue—‘but the story, dear sir, the story.’

‘Thou shalt have it this evening if no company calls on us,’ said Mr E——, smiling to find his favorite, though exempt from many of the foibles of her sex, gave at least one proof of being a descendant of Eve. The evening proved drizzly and unpleasant, of course no company came, much to the satisfaction of Adelaide, who took particular pains to get the cricket for the old gentleman, draw the great armchair into his favorite corner, and beat up the cushion, after which she snuffed the lights, and placing her basket of work on the stand, sat herself down with a look that seemed to say, ‘I’m all attention.’ Eliza smiled significantly, and the old gentleman commenced his story.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY.

In one of the inland towns in the State of Massachusetts, situated upon a rising ground that commands a view of four townships, is a large white dwelling-house, surrounded by a grove of Lombardy poplars. A spacious porch in front, shielding a handsome door-way, together with the tasteful and symmetrical form of the building, and extremely picturesque situation, seems to mark it as the abode of opulence and refinement. Nevertheless, there is to mar this a kind of niggardness in the finishing, a something about it that seemed to say, here genius was cramped and invention turned out of doors.

The broad entry was once evidently adorned by a double tier of glass that run lengthwise of the door, generally denominated side-lights,—as the patched places from whence they were taken is very visible; and over the large door-way, which should have been surmounted by an arch, a single row of small window-glass alone admitted the light.

These, with some other singularities, would lead the traveller to suppose that the first owner had disposed of it in an unfinished state to some person who had not the ability to complete the original design. That however

would be erroneous, as the first possessor has always continued to be its tenant, unless debts occasioned by the villany of others and a long train of family misfortunes may have compelled him to part with it within a very few years.

Hard by the building I have described, a little low-roofed cottage, completely shaded by trees and close beside a very fine orchard, courts the attention of the weary and way-worn traveller, and seems to invite him to repose and refreshment.

This cottage was once the abode of Obadiah, for so we shall call the owner of the great house. Here he passed years of comparative felicity, surrounded by his chubby sons and blooming daughters, nor dreamed of the scenes of affliction and bereavement preparing for him when he should become the possessor of the long coveted great house.

The wife of Obadiah was a shrewd, intelligent woman, very notable, and in her youth gifted with an uncommon share of personal beauty. This latter qualification, if it can be called one, was probably the most coveted by Obadiah; for this he had wooed and won a woman who, whatever her pretensions might be, (and they were many,) possessed not one single sentiment in unison with her husband. Their tastes were diametrically opposite in all things; and although the cares of a young family and the vast assemblage of persons continually flocking to their hospitable mansion did not for a time scarce permit them to realize it, yet they were destined in after life to feel the bitterness of an ill-assorted Union.

Obadiah and his wife both belonged to the peaceable sect of the Quakers, it cannot therefore be supposed there was ever any thing like contention between them ; yet the want of unison in their modes of thinking and acting was often the subject of remark.

It is well known that there are two or three sects in our country that from the very nature of their constitutions are involved in a continual round of visiting. The stated meetings held in various places and demanding the attendance of both sexes, and the custom or law that requires every family to drop their work in the middle of the week, generally the most busy part of it, and certainly the most busy part of the day, and assemble for worship, greatly promotes this sort of intercourse.

Obadiah was a plain-dealing, honest man, but wedded, strongly and irrevocably wedded to the forms of the people in whose creed he had been educated. Whenever there was a meeting he was sure to be there ; whatever the business he had in hand, it was all thrown by, when the stated day and hour arrived. If his horse was drawing, or ploughing, or grinding, it mattered not ; he must be taken off immediately and harnessed to carry the master to meeting ; and the children generally, unwilling to work while their parents enjoyed relaxation, followed his example, while his numerous work people on such occasions were generally left to oversee themselves.

Such devout attention to meeting did not pass unobserved or unrewarded. The meeting, taking into consideration his great zeal and exemplary deportment, and re-

ligious attention to the traditions of his fathers, did at sundry times confer upon him the high honor of escorting the sisterhood on their travels when called to preach; and forasmuch as it was then a rule in the meeting, that no sister called to officiate as a travelling preacher should be gallanted by her own husband, Obadiah found himself frequently appointed to protect the sisterhood on these excursions, and most comfortable and edifying he often declared they were, to the great annoyance of Sabrina his wife, who was rather heterodox on such subjects, protesting that she thought a woman's duties were at home, and that her call was to guide her own house and bring up her children, and that they were more profitably employed thus than in the work of the ministry.

Now Sabrina, to do her justice, though as I before said rather heterodox, had not a single particle of jealousy in her composition; nevertheless the very mention of a *journey* never failed to elicit from her some cutting observation, which usually drew from Obadiah a long deep groan, but this did not in the least alter his purposes.

In addition to this, his *same* fast increasing, brought crowds of company to his house, inasmuch that its dimensions could in no way accommodate them, and hastened the building of the large house, which they had for years contemplated erecting, but meant to defer until their property should be greatly augmented. It had however now become absolutely necessary to provide accommodations for their numerous visitors, and the plan of the house was accordingly drawn.

The greater part of the property of Obadiah had come by his wife ; it was not then a wonder that that lady should wish to have a voice in building it, and besides this she had much the most taste of the two, and her remarkably prudent and industrious habits had been the means of saving much that but for her management would inevitably have taken wings. Her station as a wife, too, she thought entitled her to be consulted in the business, and finally her taste selected the site for the new house, and her judgment devised the plan of the building throughout, which had it been faithfully pursued would have produced a house of remarkably neat and tasteful appearance. It would besides have been the very handsomest house in that part of the country.

Elated with the prospect of her success, Sabrina could not but occasionally felicitate herself upon the growing success of her undertaking. These innocent feelings of pleasure and self-gratulation were often expressed in presence of her friends and neighbors, and they were not to be borne ; and the fiend of jealousy and spirit of domination, taking the form of the genius of bigotry, soon found means to check such exultations.

A great stir was soon set on foot in the meeting, ' that Obadiah was building a house beyond his means,' and a select committee appointed to look into his affairs, to find out whether the said Obadiah was able to go through the undertaking.

This was like a thunder-clap to both husband and wife, nevertheless there was no help for it, unless they chose to lose cast, and accordingly they prepared to display their books to the meeting,) as the power embodied in the committee was termed,) and inform that august body of the state of their affairs, even to a single fraction.

The proud bosom of Sabrina swelled almost to bursting at the indignity, but patient Obadiah, after many a lengthened groan, prepared to obey; and when the committee arrived to inquire into the state of his finances, he received them with the meekness of Moses—kept nothing back, but submitted all his books, notes of hand, &c. &c. to their inspection.

After a great deal of figuring, questioning and cross-questioning, (all which Obadiah, being a very fair dealer, stood the test of,) the committee were constrained to confess, and give their affidavit, 'that the said Obadiah was fully able to build the said house.'

Well this business happily over, the persecuted couple supposed there was an end of examination for the present, and that they should now be permitted a breathing spell. But no; they were now to be tried upon another indictment, viz: "that of having planned their house too much in conformity with the fashions of the world, i. e. too much with regard to external appearance."

Obadiah, to use a vulgar phrase common in that day, was *stump'd*. He stared, and hem'd, and groaned audibly, and then demanded in some confusion, 'if the plan of his house embraced any thing unnecessary?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'the sashes in each side of the front door were unnecessary, and looked like pride and conformity to the world.'

'The entry would be dark without them,' was Obadiah's meek reply.'

'They must be taken out, and a single row of small glass substituted over the door will answer every purpose except that of pride,' responded the speaker of the committee of vigilance.

Here Sabrina ventured to remonstrate. 'They are already in, and cannot be taken out without additional expense and injury to the house; the places must be filled up and the patched plastering will not be strong, besides which the sashes taken out will be useless to us.'

It was in vain she reasoned. *Obe*y, was the word, and Obadiah, who had daily been in the habit of congratulating himself 'that he lived in a land of gospel liberty, *with none to make him afraid*,' and thanksgiving that it was not his wretched lot to be born in the dominions of the Pope, or even in England, where he might have been tythed and Priest-ridden, submitted to an act of tyranny which even the Pope in the very zenith of his power never tho't of inflicting. Some other alterations were proposed, in a manner that amounted to a command, and the committee withdrew.

It was not in the nature of woman to sit down in silence and see her plans frustrated in this manner, and to do justice to Sabrina this was not all; she wisely argued, that any thing so trifling was unworthy the notice of the

meeting, and that no possible harm could be done by resisting what she conceived to be usurped power.

Not so reasoned Obadiah ; he, good man, had often sat in the seat of judgment when the characters and fortunes of his neighbors were the subject of debate, and had never been known to lean to the side of mercy when a violation of discipline was the offence. Condemned by the very laws he had so rigorously enforced upon others, he felt himself unable to resist, or in other words, 'caught in his own net. The remonstrances of his spirited wife were totally disregarded and the alterations suggested were immediately made ; and among others that of the sashes, though opposed by almost every individual of his whole family.

'This circumstance in the life of Obadiah was what I wished to call your particular attention to,' said Mr E—— but as you cannot but feel some interest in these persons, and some very singular and romantic events are connected with the remaining part of their history, I will if you wish, relate all of the remaining part with which I am acquainted.'

Adelaide entreated him to go on, saying she had become so much interested in the story as to forget that it was only related as an illustration of his sentiments on the subject of church discipline. Mr E—— accordingly continued.

'These troubles, quite serious at the time, no doubt were soon erased from the minds of the family by real calamities. Death entered his house and swept in succe-

sion his oldest daughter, and youngest son, not less beloved by his doating parents. I have said Obadiah and his wife had no sentiment in union, but that of parental affection was certainly an exception. They not only loved their children but were both proud of them—both cherished a sentiment so hostile to their own peace and so opposed to the spirit of the religion they professed. Pride was never made for man, and oh, how idle to feel pride in that which the breath of the Almighty can in a moment dissipate. And yet if pride in a child could have been excused, the attractions of these children might plead powerfully. I still remember the charms of the young Quakeress, and surely never did a plain bonnet hide a lovelier face. Her blooming cheeks, pencilled eyebrows, and full black eyes, are now in imagination before me; so lustrous and tender, they looked as if floating in some liquid element. There are only two sorts of black eyes; those which I have described have the softest possible expression; the other kind, small quick and piercing, are the most disagreeable feature that a woman can possess; and are as surely indicative of pride, malevolence, and ill temper, as any of the signs in heaven are of tempestuous weather.—But to return.

Both parents felt the blow severely, and both struggled for resignation to the Divine will. Sickness frequent and long continued in the family, and continued and fresh inundations of company seemed conspiring to destroy the means of the family, assisted in its way by occasional failures by which from time to time they were losers.

Sabrina, whose early and great exertions had injured her constitution, sunk into a state of nervous debility that prevented her attention to business she had been in the habit of attending to during her husband's long absences. Those journeys did not grow more rare, but on the contrary now succeeded each other in continued rotation; for, added to his calls to accompany others, he had now become a preacher himself, and frequent and long journeys had become matters of course.

It cannot be said that Obadiah altogether neglected his business during those seasons, for he somehow contrived to make business and religion go hand in hand, and in every town he passed through look out new customers and extend his trade.

Every thing too about his habitation looked in order, in particular, a new and spacious and well filled barn, bore witness to his care of dumb nature, and this brings me to a most important part of the history of Obadiah.

About the period to which I have brought my story the family of Obadiah were one night awakened by a very bright light: they arose in haste and found their barn in flames. Its very near neighbourhood to the house seemed to render it an impossibility to save that, but happily not a breath of wind was felt: the flames rose upward to a tremendous height, throwing their red and fearful glare for many a mile around, and arousing peo-

With prompt humanity, Obadiah and his family hastened from a very considerable distance to come to their assistance.

tened to save the lives of their creatures, that were happily safe, being in a kind of cellar in the building which stood on a side hill: this accomplished there was nothing to do, but to stand as silent and anxious spectators of the conflagration.

The youngest boy, a very active and intelligent little fellow, had mounted a rock on the hill side of the barn, where he could see more distinct than those below; the flames had burst out on every side, so that the building was literally consumed before the hay inside. In the midst of the scene of terror and amazement, the boy cried out, father, mother, I see three people walking in the flames, there! there! A kind of shudder crept over the mother, but as they all treated it with disregard, as a child's story, she too, thought no more of it for a time; but what was the horror and astonishment of the spectators, upon raking open the embers in the morning, to find the bones of three persons beneath.

Now the burning of the barn had been a great mystery, for none of the family had been there after dark, and it was a moral certainty, that Obadiah, meek, patient, humble minded Obadiah, could have no enemies bitter enough to set fire to his territories, conjecture was baffled entirely, but now the mystery was unravelled; some poor houseless wanderers had taken shelter in the barn for the night, and from a pipe or segar, or from some such means, accidentally set fire to it. But who were they? long and fruitless was the enquiry, until at length it was discovered that a party of strolling indians, three in number, had

on that very day past up the road, and never been seen beyond it, and as it was known they generally go with a pipe in their mouth, there was no more doubt on the subject, but the loss fell heavily on Obadiah. He had, to say the least, gone to the extent of his means. His valuable barn, winters hay, grain, &c, all gone, was a loss he knew not how to replace, yet it must be replaced, and was thought at great inconvenience.

Years rolled on, and the daughters of Obadiah grew to be fine young women, and the sons industrious, steady young men. Obadiah and his wife were treading the downhill of life surrounded by their numerous progeny and a kind set of neighbours and acquaintances, mostly of their own persuasion. The loss of the barn had ceased to be a subject of conversation except as some stranger would occasionally enquire the particulars. Sabrina continued to be afflicted with nervous complaints, and Obadiah's travelling malady had not in the least abated, but on the whole seemed rather to increase. Whether the cares attendant upon this way of life, had a tendency to make him look old we cannot say, but the hand of time appeared to have been laid heavily upon him, and his habits of abstraction become more confirmed, a thing that often displeased his wife who felt the necessity of attending to their daily business, to be more pressing than formerly.

It was in the year — the family of Obadiah were seated around their breakfast table, Sabrina the mistress of the mansion, had taken her place at the head as usual,

but this morning was observed to look more serious than common.

‘Mother are you ill?’ said one of the children, ‘more unwell than usual?’

‘No my son,’ said Sabrina, ‘but I had a dream that makes me feel certainly very disagreeable.’

‘Foh ! foh !’ said Obadiah, ‘you are always distressing yourself about something, if nothing else it is an idle dream—dreams are nothing.’

‘But’ said his wife, ‘my dream was no idle one, something threatens the peace, or property, or life of our good neighbour A. down yonder. I dreamed of seeing a tremendous thunder-cloud approaching our dwelling, it seemed to gather blackness as it approached, and I awaited it with fear and trembling, fearing it might explode when it reached us, but to my surprise it passed over our dwelling without injury, and sailing along in awful grandeur, it at length settled down upon the house of neighbour A., and his whole habitation was at once completely enveloped in darkness.’

‘It was only a dream, mother,’ said one of the children, and the remark was responded by Obadiah, who would probably have made it the commencement of some most edifying discourse, but a loud and hasty rap at the door prevented further comments.

The door was opened, and a messenger from farmer A. desired the attendance of Obadiah immediately, ‘Go my husband,’ said Sabrina with almost convulsive energy, ‘remember my dream,’ something dreadful must have

happened there." Obadiah did not need urging; the messenger had disappeared, but he followed close upon his heels. As nothing was said to the rest of the family, it was deemed intruding to send any one after him, but such was the feeling of anxiety, that no one would leave the room unless it was to look towards farmer A., to see if Obadiah was coming. More than an hour elapsed during this state of suspense, and then another messenger came to request the presence of Sabrina. With tottering steps she followed and entered the mansion of farmer A. seated by a table, pale and agitated sat Obadiah leaning on his hand, while the guilty cause of his perplexity was walking the room with hurried pace, seeing Sabrina he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed with anguish.

"What is the matter? what has happened?" was repeatedly asked, before Obadiah could find breath to answer; at length making an effort he informed her that farmer A. had sent for him to inform him, he was the person who fired their barn.

"Impossible! impossible said Sabrina, so good a neighbour, so decent and moral a man." "He certainly did do it, said Obadiah, and he wishes us to name the amount. He fired it with his own hands and staid to blow the coals so as to light the hay before he departed."

Oh conscience! exclaimed Sabrina, and what possible motive could he have to injure us, that never injured him."

"Jealousy! jealousy! envy and the temptation of the devil," said the wretched man speaking "for the first time

I thought you felt yourselves above me, and had heard you spoke diminutively of me."

It appeared from his own account that the terrors of the scene, together with the fate of the three mysterious beings who perished in the flames, had haunted him ever since, he could not rest days, nor sleep nights, until his misery became so intense, he was constrained to disclose the transaction, to throw himself upon the mercy of those he had injured and offer all the atonement in his power. This he did, and after telling him, at what amount they estimated their loss, he deliberately counted them out the money, which it seemed he had already got by him for that purpose. We cannot tell you all that past at this interview ; it was a scene of deep humiliation on one side, and of painful regret on the other. When arrived at home, Obadiah, began to ask his wife what was to be done. "The man said he has certainly forfeited his life or liberty to the laws of the land as well as his property, to be sure he appears very penitent, but who knows he may not do the same to another as he has to us ; he has I know thrown himself upon our mercy, and made restitution as far."

'My husband said Sabrina solemnly, remember mercy, you will not expose a man, who has given such proofs of repentance, and who has an innocent wife and children to be involved in his ruin. Take my advice and keep still, if the Lord requires any thing more of him he can exact it, our part is to forgive and if possible forget,' and with many other words Sabrina argued, and as she

thought prevailed, and probably would, had not Obadiah felt it his duty to open his mind to some of the faithful, of both men and women.

Now it so happened that there had not been a case of scandal in the neighborhood for some time, and the story was devoured with greedy ears. Punishment, condign punishment, was at once decreed poor A——. No argument of Sabrina for mercy would now be heard, and Obadiah, pushed on by his unmerciful neighbors and contrary to his usual kindness of heart, proceeded to the county court to give the necessary information.

The victim was secured, tried and condemned, stripped of his property in the first place, and then sentenced to a term of years in the county jail. What was the reason of this instead of the State's prison, to which offenders of that sort are usually condemned, is uncertain. Perhaps it was because he had property, and they could punish him that way; or perhaps it might have been, and we hope it was, because he confessed the crime and lamented it.

His property was all taken, except what belonged to his wife, which she sold, and wandering with her babes far from the scene of their disgrace, found a refuge among the Shakers. Here also A—— was received, after his sentence of imprisonment had expired. But unfortunately his mind, long agitated by the pangs of guilt, combined with the public disgrace that followed the confession of it, had become completely unsettled, and the poor Shakers experienced the fate of the snake in the fable, who

invited the hedge-hog to her cell. He had not been there long before he attempted to poison the whole settlement, by putting arsenic in the wells. The attempt was discovered in time to prevent the consequences, and poor distracted A——— once more delivered up to the vengeance of the law. He was tried a second time, and condemned to —— mines for life, where he has now worn away fourteen years, with only occasional glimpses of reason. But if exemplary punishment has followed him, peace and prosperity has not been the lot of those whose mistaken notions of justice drove him to the precipice down which he has plunged into destruction, of those who caused the shipwreck of his already shattered senses.

As to Obadiah, the hero of our tale, troubles of a domestic and pecuniary nature have followed him for the last few years in rapid succession. Among other losses, he has been drawn in to become surety for a kinsman, whose unexpected failure, combined with that of others, to whom he had extended the hand of kindness, stripped him of his property and plunged him into a state of comparative poverty, and if living, it is not probable that any of his property will ever pass to his descendants; he has the consolation, however, to know that the integrity of his dealings or intentions have never been doubted.

Adelaide thanked Mr. E——— for his exertions to entertain her, and expressed a lively interest in the characters he had been endeavoring to portray.

CHAPTER XI.

‘ Why I can smile,
And murder while I smile.’

A few days after Adelaide observed Eliza in tears, and observed also that she tried to conceal them from her father and wear a face of smiles to him. Impelled by the truest friendship, she solicited the sufferer to disclose the cause of her grief; she knew it could not be on Sidney's account, because they had just received a most encouraging letter from him, but she judged Eliza had some secret cause of grief which she sedulously concealed, and to her faithful bosom Eliza confided it. She had been engaged two years to a worthy young man of excellent character and good prospects, but had refused to marry him during the life of her father, from whom she could not bear to separate herself. That kind parent did not know of the sacrifice she made for his comfort, and she had that morning received a line from Frederic D—— to say he was about to embark for England on business connected with the firm, and that he should probably be absent a year. The letter contained some reproaches for withholding his happiness so long, and expressed some doubts as to the strength of her affection, and a wish that she would remove them by consenting to accompany him

in the voyage to seal those vows which had been made so long before. This was the cause of Eliza's tears. 'My father,' she said, 'did he know of this would not permit me to defer it, but how could I leave him at this time?'

Adelaide was constrained to confess she saw no way but the one her judgment had already marked out, and breathing a sincere wish that all would turn out happily for her friend, she sought to strengthen her in her pious resolutions. Mr E—— it was evident was not long for this world, and it certainly would be an excess of cruelty to deprive him of his daughter at such a time; yet she advised Eliza to disclose her engagement after Frederic had sailed; this she thought might relieve his mind about the future destination of his child. Frederic D—— had always been a great favorite of Mr E——, and he had often secretly wished he might become attached to his daughter; he received the disclosure therefore with transport, folded her to his aged breast, and gave her a father's blessing, after expressing the wish, 'he might see them united before he departed,' and then he added, 'I should have but one more wish that relates to earthly things— poor Sidney, if he could live I could wish to see him united to some such woman,' and he fixed his eyes steadfastly on Adelaide, who, however, lost the glance; as she found it impossible to raise hers from the floor, and after a long pause he added, 'I dare not however plan for him, and must leave his destiny in the hands of Him who threatens to call him to Heaven before me.' Poor Adelaide found it impossible to restrain her tears.

A few weeks passed over the head of the fair orphan and still found her a resident in the family of Mr E——, but she was now called to bid adieu to those dear friends. A letter arrived from Mr Holbey, announcing their intended removal to the city of Washington, and requesting her to conclude her visit with all imaginable despatch. The heart of Adelaide died within her at this summons to leave her dear Eliza at such an interesting season, when she was watching the last hours of her father, for it was evident his time was nearly over, every day he failed perceptibly, but she knew there was no help, she knew a request for a longer visit would only irritate them, and with a heavy heart she prepared to obey. What the removal to Washington could mean, she could not imagine, as it was now settled Mr Jefferson would be elected for the next term, what had he to expect? She was only the more puzzled the more she reflected on the subject.

Adelaide arose from her sleepless pillow on the morning she was to bid adieu to E—— farm with pale cheeks and swollen eyes; breakfast was passed in silence, when the cloth was removed Mr E—— called her to him, and bidding her be seated, he took her hand affectionately in his, while he went on to give her some parting advice.

‘My dear girl, I fear new trials, different from any you have yet experienced, are preparing for you; keep near to God in the first place, remember that. In the next, fear not man, ‘who can only kill the body, and after that hath no more that he can do:’ Mr Holbey is your guardian for two years yet, you cannot very feasibly leave him, but

Adelaide, I dislike to say it, he is a very great villain ; circumstances have come to my knowledge lately about that man that makes me tremble for the mischief he may do. A friend to whom he had formerly rendered some service, has been interceding for an office for him at Washington, and I very much fear he has procured it ; if he has obtained the place of private Secretary to that gentleman, it may enable him to do incalculable mischief ; may God preserve you from sharing the punishment of the guilty ; one only pledge of safety to the state is your residence in his family—I would not prevent you if I could. Go then dear Adelaide, and let your vigilance never slumber nor sleep, and remember there can be no obligation upon any one to conceal treason. Should you ever need another home, my doors I am sure, let which of my family may inhabit them, will ever be open to receive you. In Eliza you will ever find a sister, and Sidney—but Adelaide I dare not raise a hope in you or myself—God's will be done,' and he folded her in his arms and sobbed upon her neck. The carriage was waiting, and after a hasty embrace from Eliza, she looked a last adieu to E—— farm.

'What strange ideas,' thought Adelaide, as the carriage drove off, 'could Mr E—— have had of danger, that I, a poor, ignorant and feeble girl could ward off—was there ever such an idea ? I fear the brain of my dear venerated friend has become a little disordered—why he spoke as though the safety of the state absolutely depended upon my vigilance : it is not very likely that Mr Holbey would

make me the confidant of any desperate plan should he have the courage to form one.'

But all recollection of his parting speech and peculiar manner of expression towards herself was now effaced by more pungent reflections, when she recollected she had just seen the father of Sidney for the last time, oppressed with a melancholy which she could neither shake off nor disguise. Adelaide arrived at Mr. Holbey's near the close of the day.

She found the family busy in preparations for a wedding, instead of a removal, though the latter event was soon to follow the former, Miss Augusta had made such good use of her time during her visit to her sisters, as to captivate the fancy of a gentleman who frequently visited there, and as the family were so soon to remove, it was agreed the marriage should take place immediately. This marriage the Holbey's did not consider quite so splendid an alliance as the other, the bridegroom though rich, did not make so fashionable an appearance, and beside was full twenty years older than the bride.

Mr. Bancroft was in reality a very fine man ; he had selected Augusta because he believed, (from a peculiar softness of manners, she had deceived him,) her to possess a most amiable condescending temper. She had too expressed a high admiration of the pleasures of life, a subject that with him never tired, he had proposed whenever he married, retiring to a farm near Albany, and making it a permanent residence. There he possessed an elegant seat, from his ancestors, and any one fond of retirement might have

been completely happy there with such a companion, but unfortunately Augusta had acted the hypocrite here as she had been taught to in every thing in reality ; she only existed in a crowd, and never did a look of meekness and humility cover a prouder or vainer heart—never did expressions of singular disinterestedness proceed from one of more selfishness and meanness. Every word and look in her appeared like pure nature, while she was within, the very depth of art. She could assume any thing at pleasure ; she had been trained by an artful mother, who could herself appear angelic when she wished to, and she had improved under such teaching until she had outdone her instructress. Without remorse Holbey and his wife saw the respectable man whom she had inveigled into her snare, unite his fate to a woman who had not a single good quality ; a woman who in extreme youth had given proof of shocking depravity of heart, and of total want of felling ; they saw her wedded to a man of real worth, and accompanied her to the rural palace fitted up for her reception, where the heart of that deceived husband exulted to welcome the syren whom he had taken to his bosom.

Mr Bancroft was a very public character, and at the time mentioned, held an office of trust under the administration of Mr Jefferson. To him Mr Holbey had been very sparing of his words on the subject of politics, and the condescending Augusta was willing to think whatever her husband thought. Of course it would have been very idle in any man to inquire the political sentiments of the

family in which he connected himself in such a country as ours. So thought Mr Bancroft.

Nothing could have happened just at this time more accommodating to Mr Holbey than such a disposal of his youngest daughter, for reasons which the reader may hereafter understand; they did not expect to be seen much in Washinton, and as Augusta could not live without company, and Mr R——, her sister's husband, expressed no wish to have her remain with them, the case appeared rather difficult until apprized of the manner in which she had been so fortunate as to dispose of herself.

To make a confidant of a child, and confide affairs of state, matters that involved fortune, reputation, and perhaps life, to a daughter, for the purpose of securing a coadjutor in the most nefarious transactions, appears incredible at first, and it was doubtless not without many qualms, but not of conscience, that Mr Holbey brought himself to such an act of self-degradation; the fact, however, was certain, though in what language it could have been done no one can imagine, but from circumstances that afterwards came to light, it appeared that every thing had been talked over between father and daughter, previous to this most unhappy and fatal marriage, and that she made no scruple of promising to get at all the information possible on a certain subject, and communicate it to her father from time to time, and that he even instructed her in the means of obtaining such information. That she should have used a different way, and one so fatal to herself, as it appears she did in the sequel, was something that could not

possibly have entered his head at the time. But whoever undertakes to corrupt the moral honesty of a child, and make their principles subservient to their own convenience, does it at their peril, and may think themselves happy if condign punishment does not finally overtake them.

But strange as such an attempt may appear in Mr Holbey, it appears still more surprising that a young lady about to connect herself so respectably in life too, should engage beforehand to betray him; should resolve to poison the cup of her own happiness herself; yet such was the fact, though the consequences were probably never thought of; besides the habitual thoughtlessness of vanity, her course of life had been one that precluded reflection, and Augusta was not about to marry from motives of affection, she had not even a preference for the husband she had consented to wed, she had strong inducements to wish for a respectable settlement in life just at this precise period, and this determined her.

Mrs Holbey had preferred sending for her niece home as soon as she was apprized of the engagement, but from this Augusta dissuaded her, and induced her to defer it until a few days before the marriage; she had penetration sufficient to discover Adelaide's superiority, and reason and conscience told her how much more adapted to the taste of her intended, was that poor orphan cousin than herself. Mr Bancroft had made inquiries concerning Adelaide previous to his engagement with Augusta, who as well as her sister, described her to him as a dowdy, and he dropped all further inquiry. He could not endure the idea of an

awkward and illiterate woman for a wife, yet he had thought if the orphan Adelaide was possessed of half Augusta's attractions, he should have preferred her to the daughter of such a man as Mr Holbey.

The farm of Mr E—— was not far from the city, and Adelaide arrived at her uncle's at an early hour in the day. Finding her aunt out shopping, and the sisters closeted in Augusta's apartment, determining the fashion of the wedding garment, she caught up her bonnet again and strolled to the foot of the garden. It was at a season when the beauties of nature no longer charm, and the fading landscape forcibly reminds us of the decay and destruction of all things here. But here she had been accustomed to moralize, and after retiring from the confusion of the house, and jangling of contending parties, had found an asylum in the little arbor at the termination of the walk. Beyond it from a small opening there was a glimpse of the Hudson, upon whose glassy bosom, reflecting the lustre of a brilliant sun, the little boats were gliding to and fro, and now and then a white sail fluttering past. 'Sweet spot,' she softly said, 'I shall soon see it no more; what new and untried sorrows await me I know not, greater I fear than any I have yet endured.' 'Strengthen me heaven!' she added after a pause, and the ejaculation was accompanied by a deep sigh; the sigh was reverberated, and looking up she saw standing alone behind her a gentleman who had indeed but just stepped into the arbor, but who had overheard the soliloquy from the outside.

Adelaide's first motion would have been to flee, but the

figure was not one to alarm, still delicacy suggested she ought to leave the presence of a person who had obtruded himself by such an unceremonious introduction, but she felt as though nailed to the spot. Tall and graceful; the figure of the stranger yet betrayed a slight inclination to stoop from a weakness in his chest, which rather added to the interest of his appearance. He had been eminently handsome, and in fact still was, for sorrow more than years had left its traces on his cheek, and deepened the wrinkles on his brow; the lustre of his dark and piercing eyes was not yet dimmed, and the soft black hair that shaded his temples had not yet 'blossomed for the grave.' The blushing fair one who stood before him felt she had never seen but one figure quite so interesting. 'And what sorrows dear young lady, (said the stranger seating himself gracefully by her side,) what sorrows can pain you so much even in retrospection? What dangers threaten a being whom all might be proud to protect?'

'Indeed, sir,' said Adelaide, half rising, and confused beyond measure, 'I—I cannot tell, doubtless they are half imaginary, but I must go, my aunt Holbey must have returned by this.'

'Then you are Mrs Holbey's niece,' said he, taking the hand of the gentle and agitated girl, 'you shall not go then, I am privileged to detain you as a relation. You are a person I have much wished to see,' and will it be believed the bridegroom elect actually wished he had never seen her, for re-seating herself with an air of dignity and com-

placency that no Holbey ever could imitate, she quickly said—

‘Mr Bancroft, I perceive ; I am pleased to see you, sir.’ Bancroft scarce knew what he did, he held her hand in his, but now respectfully relinquishing it, he surveyed her with a half pleased, half wondering glance ; at length recollecting himself, with the air of a man just awakening from a dream he said—

‘Well, this then is Adelaide,’ and a deep sigh followed the conviction—‘I have often heard your cousins speak of you.’

‘And better of me no doubt,’ said Adelaide, (for the first time deceived,) ‘than I deserved—they are very kind.’

Mr Bancroft cleared his voice once or twice, but being unused to deception, was unable to give an answer, and relinquished the effort. Mrs Holbey had entered the garden unperceived with her two daughters, and seeing her niece and intended son in law in earnest conversation, her suspicions were immediately aroused. What kind of suspicions she had we cannot tell, but people that are always plotting are watchful and suspicious, and never see two persons talking apart without suspecting some mischief. Pointing out to the observation of her daughters the spot where the unsuspecting pair were seated, she softly led the way to the arbor, and very unexpectedly and somewhat rudely rushed in, exclaiming—

‘Upon my word, Miss Adelaide, you are vastly easy to get acquainted with.’

'Yes madam,' said the indignant Adelaide, 'I belong to a family never remarkable for bashfulness,' and the blush of soft embarrassment was exchanged for one of anger which now crimsoned her cheek and extended itself even to her neck and bosom. The malign glance of both mother and daughters was not unnoticed by Mr Bancroft, who intent only upon rescuing Adelaide, immediately changed the subject of conversation, and rising and offering his arm to Augusta, led the way to the house.

From that time Mr Bancroft saw little of Adelaide until the day of his marriage, just a fortnight after her arrival. Upon some pretence or other she was generally excluded from the domestic circle, though he frequently inquired for her. Meanwhile the shade on the brow of the intended bridegroom had perceptibly deepened, while the manners of Augusta towards her cousin when he was not present, were ten times more insolent than formerly. Indeed the deportment of the whole family, except Mr Holbey, had become insufferable, and Adelaide at length proposed to her uncle and aunt to leave them, and put the talents she possessed in requisition for a livelihood, saying 'she had understood from hints dropped at various times she had been a great expense to them, and it was not her wish to encumber the family with further trouble, and that she should most cheerfully labor for a support, and doubted not of finding friends to aid her.'

The blood mantled to the face of Mrs Holbey at this proposal, and she was in such a rage as absolutely to be in danger of suffocation, and was commencing a tirade of

abuse against her niece, accusing her of ingratitude in wishing to leave her just as her presence had become necessary to her, being about to lose both daughters, and going to a strange place. Mr Holbey, however, on this occasion asserted his right to be master in his own house, and stamping his foot furiously on the floor, commanded silence.

‘Now Adelaide,’ said he after he had quelled the riot, ‘tell us child what is the matter ; why do you wish to leave us at this time ?’

Adelaide briefly stated her objections to remain in a family where, notwithstanding her utmost efforts to please, she found herself treated with distinguished insolence.

‘The daughter of Mr Mellville shall not be treated thus in my family, nor suffered to labor out of it for support,’ said Mr Holbey sternly—‘say no more niece, you shall have no cause of complaint in future, go to your chamber and compose yourself, and let us hear no more of your leaving your aunt,’—that aunt sat bursting with rage, but a look from her husband silenced her.

As soon as Adelaide had left the room, turning fiercely to his wife he demanded, ‘What does this mean ? Are you mad, madam ? Have you lost all discretion to wish to make a breach with her, now when you are about to need her services so much ? Besides, this would be a bad time to call us to a settlement which she possibly might do, recollect yourself, and give timely warning to my daughters to do the same,’ so saying, he left the room, and his partner to her reflections. What they were or what influenced

the younger part of the family we cannot say, but from this day they all altered their deportment entirely; and from downright insolence, became absolutely fawning.

Among other acts of complaisance and condescension, it was insisted upon that Adelaide should upon the marriage accompany the bride and bridegroom to their new residence on the banks of the Hudson in company with her aunt to pass a few days with her. For many reasons, she tried to excuse herself from this visit, but no excuse was allowed, the bride even compelled her husband when the day came to urge the request, until she was obliged to comply.

The wedding was at length celebrated with much pomp, a numerous acquaintance graced the feast, and every thing was done to give eclat to it that the ambitious Mrs Holbey could ask. On the following day the parties, accompanied by Mrs Holbey, Adelaide, and Mrs R——, proceeded up the North River to the residence of Mr Bancroft. The two gentlemen of the family had declined accompanying them, Mr R—— having as he said indispensable business to attend to, and Mr Holbey being obliged to stay, and see to the preparations for their removal to Washington; both the gentlemen engaged to come up in a few days to escort the ladies home.

It was on one of the finest mornings of October, that the happy pair commenced their trip, interesting in the highest degree to Adelaide, who had never before seen the Highlands, or sailed on the majestic Hudson, and as her eye rested on the enchanting scenery of this beautiful riv-

er, unconsciously to herself her spirits rose ; she had much leisure to note the prospect, being three days in ascending the river. They had embarked in a new and beautiful sloop belonging to the bridegroom, and were therefore the sole occupiers of the conveyance with the exception of the necessary hands on board. Adelaide wished in her heart the voyage could have lasted a fortnight, so much did she enjoy the sail, and was by far the happiest and most cheerful of the party. Well might she be so, with the exception of the deceived bridegroom, she was the only innocent one of them ; but deceived or not, he was evidently not quite at his ease, he could not be cheerful ; the woman who sat beside him in listless idleness had no more taste for the beauties of nature, which she had professed once to have such raptures for, than, (to use a vulgar but apt comparison,) a *horse-block*. Her languid looks too plainly told the *ennui* that was consuming her ; the idea of the pomp in which she should appear in her new residence, which she had heard described as splendid, and frequented by the *very first people*, was all that occupied her mind, and until this triumph of her vanity, she barely endured existence. The bridegroom felt more and more that he had forfeited his all of earthly felicity ; he saw in the orphan cousin of his bride just the woman he had been so long in search of, and he felt he had been deceived, greatly deceived in his wife, who had represented that cousin altogether different from what she was. Strange that this first proof of duplicity in Augusta had not taught him caution, that he could after this have felt the least confi-

dence in her. Had he after this have regarded her with jealousy and suspicion, have held her at arms length, and watched her as he would have done some venomous serpent, he might have escaped many pangs—but we are anticipating.

‘Yonder, said Mr Bancroft, pointing to a building far up the hill, sheltered by a grove of trees, ‘yonder is the residence of my ancestors for three generations. Adelaide hastened to the side of the sloop to catch a distant view of the stately fabric, which emerging partially from the dense forest that surrounded it, displayed the gable end of the building and part of a spacious row of outhouses in the rear. The fine proportions of the front were still concealed by the remaining foliage of the trees, which though now discolored and drooping, seemed to interpose their envious shade between it and the anxious eyes now strained to obtain a distinct view of it; still they could discern a structure of singular taste and extensive dimensions. The windows were illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun, and they gazed after the disappearance of that luminary, by the beautiful reflection from the clouds of varied dyes, which the evening of autumn in this latitude usually present. Presently the sloop was moored in a little creek at the foot of the cliff, around whose base the company wound their way after landing, until at some distance they stopped before a large iron gate which formed the entrance to a thick and somewhat gloomy grove; here two or three domestics waited to receive them, having been apprised of their vicinity by a signal from the sloop; one

of these attendants from his venerable appearance, looked as though he might have served there for at least half a century.

Adelaide gazed with ever new delight at the varied objects that met her view on their road towards the house. Clothed as it was in the enchantment of twilight, the grove appeared of unmeasureable extent, and the trees of most unusual proportions, and the irregular path they were treading like a labyrinth from which they could never emerge. It terminated at length in a kind of pleasure-ground, surmounted by a number of terraced walks, leading to the front entrance; ascending a few stone steps they were admitted to the porch, and here the party stopped to take a view of the landscape, but the vapor from the river was now rolling in and enveloping all below in one sheet of mist, while the chillness of the air and damp feeling of their garments warned them to hasten to a shelter. Passing through the long arched entry they were now ushered into an elegant sitting room, where a comfortable fire and plentiful repast was provided. Here they were met too by the housekeeper, a respectable and genteel looking woman, now for the first time introduced to the new mistress of the mansion.

The youthful bride as well as the lady mother appeared all smiling *condescension*, and the bridegroom had thrown off much of his habitual seriousness of deportment; he appeared what in truth he was, the finished gentleman and hospitable host. The meal was conducted in much good humor, and all seemed pleased and satisfied. Mrs

R—— very feelingly regretted her husband had not the pleasure of being of the party, and Mrs Holbey deplored the necessity of her husband's seeing to the preparations for their removal. Whether this was really the case, or whether that gentleman was for the first time in his life troubled with some conscientious scruples about eating the bread of the man whom he was plotting to betray, is uncertain, but he came not, though Mr R—— who arrived next evening could not devise an excuse.

Adelaide after a night of most refreshing sleep, arose strengthened and invigorated. The sweetest visions had hovered around her pillow, and she now sprang from her bed to enjoy the waking delight which the view of a fine landscape always afforded her. Throwing up her casement to inhale the breeze of morning, she felt herself surprised and delighted by the view presented on this side of the building. At a little distance the peak of a towering precipice presented itself, and below this flowed a mountain rivulet, leaping from cliff to cliff, until about midway it formed a reservoir in the hollow of a rock, then burst in one entire sheet over its edge, displaying one of the finest cascades imaginable. An opening between this and a smaller hill gave a view of the country for some considerable distance ; fine farms and gentlemen's seats appeared peeping out from the woody country beyond, and the tower of a neighboring Church seemed to bound the prospect.

‘Oh what a paradise is here,’ exclaimed Adelaide, ‘what a situation for a soul that could enjoy it, but can she?—Alas, I fear this Eden contains a serpent,’ added she mentally, while a sigh partly of regret and partly of envy, as she afterwards said, escaped her bosom, and she became absorbed in gloomy reflection.

There is a strange tendency to melancholy in the admirers of nature, even while wonder and admiration are excited by the view of her charms. Even the most enchanting landscapes, the most resplendent beauties of creation once seen, fail to satisfy, and there is left in the heart that aching void which the absence of something desired or anticipated creates; indeed it is most felt at such times, and although feelings of loneliness and desertion to persons whom a long train of wordly misfortunes has rendered melancholy is most felt in a crowd, amidst scenes of mirth and hilarity, where the ‘heart distrustful asks if this be joy,’ yet gloomy and unsatisfied feelings do sometimes arise even in the most delightful scenes of nature. There are persons who cannot look at a fine landscape or hear fine music without tears. But may we not suppose it a proof of something beyond this world which the mind grasps at, something yet unattainable, a proof of the immortality of the soul of man, destined to higher views, nobler joys, and to behold more glorious prospects. ‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard’ of the glories to be revealed to the disembodied soul.

A few days more of bridal splendor, visiting, receiving visits, &c., passed quickly by, and the unwelcome sum-

mons came to return to New York ; those few days had been a season of great exultation to Mrs Holbey and her daughter, and of innocent gratification to Adelaide, and to the bridegroom, ' the last of peace on earth he ever knew.' Again the delightful labyrinth to the shore was retraced, though with more reluctance than before. Several friends who were visiting there accompanied them to the boat, which gave Mr Bancroft an opportunity to offer Adelaide his arm ; after some time he succeeded in getting her behind the company, and prefacing with some remarks that led to the subject, informed her of his observations with respect to her unhappiness in her uncle's family. ' This is taking a great liberty I know dear Adelaide,' said he, ' but you know not how near you seem to me from a resemblance to one who once possessed my heart's best affections. Your cousin Augusta I thought a likeness, and had I never seen you'—he stopped—' you know not what your presence has cost me, it has conjured up the memory of joys departed never to return, of scenes never to be realized again ; but this is not what I was going to say, which is this, for time presses and I must be brief : should any new affliction overtake you, or old ones become intolerable, remember me as an assured friend ; my house I offer as an asylum should you need one, a house where you could not fail to be welcome while I am its master, or my protection or assistance in any way needed ; forgive me Adelaide, something tells me you may yet need it, and if so, fail not to let me know.' His quivering lip and glowing cheek attested to the effort he had made, and Adelaide

scarcely less disturbed than himself, though by different feelings, made two or three unsuccessful efforts to answer him, when the voice of her aunt loudly demanding where she was, arrested her attention, and happily put an end to a conversation exceedingly painful. Mr Bancroft hastily dropping her hand, rejoined the company.

‘How very much like a fool I must have looked,’ she thought, ‘not to utter a word, but perhaps it is as well; what could I have said; dear Mr E—— made nearly the same remarks, certainly there must be something very strange about my guardian, that all my friends fear for me.’

CHAPTER XII.

‘And so I say I’ll cut the causes off,
Flattering my mind with things impossible,
My eye’s too quick, my heart o’erween too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal it.’

Upon arriving at home, they found Mr Holbey actively engaged in preparing for their speedy departure, and by no means in a desirable state of mind ; something seemed to have crossed his path of an unpleasant nature, even the glowing description of the establishment of his favorite Augusta failed to give him pleasure except for a moment, a smile of sullen satisfaction was all that his wife or Adelaide could extort ; the latter could not help suspecting that however satisfactory the settlement of his daughter might be, his own was rather a doubtful case, ‘the man that lives upon plotting and promises,’ she thought, ‘must be wretched indeed.’

‘Oh,’ exclaimed Adelaide upon retiring to her chamber that evening, ‘could my uncle but be cured of this restless, soul destroying ambition, all might yet be well, but my heart forebodes mischief from this visit to Washington, is there no way to persuade him to abandon it ?— Here he might be happy if he would, there is nothing now to harrass or perplex him but his ambitious projects,

both his daughters are settled to his mind, and in this region he has friends. Would that I could persuade him, young as I am I might possibly prevail; I will at least try and fail, or not fail, shall at least have done my duty.'—The evening of the next day unexpectedly offered the chance she sought. Mrs Holbey was at her daughter R——'s, and left her niece as usual to pour out tea for her uncle and bear his sullenness or ill temper.

'What a tremendous labor it is to move,' said Mr Holbey to himself, as he was straining a cord to make it meet round a package he had just done up, 'when one has once got well settled too.'

'Then why do you move, sir?' said his niece, 'every body wonders you can bear to leave this place, so near the seminary where the boys are, and your daughters so happily settled near you, and surrounded by such an agreeable set of friends too.'

'Friends indeed,' exclaimed Mr Holbey, while his lip curled in high disdain, 'are you such a child as to suppose any of these people that feast at my house are friends?—Friends while their own ends are answered; why two thirds of them now would send me to purgatory if they could procure any benefit to themselves by it.'

'Well then, so much reason,' she replied, 'for toiling no longer for a world you have proved so ungrateful.'

'What do you know about their ingratitude?' replied Mr Holbey, with a look of alarm.

'Why nothing uncle, except what you have just told me, but every thing teaches us the world is a hard master,

and I must say it grieves me to see you toil so hard at your age, when you ought to repose at your ease. Uncle you have property to set down here in contentment and roam no more, where can you be so happy as in the bosom of your family? I fear you would not be so in Washington.'

Mr Holbey started as though an arrow had pierced him: 'May be so, may be so, but I have staked my salvation upon it,' and clenching his fist and striking it violently upon the table, he added, 'if I go to destruction there is enough will go with me.'

Terrified at the violence he betrayed, Adelaide dropped the subject, and sought by every method in her power to soothe his perturbed feelings; her efforts were not unsuccessful, for mortified to have appeared before her so off his guard, he strove to smooth his brow, and appear like a rational being for the remainder of the evening, and during their repast, was unusually civil and good natured, he even condescended to apologize for his late violence, and say 'that he was going upon business to Washington, which might detain him some time, but it was very perplexing to have to remove at this time, and having every thing to attend to in a moment as it were, his patience sometimes entirely forsook him, and he scarce knew what he said.'

Of course the apology was accepted by his niece, who strove to forget it, and inwardly resolved never to attempt to reason with him again. From this time she never mentioned the removal, but joined in the preparations for their departure with a heavy heart.

In the course of a fortnight every thing was arranged, and the family took their departure from New York and proceeded to Philadelphia; here an unexpected disappointment awaited them; letters were brought Mr Holbey which altered his destination for the present, and the winter was passed in that city. Adelaide's presence now became indispensably necessary to her aunt, as she was confined most of the season, and unable either to go out or see company. The greatest trial her niece experienced was being obliged to read to her all the light trash of the day, the more extravagant the fiction was, the better suited to her taste. However, as she could derive no amusement from any thing else, Adelaide complied with her wishes after many ineffectual attempts to make her relish solid subjects.

The spring opened early, and the health of Mrs Holbey now permitted a removal to Washington, whither it was at length decided they should go. The travelling, always bad at this season, was unusually so at the time they commenced their journey, nevertheless the impatience of Mr Holbey could not be restrained, and they sat out in a dark stormy day, threatening every moment a deluge of rain. The ill health of Mrs Holbey compelled them to travel slow, they might though, Adelaide thought, have arrived there on the morning of the fourth of March, and she ardently wished to have witnessed the ceremonies of the day. It was that on which a free people had again placed in the chair the man of their choice, the one who had come out from the furnace of political persecution after

four years trial purer than ever, and she could not conceive of any person being so near and not wishing to enjoy the-spectacle ; but for reasons which she was wholly unable to account for, he declined entering the suburbs until evening. The population of the country around was now pouring out of the city, and their progress was so much retarded, that they did not reach their lodgings until late in the evening. Occasionally they met some merry company on the road who would hail them, and tell them 'they came a day too late,' and one or two rode up and seriously enquired 'if they had supposed the Inauguration was to take place next day ?'

As the carriage slowly made its way through the streets of the metropolis, they had leisure to make some remarks, most of which however were made in silence. The tumult of the day had long since subsided, and the streets of its scattered population no longer resounded with the busy hum of men. Yet here and there a brilliantly lighted carriage, or a merry company would occasionally cross their path.

Some of the buildings dimly lighted or left in total darkness, announced their inhabitants either retired to rest or absent at other houses. The latter appeared most probable, as they would not proceed far before some building would present itself splendidly illuminated from the attic to the basement story, presenting one blaze of light and literally overflowing with company through every room. The sound of music, of mirth and hilarity resounded from every part of the dwelling, whose appearance

could not but forcibly remind one of the description of some enchanted palace in the "Arabian Nights Entertainment."

'Doubtless this day has been one of real enjoyment here,' said Adelaide, speaking to herself, as they passed one of these scenes of almost fairy splendor, a house of rather unusual dimensions, even in this handsome metropolis—'of real enjoyment,' she softly repeated, but not so low as to be unheard by her uncle, who, wrapped in his cloak, was leaning back in the carriage, apparently absorbed in gloomy and sullen reverie; but aroused by the word *enjoyment*, he started forward and eyed the scene with something such a look as we may suppose Satan surveyed Paradise, before his infernal arts had poisoned every pure fountain and caused every herb to wither.

'Enjoyment indeed,' muttered he, 'these people are ready at any time to enjoy a carousal; small difference it makes to them who is President; little difference to their *enjoyment* whether he be Turk, Jew, Mahometan or Pagan. The man they are now making this hub-bub about is worse than either, for *he* has no re——'

'Stop, stop, Mr Holbey, for heaven's sake,' exclaimed his wife, laying her hand upon his arm; 'you forget we are now in the enemy's camp.'

'It is a free country,' responded her husband.

'But you know, my dear, *politics* are not to be named here; we have other business at Washington. Adelaide, child, we are all Democrats here—you understand me.'

‘No madam,’ said her niece, ‘I do not ; I thought, as my uncle observed, that this was a free country, and that people had the liberty of speaking their sentiments in any part of it.’

‘Thou art mistaken in the inference, child,’ said her uncle. ‘Things are now so situated that I cannot speak mine, and I depend upon thy prudence. The ignorant, swinish multitude have now got the reins of power, and are trampling over the necks of those better born and bred than themselves. Talk does them no good ; too much of argument has been already thrown away upon them, and it is time other weapons were used.’

‘Do you think, uncle, there has been much judgment used in the manner of talking to them ?’ said Adelaide ; do you think, for instance, that personal abuse can be the most successful weapon to convert people to our own way of belief ?

‘Why no—for one, I have always disproved of such measures, which nevertheless I have been constrained to assist in. No people, in my opinion, were ever won over by the language of invective and scurrility—which it must be confessed has been most liberally dispensed ; but they, trouble take hold of them ! why nothing moves them ;—they are a set of mules, and cannot be driven, unless’ he added in a lower key, ‘*at the point of the bayonet !*’

The carriage now drew up to the inn where they were to take lodgings, a very seasonable relief to the conversation ; for Mr Holbey, who did not like to commit himself even in his own family, felt he had gone too far, and got

himself into just such a place as he could not well '*back out of.*'

The inn was so much crowded that it was with difficulty our travellers could procure a lodging. At first mine host positively declined to accommodate them, but upon their mentioning that they should probably remain lodgers for several weeks, the selfishness of human nature prevailed, and some of the lodgers for the night only, were turned out to accommodate them.

From this place Mr Holbey waited on the gentleman to whom he had letters of introduction and from whom he expected employment; and after finally settling the preliminaries, he commenced writing in his study; having first looked out a convenient suit of apartments, in a rather retired part of the city.

The apartments they were now to reside in, though pleasantly situated, airy and comfortable, as well as genteelly furnished, were nothing to the display which they made at New York. It was very evident, whatever their reasons were, that they did not calculate upon an expensive style of living here. Though in a part of the country where many servants are required, they had less than at New York, and consented to live in a house tenanted by another family too.

The other occupants, a family from the West Indies, tenanted the opposite wing of the building, being divided by what appeared to be the main body of the house, and might have contained a handsome suit of apartments; but the whole space was thrown into an entry, occupied

by a staircase of stupendous dimensions. This entry or gallery, for it was both, with the piazza to which it opened, was the only part of the tenement common to both families.

Here they sometimes met of an evening, where poor Mrs Holbey, now a confirmed invalid, often resorted for the benefit of the evening air ; and by this means a sort of neighborly communication commenced between them, very agreeable to both parties, especially to Adelaide, who very much missed the society of the kind Van Horns, their old neighbors in New-York, into whose house she often went without ceremony and from whom she uniformly experienced the most friendly and affectionate treatment, and from whom she had parted with very poignant feelings of regret.

The excuse given to these neighbors, the West Indians, for the extreme, indeed total solitude in which they lived was certainly plausible, namely, Mrs Holbey's ill health. That lady had contracted a nervous disposition during her late illness at Philadelphia, and the solitude in which she lived added greatly to her complaint, not that a life of quiet is unfavorable to nervous complaints in general, but company, dress, show and parade had been her life, and it was depriving her of her natural ailment, besides which her spirits contracted a gloom that tended to increase the malady, and place it beyond the reach of medicine.

Dismal indeed were the hours that Adelaide was compelled to pass in the apartment of her aunt, to endure her querulousness, and listen to her complaints and repinings,

yet most sincerely did she pity the unfortunate woman whose mind was not stored with any thing calculated to make solitude tolerable. To read and play to her, and assist to make her personal appearance graceful and becoming in an invalid, was all she was compelled to do, though this took up two thirds of her time, the good natured girl would willingly have done more. If permitted, she would gladly have exerted herself in assisting to prepare the mind of her aunt for that final change, which though slow, yet too surely approached. Fain would she have called off the mind which clung to the varieties of earth, and directed its contemplations to heavenly things, but as yet the effort was a vain one. The mind of Mrs Holbey was not in a state to receive religious instruction ; the fallow ground of her heart had never been broken, and consequently the good seed would have been sown in vain. To leave metaphor, her heart had never been broken by affliction nor a sense of its own sinfulness, she had never been brought to feel the emptiness and nothingness of this world, of its pleasures, its pursuits and possessions ; she had never realized their insufficiency to satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul, or dreamed that heaven's eternal habitations contained any higher gratifications than the vain pomp and glory of this world were capable of bestowing. She thought herself whole, and therefore needed not a physician ; in reality her sickly and vitiated appetite rejected every thing solid ; every thing approaching serious subjects depressed her spirits, and as she said, tended to increase the irritability of her nerves, and Adelaide

in despair, gave over for the present all attempts to lead her to such subjects.

Example, it is truly said, is more efficacious than precept, both appeared to be lost on this unfortunate lady ; if the beauty of holiness could have allured her, the example now before her would have done it ; the mild forbearing temper, and condescending manners of her niece, at this trying season, were truly admirable ; that young person had now an opportunity to test her religion to the utmost, for mere human patience could never have endured the provoking humors ~~and unaccountable caprices of her~~ aunt, but like gold from the furnace, she came out brighter.

Few things in the capricious temper of Mrs Holbey gave Adelaide more pain than her conduct towards her neighbors, the kind hearted West Indians. This family consisted of a gentleman and his wife with her mother and two children. They had made many advances to good neighborhood, and in particular to friendship with Adelaide, appeared very amiable, affable and unassuming, and were beside decidedly religious. Whenever Adelaide went to church it was in their company, but this was not frequent, as her aunt most generally insisted upon her staying at home upon the Sabbath, saying there was more religion in attending to her than in going to worship. It was some months after her residence there before she was able to attend the Communion, although Mrs Malcomb always called in to invite her company to that solemn and interesting ordinance,

‘What do you want to go with those people for?’ said Mrs Holbey one day with more bitterness than usual, ‘they have no religion.’

‘If that were the case,’ said Adelaide meekly, ‘it could not affect me, I have no sins to answer for but my own, but I firmly believe they are all very sincere christians; pray what have you observed unchristian in them?’

‘Why their dress to be sure,’ said her aunt tartly, ‘did you not see they were covered with gold and jewels, a pretty figure they would make at the communion table truly, I wonder where christian humility is?’

‘Not in dress certainly,’ said Adelaide, ‘the cross laid upon the christian is much more afflicting to flesh and blood than sackcloth would be. I should not think people would think of altering their dress unless it had once been their idol; we are commanded to renounce idols, and a person who had been daily devoted to the study of becoming dresses, might well consider it a duty to dispense with the ornamental parts of it upon becoming religious; such persons can scarce have an idea how perfectly indifferent it is to those who have never made it a study.’ The check of Mrs Holbey glowed for a moment, but unwilling to give up the subject in this manner, she continued—

‘It is true the Malcomb’s do not make much account of it generally, but I never knew them to go to the Communion table without being tricked out in that manner.’

‘They scarce ever dress much on ordinary occasions, I know,’ replied her niece, ‘and I confess I at first thought it singular and asked the reason. Mrs Malcomb answered

her taste led her to prefer a plain dress on ordinary occasions, but if invited to the table of an earthly prince, she should think it proper to wear her best clothes, 'and can I do less,' said she, 'when invited to the table of the King of Kings? I know it is a very small thing in comparison of a preparation of heart, but it is an expression of respect, and imposing to young minds. My family scarce ever wear their jewels on any other occasion. 'For my part,' continued Adelaide, 'I am satisfied no person has a right to find fault with another's offering, any more than Cain had with his brother Abel's. The box of ointment poured upon the head of our Saviour excited even the censures of the Apostles, yet it appears the offering was graciously received, and elicited the promise that 'In every nation where the Gospel should be preached, it should be told of.'

In this manner would Adelaide endeavor to improve the subject of conversation to the spiritual instruction of the poor invalid, but alas, it was as water spilt upon the ground. But there was one subject that ever powerfully interested Mrs Holbey, the prosperity of her children; of their splendor and riches she would often talk, and eagerly devour the contents of their letters. One thing that often surprised Adelaide was the frequent and voluminous epistles of Augusta, but she reflected that her cousin, though naturally indolent, was now so much secluded, that writing might have become an amusement to her. Mr Bancroft too, she began to think exceedingly communicative, as her uncle would often detain part of the packets, saying

it was from him, and on business ; as she knew their sentiments on most subjects to be so dissimilar, it was a matter of surprise, but she forbore remark.

Very soon after their settlement at Washington, Eliza E—— wrote to Adelaide ; her father had just taken a peaceful departure from this world, and Sidney was still in Europe, his health by no means established, a kind remembrance of Adelaide, she said, was contained in all his letters. Eliza was in daily expectation of the arrival of her lover from England, from whence he had been recalled by the sudden death of his partner in business, and their marriage was to take place immediately on his arrival, but where they should settle was uncertain, but she would apprise her of their place of residence as soon as it was determined, conjuring her if any thing happened to her aunt, to come and reside with her, or if her residence in Washington should become unpleasant. Months and months followed the reception of this, but no letter came to hand, although the answer to the former one gladly accepted the invitation in case of Mrs Holbey's death.

As time rolled on and Adelaide saw her gradually failing, her anxiety increased, until finally she concluded that the husband of Eliza, (for the papers had announced their marriage,) was unwilling to receive her as an inmate of their family, and that Eliza felt so tenderly on the subject as to be unable to write. The person in question did however write, but the reason why her letters were not received, belongs to another part of the story.

The dull monotony of Mr Holbey's house at this time

may easily be conceived, Adelaide continually anxious respecting her aunt, and the silence of Eliza, her aunt continually fretting and uncomfortable, evidently failing daily in constitution, and now giving infallible symptoms of that most insidious and fatal disease, consumption.

Mr Holbey's conduct had not been less mysterious since his residence in the metropolis, nor his temper better; he still continued to write for the *character mentioned*, but that gentleman never called on him, and there was no apparent intercourse between them except what civility required; a few gentlemen occasionally called of an evening, but they were always entertained in the study, and the family did not appear even to know their names, and the family saw no company except the kind West Indians, who would persevere in bestowing their civilities, and who in time became not only agreeable, but absolutely necessary to Mrs Holbey.

Affairs continued much in this state until the winter of 1807, but in order to make the subsequent events of this story understood, it will be necessary to take one more view of the political horizon. Before, however, doing this, we must look back to Edward Mellville, then in New Orleans; he still continued his remittances to Mr Holbey, and often expressed a wish to see his niece, but such was the situation of his business he found it impossible to leave there, and he had determined not to do so, until he had accumulated a fortune equal to his wishes, but such was now the posture of affairs, that Holbey had serious reasons to fear his coming shortly. He had been gradually call-

ing in his property for some time, and endeavoring to concentrate his business, in apprehension of a war with Great Britain, which he in common with a great part of the country foresaw to be inevitable some time, (though they supposed it much nearer than it was,) and in case of such an event, he would undoubtedly come in search of his niece. Mr Holbey endeavored to be prepared for such an event; he had friends abroad and at home that would give immediate notice of his setting out and of his arrival before he could possibly learn the spot to make inquiries that must cover him with confusion.

CHAPTER XIII.

'How now ! What say the citizens ?

The citizens are mum, say not a word.'

Every one at all acquainted with the political history of the United States, will recollect the measures adopted by Government at that period with relation to foreign powers, nor will they speedily forget the provocations. But such was the state of excitement between the two great parties in our country at that period, that nothing in relation to the subjects of dispute could be fairly stated ; even the debates in Congress, those *which were public*, were generally given to the world with such distortions, that it was difficult to understand them, and it was so of every thing else. History has now placed the subject in a fair point of view, and it is not to inform our enlightened readers of what they already doubtless know, that we take a retrospective view of some of the public proceedings of that day, but in order to bring them into one point of view, to bear upon our narrative, and that the reader may understand the story without the trouble of a reference to the pages of history.

The two great powers of France and England were now at war with each other, and in their disputes had in-

volved most of the continental powers. Towards the belligerents, America was desirous to maintain a strict neutrality, every thing in the first place had been tried to seduce her to the one side or the other, there was, it was said, 'a British and French faction in the country.' Of the existence of the former, there was incontestable proofs to every rational mind, but of the latter we have some ~~reasons to doubt~~, not that we doubt the fact of their being French emissaries in the country at that period, but as it would have been the easiest thing possible at that time to have formed an alliance with France offensive and defensive, and it was not done, we can have no rational ground to suppose the administration favored that power. The injurious and insulting conduct of Great Britain towards us, would have rendered such a step plausible, since every thing calculated to injure our commerce and disturb our peace was resorted to by that power. We were not without injury from both parties, and it seemed to be the intention of both finally to drive us into a war with one or the other. The idea of America's remaining at peace was something that neither could endure.

But above all acts of provocation, the right presumptuously claimed by the British to search our vessels and impress seamen from them, was certainly the most insolent, daring and atrocious. There were found a few native born subjects of Great Britain who had voluntarily enlisted on board American vessels, which they seized and forcibly bore away to fight the battles of a country to whom they were probably under no obligation but the accidental

circumstance of having been born in it. But their number bore no sort of proportion to the thousands of American seamen impressed into their service on board American vessels—torn from their friends and country while engaged in peaceable commerce, and compelled to fight for a government in which they had no interest whatever, and against a people towards whom they had no unfriendly feelings, and obliged to submit to the rigorous discipline of their ships of war. The situation of these unfortunate persons and the growing increase of the evil, had for some time called for prompt measures of the Executive, and if they were to blame for any thing it certainly was for not adopting such before the evils had progressed so far, and been followed by fresh acts of hostility.

The evils arising from the celebrated “orders in council” in a moral point of view, was nothing in comparison. They soon however followed upon the heels of the other. On the sixteenth of May, 1806, the British government issued an order in council, declaring all the ports and rivers from the Elbe, a river in Germany, to Brest, a town in France, to be in a state of blockade. By this order, American vessels, trading to these and intervening ports, were liable to seizure and condemnation. This was followed on the part of France by the Berlin decree, prohibiting intercourse with Great Britain and her dependencies.

Another order of council was issued on the seventh of January, 1807, by which all coasting trade with France was prohibited. While measures were thus taken by by both the belligerents to involve us in a controversy with both, an affair happened which seemed to turn the tide of

popular indignation into one channel. This was the attack upon the Chesapeake by the British. Many even of those who had been most forward in apologizing for Great Britain hitherto, now suddenly turned about, and on the ensuing fourth of July, (this outrage was perpetrated on the twenty-second of June,) from many a pulpit was sounded the trumpet of alarm. Some of these orators loudly called upon the people to rise and assert the rights of the nation, and avenge the insult offered to our Flag. The most patriotic toasts were drank by the opposition, and in short, if a disposition to push the country into an immediate war with Great Britain was proof of loyalty, they now gave it; as nothing was wanting on their part to effect it.*

The language they had hitherto adopted when speaking of England was all at once entirely changed, and in some instances persons of that party did not hesitate to contradict themselves, and to unsay what they had before been saying. But when a man gives himself the lie direct, who shall resent it?

In the meantime the president had issued a proclamation dated the 2nd. of July ordering "all armed vessels of Great Britain to quit the waters of the United States, and

*We perfectly recollect hearing one of these fourth of July orators of the opposition, who had often talked himself hoarse in praise of the government of the fast anchored Isle, while endeavoring to raise the feelings of the populace use these remarkable words, that 'though the English as a people might be kind and hospitable, yet as a Government they were *arbitrary tyrannical, and unjust!*'

forbidding them to enter until satisfaction should be made by the British government for the attack on the Chesapeake."

Mr. Munroe was then minister to the court of St. James, and he received immediate instructions to demand reparation of the British government, for this outrage, and in addition to that, security against the future impressment of seamen from American ships.

All this was done in as short a space of time, as it could reasonably have been effected in, but the cautious movements of the president, did not keep pace with the impatience of the opposition. They loudly inveighed against his *timid policy* as they called it, and demanded if he "was going to commence a war of proclamations?" And some of them whose voices had just been loud for war, once more veered round, and assented their belief that the seamen taken from on board the Chesapeake, were in reality British seamen, and that therefore the United States government dared not demand such satisfaction as they might, had the case been otherwise; although it had been satisfactorily proved, that the said men were not only American citizens, but native born citizens of the United States,* this made no difference, still they contended the shedding the blood of our seamen, and firing upon a ship of war sufficient provocation, and that nothing but rank cowardice prevented the immediate convening of Congress, and declaration of war. Congress did meet this year much earlier than usual, on the twenty

*American Register, Vol. III.

seventh, of October, having been summoned before the regular time, by proclamation of the President.

In his message to Congress at this time, "the President entered fully into the state of our relations with Grèat Britain, he informed them of a treaty which had been negotiated with the British government, which he had rejected, principally because it made no provision or no sufficient one, on the subject of impressments—stated the affair of the Chesepeake, his proclamation to British armed vessels to quit the waters of the United States, his instructions to the American Minister at London in relation to reparation expected from the British government, and his expectation of speedily hearing from England the result of the measures which had been taken ;' in short, nothing was omitted calculated to set every thing in a true light, and it must be to this day a subject of admiration to observe the spirit of candor, of mildness and moderation apparent in this able state paper, written as it was under the goading of the most insulting provocations, both from without and within. From without, by a government of whom he had felt an early jealousy, in whom he had discerned much of this encroachment and insult in long prospective, and from within by the very party whose continual justification of British measures and British aggressions had invited this very insult, for which they now insisted upon plunging the country in a war before the necessary means of defence could possibly be adopted.

Congress immediately proceeded to take into consideration the state of the country, the hostile attitude of Great

Britain, and her recent aggressions, together with our feeble means of defence. They immediately appropriated one million of dollars to be applied by the President in equipping one hundred thousand of the national militia; eight hundred and fifty-two thousand five hundred dollars for building one hundred and eighty-eight Gunboats; one million of dollars for building and repairing Fortifications, and for raising six thousand six hundred men, infantry, riflemen, artillery and dragoons, as an addition to the standing Army. Never perhaps was more business transacted in the House in a shorter space of time, and never were more cogent reasons. Many prophesied that war would be declared before Congress rose, and many more wished it. Several deliberations with *closed doors* excited great sensation at this time, and at length on the 22nd of December it was announced that an Act laying an Embargo on all vessels within the jurisdiction of the United States, had passed both Houses of Congress. This was understood to have been done by recommendation of the President, though it was not carried through without violent opposition. In some instances persons opposed this measure upon the ground that our injuries called for immediate and more sufficient redress, and preferred the alternative of a resort to arms, who afterwards loudly inveighed against that measure when it was finally resorted to in 1812, after every thing else had been tried, and opposed it too upon the ground that it was altogether unnecessary, and not called for by any sufficient provocation.

The trials of the Chief Magistrate at that period were neither few nor small, and they assailed him from every quarter.

To guide the ship of State in a smooth sea requires but little skill comparatively, but now when the billows rolled mountains high, and the heavens gathered blackness—when her course lay between Scylla and Charybdis—France like a giant polypus, extending its hundred arms on the one side, ready to give the *fraternal hug*, and the British lion shewing his teeth on the other, and by his tremendous roar frightening even the very monsters of the deep, with shoals on every side, and breakers ahead, who would wonder if the ship should founder? Who! standing at the helm at that fearful hour but would have yielded to the blast, or been swept by the current? Yet even in those awful moments the pilot never lost his self-possession nor relaxed his hold; still firm at his post, though winds howled, seas roared, and lightnings flashed around, his quick eye discerned the only safe course, and unawed by the terrors of the moment, unastounded by the bellowings of the tempest, still kept on the track, until the gallant barque, safely weathered the strait, outrode the storm, and with all her sails set, and every spar standing, came to anchor in a safe place.

And shall her treacherous crew now hang out signals of distress? Ah! would they could have been content to remain in quiet haven, would that the horrors of all devastating war had ever as then, been avoided, the brows of many of our brave would have been without laurels, but

what atonement is that for the countless tears that have been shed? and what treasure can repay the parents made childless, and the widows and orphans made desolate, robbed of all that made life valuable, *can glory?*

No sooner was the proclamation of the Embargo law made, than the flood-gates of opposition were again opened, and such volleys of abuse poured forth, as had not been called forth in such violence since the announcement of the purchase of Louisiana. Pasquinades were written, and caricatures posted up in all directions, some of which represented the Embargo as a huge monster, and the President leading the militia men lately equipped by Congress to his capture, &c. &c. These things, though to be sure they hurt nobody, certainly discovered more malice than wit; but this was not all in which wit and malignity seemed to combine their forces. The proceedings of Congress previous to passing the law were termed the mountain in labor, and the Embargo the mouse. The allusion to this fable was even made in the House afterwards when speaking of this bill, by one of the opposition, and he might very properly have been answered in the words of Prince Edward in Henry the Sixth.

‘Let Æsop fable in a winter’s night,
His currish riddles suit not with this place.’

To such a pitch of insolence was opposition carried at the time, that dark hints were sometimes thrown out in the opposition papers respecting the means which people might take to lift the burthen from their shoulders; even insinuations that certain persons who had rendered them-

selves most obnoxious in this business, '*had better look to themselves.*' This was doubtless done to intimidate, but it was perfectly unheeded.

That Mr Jefferson was a man of peace, every thing proved. At the time of the attack on the Chesapeake, nothing could have been easier than an immediate declaration of war, had he been desirous of it, and had he been desirous of what the hue and cry of opposition had so long accused him of, namely, of wishing to *throw the country into the arms of France*, nothing could have been easier than that too, both points could easily have been carried at once, as the vulgar proverb goes, 'two birds killed with one stone.' For once, and *it was the only time*, both parties seemed agreed and unanimous in demanding redress by such a measures, yet he saw it would have been madness at that time. It would have been throwing an immense amount of property then afloat into the hands of the enemy. To call home this property in case war should be unavoidable, as well as to try a fair experiment upon the nations so dependant upon the commerce of the United States, was doubtless the object of the very unpopular measure of the Embargo. And would the people have quietly submitted, (without constantly contriving means to evade it,) it is very probable it might have answered all the purposes designed. But unfortunately the law was evaded in every possible way, *in more ways than we ever did or shall know.* - Our opposition papers continued to be circulated in England, in which they were constantly informed 'that the people were not disposed to submit to it,

and the majority of the nation at large was represented in them as almost in a state of revolt.' What effect can we suppose this language would have upon that power? What temptation could they have to abate in their insolence in order to be relieved from the pressure of an evil which they were constantly told the people were about to remedy themselves, 'that if the Embargo was not speedily taken off, the people were determined to take it off themselves.' This was their very language again and again repeated in the opposition papers of that day; if ever the people felt the want of a *sedition law* it was then.

It is true that the Embargo was by far the most unpopular act of Mr Jefferson's administration, and why? It had no partialities, and of course fewer friends. The hardships it imposed were almost equally laid upon all classes, without respect to names or parties. The merchants felt it first with sea-faring people, next the farmers, and lastly tradesmen of all sorts, and even day laborers. 'Touch but his flesh,' said Satan, of Job, 'and he will curse thee,' and we fear the repinings of too many in our country went far to justify the reproach of our neighbors over the water, 'That the love of money is the ruling passion in our Republic.'

But although all sorts complained, yet did not the people at large, (as was asserted,) lose their confidence in the Government. Most preferred war to that state of things, but there were very many of our wisest and best citizens that continued to approbate the measures to the last, and who still consider the experiment as one of consummate

wisdom. The next election, and the next, and the next, has sufficiently demonstrated that the murmurs of the Government party at least did not arise from disaffection to their rulers.

Three days after the passing of the Embargo Act, Mr Rose, the British Minister, appointed to treat respecting this business; arrived in the country, but all hopes of an accommodation through that means were speedily disappointed, as he stated his Government had forbidden him to make any proposal touching the great subject of complaint, unless the President would recall his proclamation excluding British armed vessels from the waters of the United States; this the President deemed inexpedient, and the discussion for the present closed.

Among those to whom the late Act of the Legislature was a sore annoyance, was the hero of our tale, not that he had any immediate interest in the commerce of the country, but he had, as the reader already knows, an immense interest at stake nevertheless. He had confidently asserted in his letters to Edward Mellville, that the Embargo was only a temporary measure, but in his heart he had many fears that it would hold on long enough for that gentleman to visit Washington; his anxiety and uneasiness may well be conceived. The day after the passing of the Act he did not go out of his study; the next he was out, not only all day, but all night, and whenever in his own house discovered a restless and uneasy manner remarkable even in him, habitually uncomfortable as he had been for some years past.

Since his connection with his employer, he had almost dropped the subject of politics in conversation, but in spite of all his resolves, a few curses, mixed with broken and incoherent accusations of the Legislature of the country occasionally escaped him now. His heavy tread while pacing his apartment, had often been observed by the domestics, even after midnight, and his study had lately been frequented, at a late hour too, by more company than he had received before since his residence in the capital, but who they were, or what their business was, was entirely unknown to his family.

CHAPTER XIV.

' Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords, for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits.'

The lodging room of Adelaide Melville had hitherto been situated at the opposite extremity of the wing to those occupied by her uncle and aunt, but the increasing ill health of the latter had caused her to remove to a room hitherto kept for a spare chamber, adjoining that of her aunt, and separated from the study by a passage communicating with a side stairway, and a clothes room in its rear. This clothes room had once formed a kind of recess in the study, but was now separated from it by a slight partition. A door still communicated with it, which as it fastened on the other side and formed part of the partition, had escaped the notice of the present occupier.

A few days after Adelaide had become the possessor of this apartment, being afflicted with a violent head-ach, she had returned at an earlier hour than usual, and as was her custom, stepped into this closet to hang up the dress she had just taken off. She started at hearing the door of the study open so near her, and a voice ask—

'Are we safe here?'

'Perfectly so,' was the answer.

Something was now said in a low voice by the stranger, which she did not hear, but the voice of Mr Holbey in reply was perfectly intelligible.

‘I would pledge my life for its success; only get the plot matured and I will see to all the rest. I never had any opinion of these half-way measures. *Guy Faux* was no fool to plan; if his associates had all been of his metal——’

‘Hush, hush,’ said the stranger, ‘you are too vehement, you may be overheard.’

‘That is impossible,’ responded Mr Holbey, ‘there is no one to hear us; the servants are all out and Adelaide is nursing her aunt.’

An indistinct feeling of impropriety in continuing in a place to overhear confidential conversation, had hurried Adelaide in disposing of her dress, and she was about to leave the closet, when the sound of her own name arrested her steps. Her interest was not lessened by the abrupt question that followed, in the voice of the stranger.

‘And who is Adelaide?’

‘Why, only a little rustic, a niece of Mrs Holbey’s—one who does not know enough to do us any harm, even if she did hear. But let women alone, let’s talk of business. Do you think they have all the courage necessary for such an undertaking? will none of them flinch when it comes to the onset?’

‘Of that you need have no fear,’ said his companion; they are *men*, not babes or women. But though they have the utmost confidence in the justice of their cause,

yet I think they would hesitate to employ the means you propose; they are men of *honor*, not *cut-throats*.'

It was evident from the stifled *hem* that followed, that Mr Holbey found it hard to digest the last part of the reply, he was silent a few moments, but recovering himself with admirable dexterity, he said—

'Why perhaps you do not perfectly understand me, I am a believer in moderate measures while there is the least prospect of success, but '*peaceably if we may, forcibly if we must*,' is my motto. Now if you think reason, argument, or persuasion will avail any thing, why try it; you know whether it ever has effected any thing with this deluded people, or their rulers. Suppose we should draw up a plan of the reform we propose, and present it to his High-mightiness on our knees, with a halter round our necks, do you think that would move him to adopt it?'

'Ridiculous! why no, we know the President well; the d——I cannot make him move one hair's breadth; we can have no chance in the way of argument or even persuasion, unless Bonaparte should come over and shake hands with him and recommend the measure. The most provoking feature in his character is his imperturbability. Those persons who always carry their points are always so perfectly quiet and immoveable, so—'

'We are idling,' interrupted Mr Holbey; 'let us to the point. Since I am too rash in my proposition, and no pacific measures will answer, what is to be done?'

'That is a question I am not prepared to answer,' said the stranger; but I will see all the company, and be here

again three evenings from this.' So saying he arose, and bidding Mr Holbey good night, withdrew.

Enough had been said to awaken the attention and almost absorb the faculties of Adelaide. The parting words of good Mr E——— recurred to her remembrance, and she felt convinced the time had arrived when they would be accomplished. His prayer that she might not be involved in the ruin that would finally overtake her guardian was not forgotten, but urged on her knees in her own behalf before she retired to rest.

No person could despise the meanness of listening, or in any way prying into the affairs of others, more than Adelaide; but amazement had at first chained her to the spot, and when she had reason to suppose TREASON was the subject of debate, she felt no scruples whatever, and upon serious consideration of the subject afterwards, she came to the conclusion that it was her *duty* if possible to be a hearer at the next interview; she felt assured that something dreadful was meditated, and hoped in some way to be able to frustrate the plot if it involved the life or safety of any individual. Yet the painful thought that she was the depository of secrets of such momentous importance could not fail to agitate her, and she looked forward to the proposed interview with trembling anxiety.

Once and once only did the thought cross the mind of Adelaide that she had better acquaint her uncle with the fact of her having overheard the conversation in the study and entreat him to desist or threaten exposure; but reason told her that this would have been the height of te-

merity, and that if her guardian were vile enough to plot against the life or safety of any individual he might as well sacrifice her as another.

Oppressed with a thousand contending emotions, she resolved though to await the time in silence, and school her looks to appear composed before the family. A faint hope that something might occur to change the purpose of the conspirators, if indeed it was treason they meditated, helped to support her. How the three days were passed she scarce could tell ; she saw but little of her uncle during this time, and she felt it a favor, as it seemed almost impossible for her to conceal the feelings his presence unavoidably called forth.

The third evening found Adelaide in attendance upon her sick aunt, who evidently failed very fast. She was on this evening unusually peevish and uncomfortable, and no persuasion would induce her to retire early, although her physician had expressly ordered it. It seemed to the agitated girl as though she was in a league to detain her until it was too late. However between ten and eleven the poor invalid was glad to retire.

Miserably had the hours passed to Adelaide : the consciousness of the dreadful, though as yet undefined mischief plotting in the very house where she was an inmate, the certainty that her guardian was involving himself in some terrible business and drawing upon himself the punishment of guilt, and the singular providence that seemed to mark her out as the depository of the dreadful secret, all together weighed heavily upon her spirits. Yet did

not her resolution to perform what she conceived to be an imperious duty, fluctuate in the least. She had heard company go up to the study and had not heard them return, and when she retired to her room, she prepared for the first time in her life to listen to communications not intended for her ear.

A feeling of something like conscious shame detained her a moment after her hand was upon the closet door, but urged by higher motives than curiosity, she softly opened it.

The persons within were conversing in a very low key, and seemed about to separate. It was evident she had lost the particulars of the plot from her being so long detained below ; yet she heard enough.

‘Be sure now, Holbey, you make no mistakes. Here, put the list in this secretary drawer, and keep the key about you. Remember the place of rendezvous is in —— street, No —— ; recollect if any thing intervenes to make it imprudent to meet, there will be no signal, and if all is well, there will be a light visible from one of the upper windows of the capitol at ten o'clock, they all know which, and be sure and pay attention to the signal at that hour, for it will not answer to have it there long ; it will be prepared to burn for just as many minutes as is necessary to be seen by all. If you see any thing like reluctance in any of them, let them stay at home—we want no cowards.’

‘You can take the list, I remember all the names,’ said Mr Holbey.

‘You had better keep it, you may overlook some one, and if all our members were not present we should have to adjourn, and the fewer times we meet for consultation, the better for safety, as you know doubtless.’ This was spoken by a voice heard there on a former occasion, who continued—

‘I think you had better bring those precious communications, contained in the bundle of papers tied with a red string.’

‘I will think of that,’ said Mr Holbey—‘I rather fear though it would not be prudent, should any thing happen, to have those about me would be fatal.’

‘Happen man,’ said another voice, ‘why we are not sure of proceeding to action so soon, and you can have time to reconvey them back ; what can happen pray ?’

‘Well,’ responded Mr Holbey, ‘I yield to your advice ; it is proper that all the company should see these ; if surprised, and we secure them, there is no evidence against us ; we appear only as a social party, met for convivial purposes. No arms, no means of defence, shews we had no reason to fear an attack.’

‘One thing at least we may be sure of,’ said the first speaker, ‘there will be no traitors among us, all are too much interested in the business.’

‘Don’t boast beforehand,’ said the stranger, heard there on a former occasion, ‘the best plans ever laid have sometimes miscarried through means of traitors in the camp, I think, however, we have no such danger here ; there is but one thing about which I have any misgivings—’ and he appeared to make a most ominous pause.

‘Well, what troubles your conscience now?’ said one.

‘It is not a trouble of conscience,’ replied the other, ‘but the idea of the immense responsibility we are incurring, by acting in the name of the whole party. If after all our labor in setting this enterprise on foot, they should generally desert our standard, and take part with the Administration in putting us down, we are lost. If they should join in the hue and cry of *treason, rebellion, &c.*, we should have jeopardized our necks in vain. Man is a strange compound, often times the very thing he has spent his life to promote, that all his arguments, writing, reasoning, &c. has had a direct tendency to bring about, let but another bring it to the desired point, I mean reduce his theory to practice, and he will be the first to execrate it. It would not be the strangest thing that has happened, if the very persons who have been laboring for so many years to bring matters to this crisis, and for the last few months especially have sought to rouse the minds of the populace to the highest pitch of desperation, should *back out*, as the phrase is, and lay the whole upon us when they find the reform commenced with murder——’

Hush! hush!” said Mr Holbey, ‘we are not to use such words, was Brutus a murderer? Was Bradshaw and that set of worthies who condemned Charles the first to the block, murderers? Who talks of murder? And as to the bug-bear you have just started, there is no danger of that unless you should desert us—has your mind changed—you seem to have some doubts?’

‘No, I have pledged myself, and am ready to go with you, I only suggest this that we may provide for our own safety in case of any accident of that sort.’

‘That advice,’ returned the other, ‘is good; to provide for our own safety in case of failure or desertion, is just and reasonable, and the plan mentioned in the early part of the evening I perfectly approve for the sake of the company, but as to myself; I have determined my safety shall be in a pair of loaded pistols, which if brought to the shortest turn, I intend to use if it is only to cheat the hangman.’

A united laugh from the company stamped this as a witticism, and a motion was now made to adjourn until ten o’clock the next evening, in case the signal should be visible.

Whatever the scruples of Adelaide had previously been about the part she was herself acting, they vanished at the hearing the word *murder*, and her only trial now was to prepare herself for the part she felt Providence assigned her, and if there was a lingering wish to be absolved from a painful duty, yet most devoutly did she pray on that evening to be strengthened and enlightened by the spirit of wisdom and understanding. ‘It will bring destruction,’ she said mentally, ‘I fear upon the house which has sheltered my helpless infancy; my uncle I believe I may say, has been uniformly kind to me, kind at least as far as his nature would permit, and my poor aunt stands upon the verge of life, the flame does but just glimmer in the socket, a slight shock would undoubtedly force her from the stage of existence; but then again my duty to God, to

the country that gave me birth, to the unknown person or persons whose blood is about to be offered on the altar of political enthusiasm, all, all, call on me to go forward. I may call down vengeance upon myself, but my own life if it can conduce to the welfare of my distracted country I freely give. The Lord gave, if it is His pleasure to recall the gift, His will, not mine be done.'

When retired for the night, the subject again occupied the mind of the distressed Adelaide; some tender feelings could not but mingle with the thought of the fearful dangers that surrounded her; she felt as though her own life would hang upon a thread from the moment that a disclosure was made, 'but perhaps,' she thought, 'for this very sacrifice my heavenly Father has been training me, by leaving me little to live for, and certainly none to mourn for me, an only child, melancholy distinction! never to know the endearing ties that bind the hearts of the children of one family together, no brother or sister to love and cherish me through this cold world. Oh, when such a child is bereaved of its parents, how doubly desolate they are! But is there none?' she asked, pursuing the tenor of her mournful reflections, 'is there none who could have atoned to me for the deprivation of all these? None to whom my heart could have clung, and loved as father, mother, sister and brother? Alas! there has been one, and that one if living, has forgotten me, that cherished one, for whom I would cheerfully have encountered any of the hardships of life, with whom I could have endured unshrinking the cold blasts of adversity, with whom I

would have been content to traverse the burning plains of India, or the frozen deserts of Siberia.

Long and dreary were the watches of the night that preceded the final meeting of the conspirators, but not more trying than the day that succeeded to the feelings of Adelaide, for it was impossible for her to conceal the agitation she felt, and had not the mind of her uncle been wholly absorbed, he must have seen it. His wife too, was unusually indisposed, and occupied much of the time and attention of the family, but as usual with invalids of her description, promised a better night's rest, after an uncommonly restless day. She retired early, and dismissed her niece from her laborious attendance, who retreated to her own room, where she had leisure to review her own conduct once more while waiting to hear the departing footsteps of her uncle, and a solemn review it was, impressed as she was with an idea the development would be fatal to herself; her mind was however made up as to the step she meant to take, come what might; she had during the last twenty-four hours reflected not only upon the probable consequences to herself, should her own part in the affair be discovered, but also contriving the best and safest way to act, with respect to the manner of communicating the information she possessed, which after all without further evidence, she knew must be a very confused and incoherent story. To give information of the existence of a plot, and not be able to explain any thing of the particulars, or of more than one of the names concerned in it, would place her in rather awkward circumstances,

but then again she was fortunately apprised of the place of meeting, and the signal agreed upon. While meditating on this circumstance, she heard some one knock gently at the door of the study, and immediately the voice of the stranger she had first heard there, accosted her uncle :

‘In the name of common sense, Holbey, what do you linger for, you ought to be the first man aboard, and be there long before the signal is given. I can tell you some news man, *Rose* has had another interview with the President to-day, and they are further from an accommodation than ever, that last ridiculous proclamation is still in force and like to be, there is the rub, if we had but a few British seventy-fours on the ocast, all would be easy, but never fear man, it is but to strike one bold stroke, and the country is free—are you ready ?’

‘I will be with you in a few moments,’ replied Mr Holbey, ‘do you go, I will follow.’

Adelaide listened with breathless attention while Holbey made his preparations after the departure of the guest, she heard him load a pair of pistols, and concluded he secured them about his person, he then departed, carefully locking the study door after him ; with a beating heart she heard the last sound of his footsteps on the stairs, and the heavy grating of the front door as it slowly closed upon him, struck to her heart as the knell of a departing soul—its sound forcibly reminded her of a coffin descending to the earth—she listened a few moments, then shaking off these visionary terrors, proceeded to try the door commu-

nicating with the study, it yielded to her hand, and taking up a lamp, proceeded to explore the apartment.

The door which opened into the closet discovered a writing table placed directly against it, upon which stood a small mahogany secretary. In attempting to lift this in order to gain a passage in to the room, she discovered the key lying beneath it. This was by far the hardest part of the enterprise, and she stood a moment holding the key in her hand irresolute, until the word *murder* suddenly flashed upon her brain. The key was instantly applied, and the first thing which presented itself was the important *list of names*. She stopped not to peruse it, but hastily thrusting the paper into her bosom, proceeded to search for the bundle of papers tied with a red string, designated as *precious communications*. It was not there, and re-locking the secretary, she placed it again on the table; and afraid of being too late she prepared to close the door, without daring to search the apartment further.

She had by mistake turned the table round, and discovered the drawer towards the door, it had escaped her eye before. She tried it; it was locked, but the key of the secretary opened it, and great was her joy to find the important packet tied with a red tape. This she supposed was the one at least, and securing it about her person and turning the table round, she now fastened the door, having as she believed replaced every thing just as she had found it, except the papers taken away. She then proceeded to array herself in a long cloak with a hood to it, and taking a dark lantern, descended the stairs before

described at the end of the passage way leading from the room, having taken the precaution to lock her own apartment and secure the key about her.

CHAPTER XV.

'Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit,
Should if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.'

Third Part of King Henry VI.

Fortunately the servants were out of the way, and our heroine escaped unobserved out of the house and safely gained the street. The evening was dark and unpleasant, and she pursued her venturous path in great trepidation. Scarce knowing which way to go, she had to pause often in order to ascertain the names of the streets, and to calculate upon the nearest way she was acquainted with to the place to which she had determined upon going.— This caused her to be more observed by the passengers in the streets than she otherwise would have been, and placed her in an awkward and dangerous predicament. Se-

veral times she stopped, almost bewildered; then quickening her pace from seeing herself observed, hastened forward again. Her heart throbbed violently and her limbs almost refused support. Thus she proceeded until to her great joy she found herself safe in the *Pennsylvania Avenue*, and the Capitol in solemn repose and gloomy grandeur rose before her.

The Hall, which on that day had exhibited a scene of spirited contest, now slumbered in silence and darkness. Its spacious courts, its lofty porticos, its splendid galleries, were all now desolate; even the air around seemed hushed to a fearful stillness. She listened; the clock struck ten, and at the same instant the fatal signal appeared at the window.

In a moment Adelaide gained strength—her thoughts travelled back through the long lapse of ages; she thought of other climes—of the tyranny of power—of feudal times, when the beacon from the watch tower of some barbarous chief was the signal for thousands of ignorant vassals to leave their cheerful homes and happy fire-sides to engage in the work of carnage and death.

‘And shall those horrible scenes be renewed in our happy land?’ said she mentally, ‘shall Liberty’s last home,’ be polluted by the footsteps of those who would introduce such horrors here? Shall the savage scenes of those terrible *border wars* be acted over again in our country? Forbid it Heaven! Better that the lives of all these plotters of ‘*reform*,’ as they call it, should at once answer for their crimes, than that such a state of things should exist here.’

Armed with fresh courage the adventurous heroine once more stepped forward with renewed strength, and guided by her knowledge of the bearings from this quarter, proceeded the remainder of the way in safety, until she gained the door of the President's house; fatigued with her long walk, she stopped a moment on the threshold to take breath, and looked back to see if she could discover the capitol, and if the light still gleamed from that upper window. That day had been a busy day in the House, the Senate had adjourned at an early hour, the lower house likewise, either fatigued with the business of the day or in order to prepare for a splendid entertainment given that evening, had rather hastily dismissed an important debate—scandal said the latter, but as it is no way likely that such an august body would be persuaded to lose any portion of their time which could possibly be devoted to business, and receive seven dollars a day of the people's money to spend that time in balls and fetes, doubtless it was unfounded.—The recollection of this entertainment though, and the fear that the President might be there, was now the greatest subject of apprehension to her, who with a gentle hand ventured to pull the bell, and enquire in a voice soft as summer's gentlest sighs—'If the President was within ?

'He is, but rather indisposed with a cold,' replied the domestic, 'and has given orders to be excused to any who may call, unless on urgent business.'

'I am not one then, to whom he is to be denied,' said Adelaide, with much dignity, 'for my business is of the utmost importance.'

'Walk in then madam,' said the servant with a respectful bow, at the same time ushering her into a spacious apartment, he rang a bell saying, 'you can send any message you wish up stairs in a moment,' and disappeared.

'This augers well,' thought Adelaide, 'we can tell something of the master, by the manners of the servant. Happy nation! Blessed simplicity! One is not obliged here to fight their way through some forty centinels and powdered lacqueys escorted by lord chamberlains, knights of the household, or officers of the bed chamber, to gain the ear of royalty. Human beings here have the privilege of addressing *fellow clay* in the language of common sense. No gilded palace, or turreted castle, slowly and unwillingly admits the indigent guest through its heavy portal—nothing here,' she added glancing round 'to remind one of the immense disparity between rulers and people.' At another time the room, would have been an object of some curiosity to her, who though far more indifferent to show and splendor than most of her sex, would still have contemplated with interest, the place where thronging multitudes assembled to honor the man of the people's choice, but the all engaging object of her visit occupied her mind exclusively.

'Your pleasure madam,' said a young man, who suddenly presented himself before her, in the attitude of respectful attention.

Adelaide still kept her hood drawn closely down over her face, displaying however a mouth and teeth of unrivalled beauty, which doubtless did not escape the observation of the young man, who listened with that peculiar smile of complacency, which youth and loveliness never fails to command, while she answered,

‘My business is with the President, I wish to speak to him on a subject of the utmost importance.’

The young man was gone a few moments, and then returned to usher her to the presence of his master.

Adelaide felt as she ascended the lofty stairs as though some heavy weight impeded her progress, and every step in prospective appeared a mile, but the study was at length gained, and she stood in the presence of the President of the United States.

He had just been perusing a paper which he still held in his hand, and which it appeared the gentleman on the other side the table was about to copy, and so absorbed was his attention by the contents, that for a moment he did not perceive Adelaide, who was intently engaged in studying the expression of his countenance.

The lines of deep care were visible on the brow of him who had for so many years, waked and watched for the public good, and over his noble and thoughtful countenance there was a slight shade of melancholy, there was too, a certain determined air that seemed to proclaim, that there was in him no passion flesh is heir to but what was under the entire control of reason; still over all there was diffused an expression of kindness and benevolence,

that supplied a fine relief to the sterner features of character. Adelaide thought she should have distinguished the philanthropic Jefferson, the philosopher of Monticello among a thousand.

At length perceiving her, he rose, and with much kindness of manner begged her to be seated, at the same time motioning with his hand to the gentleman on the opposite side the table to withdraw. He himself was now standing and Adelaide did not feel quite easy to be seated in the presence of the chief magistrate, while he remained in that position, she recollected too upon the withdrawal of the gentleman, that she was at liberty to make her business known, and feeling herself extremely awkward in the kind of garment that enveloped her person, she unclasped the collar of her mantle, and threw back the hood, in doing which her comb dropped out, and the profusion of her dark brown curls fell over her shoulders, hastily gathering them up, and replacing the comb (which the President *had the gallantry to let her pick up herself,*) she took the papers from her bosom, and walking up to the table where he had again seated himself, she said,

‘Time presses, and I must hasten honored sir, to inform you of the manner in which these papers came into my possession, though I fear notwithstanding the purity of my motives I may sink in your esteem by so doing, that however is of minor importance to the safety of the State.’ She then briefly stated the accidental hearing of the first conversation in Mr Holbey’s study, without however naming her guardian—her resolution to hear what

passed at their next interview in that place—the manner in which she obtained the list and the bundle of papers, &c. which she freely described, but the animated look of the speaker and her heightened color fled, as handing the papers she said,

‘Hasten dear sir, to develop this business ere it be too late ! Already I fear some measures may have been concerted, fatal to the life of some individual probably of your own, the beacon of destruction still gleams from, yonder window of the capitol—a signal of safety to the persons of the conspirators, and of destruction to—’*

The color had not only deserted the cheek of the fair speaker, but even her lips were of an ashy paleness, as she stood with clasped hands and supplicating looks—before him, who heard her not—saw her not—for fixed as a statue of marble he still held in his hand the fatal List, upon which his eyes were rivited, without as appeared, the power of withdrawing them, until aroused by Adelaide’s requesting him to peruse the papers, as she must speedily return.

‘And are you, young lady,’ said he, suddenly awaking as it were, ‘about to return to the house of a traitor, of an assassin perhaps ? Which of the conspirators do you reside with ?’

‘Alas, sir,’ said Adelaide, ‘I have a dying aunt in that house, and beside, Mr Holbey is my guardian; they have been the protectors of my helpless infancy, my only earth-

*Power of imagination, as the light was visible only two seconds.

ly friends.' Again she was unnoticed and unanswered, for the attention of her auditor was completely absorbed by the perusal of the first paper which ~~he~~ had opened.

'Well here is treason indeed !' he at length exclaimed, 'Bancroft, I would not have believed you a villain !' and he threw the paper on the table with such a look of sternness, as made Adelaide tremble, 'if you are a traitor who is not ?'

'I would pledge my life for *his* innocence, for *his* integrity,' exclaimed the terrified girl, 'Bancroft has not deceived, has not betrayed the confidence reposed in him.'

'Be consistent, madam,' said the President rising and walking the room, 'this paper which you yourself bring me, is a copy of private instructions, with which the Government thought fit to entrust him.'

'Nevertheless he is innocent,' said Adelaide, who overwhelmed with the idea of the mischief she was about to occasion to those she loved, as well as to the unworthy, now burst into tears.

'Be composed, madam,' said the President, again seating himself opposite her, and surveying her with a look in which it was evident pity and interest struggled with the deep resentment awakened, 'be composed, tears never move me, but if you have any reasons to offer, I shall be happy to hear them.'

'Mr Bancroft, sir,' said Adelaide collecting herself once more, 'is unfortunately married to a daughter of one of these persons, Mr Holbey ; his wife is one of the most artful of women, and has carried on a constant correspondence with her father. I doubt not by her means——'

‘But how should she obtain possession of these papers, certainly he has too much sense to confide them to a woman?’

Adelaide smiled, then deeply blushing, while her eyes were bent meekly to the floor, she said—‘In the same manner perhaps, sir, in which I obtained possession of her father’s.’

The answer was so prompt it confused even her interrogator, and for a moment he was silent, and gazed upon her with evident feelings of pity, then in a tone of great kindness he said—

‘There is no parallel in the case, dear young lady, she could have no excuse for thus betraying her husband, the cases are widely different; much as I disapprove of prying into the concerns of others, I do not see how you could have acted differently and been guiltless; but let me look at these papers, and I will detain you no longer.’

‘This cannot be the packet alluded to, these letters,’ said he, returning them, ‘are private correspondence between him and one Edward Mellville now residing in New Orleans.’

‘My uncle!’ exclaimed Adelaide, ‘my long lost uncle!’ hastily taking the letters and running them over with a glance, ‘how has your generous confidence been abused.’

But oh, what a discovery of iniquity was here laid open—his very existence had been kept from her, and nothing of the large sums remitted to her in these letters, had ever reached her, she had even been represented in the letters of her guardian it appeared, as a gay young woman, too

fond of pleasure to give herself even the trouble of writing, and had put it upon him. Mild and amiable as she was, the blood of Adelaide boiled within her veins at this discovery, and her color went and came, while the President rising, left the room for a few moments. Upon returning he said—

‘I have seen to your safe conduct Miss—your name if you please.’

‘Mellville.’

‘Miss Mellville, if it is your choice to return to your uncle’s, your share in this business shall never be known. I am rather of opinion that the most quiet way in which these people can be dealt with is the best, it will be extremely difficult to come at the necessary proof to convict them—we have had one trial of this sort in the case of Mr Burr. It will be great punishment to them to know that they are known and despised, and all their plans frustrated, and their future combination will be effectually prevented by the want of confidence in each other, for as you will not be exposed, they must necessarily think they have been betrayed by one of their own number. Go home then in confidence of your own safety, your uncle will not return until a warrant shall have reached his house for other papers which probably were some taken from the office of his employer. I regret you cannot ride, but my carriage might betray you. You will be cared for too, I pledge myself that ample provision shall be made for one who has hazarded so much to serve the State.’

‘I should be very unworthy of your goodness sir,’ said Adelaide, ‘should I receive a reward for performing my

duty, however painful the performance may be, and shall certainly accept none, not even from the Chief Magistrate—yet one service I would ask in compassion to my helpless orphan state.'

'Name it,' said the President.

'I would ask that my uncle Edward Melville, now at New Orleans, may be informed of my situation as quick as possible, and urged to come to my immediate assistance. These letters to Mr Holbey shew that I have yet a relative who cares for me, and that I have been defrauded of the ample provision made for me by him.'

'It shall be done immediately, if we send an express on purpose,' he replied, then hastily opening the door, he spoke to an attendant, and taking her hand, led her to the staircase, while cordially pressing it in his, he said—

'Farewell excellent young woman, whatever betides us may He 'who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm,' shelter you. When the bitterness of party shall slumber in my tomb, another age may estimate the benefits of my administration, and this service you have rendered the Republic. Farewell! accept an old man's blessing.'

Adelaide's heart was too full to speak, but her glowing cheek and tearful eyes as she raised them and met the benignant smile of the President, spoke volumes, then hastily pressing her quivering lip to the hand she was relinquishing, she darted down stairs, and was in the street in a moment.

The young man who had shewn her up stairs walked by her side, and at a little distance another with a lan-

thorn, but no word of recognition passed between them or any conversation whatever until she dismissed them within a short distance of the house. From the time it took to return she was convinced the distance was much shorter to those acquainted with the city, and that she must have made a wide circuit in her agitation. The fear that she might have been called for, or the door she came out of fastened in her absence, tortured her all the way home, but happily it was groundless, and pale, agitated and fatigued, she was yet so happy as to gain her chamber in safety; here she threw off her clothes, and tried to compose herself to sleep. But the extreme anxiety she had undergone together with the fatigue of her walk, had been much more than her frame could endure, and she felt herself alarmingly ill, her pulse throbbed violently, and intense pain in her head with violent ague fits seemed to prognosticate an approaching fever.

For about half an hour the distressed girl lay rolling from side to side in acute distress, unwilling to alarm the family, and dreading to be up when the officers whom she momentarily expected should arrive. The dreaded moment at length came—a loud knocking at the outside door which echoed through every room in the house, announced their arrival. The servant waiting on the ground floor for the return of his master, hastily admitted them, the heavy steps of two or three men was then heard coming up the stairs, and in a moment the door of the study was burst in, and a general ransack commenced. A tap at Adelaide's chamber door now summoned her to rise, she opened it and admitted Nanny the servant maid.

‘For mercy’s sake Miss Adelaide go down to my poor mistress, she is almost dying with fright ; the officers have broken open Mr Holbey’s study, with a great man at their head who has lost a bundle of papers and accuses my master of taking them, and sure as you live the man with the warrant actually found them in the book-case drawer, which they broke open, there they was to be sure all tied with a red ribbon wound round and round them ; you never saw such a scene of confusion in your life, why the floor is entirely covered with books and papers ; but for pity’s sake what ails you Miss Adelaide, why you look sicker than your aunt—you are scared to death ?’

‘No Nanny, I am really ill,’ said Adelaide, ‘lend me your arm.’ She now with great effort went down to her aunt whom she found sitting upon the sofa wringing her hands. Adelaide endeavored to calm her, but at the same time throwing herself on a couch declared her inability to render her the least assistance. Mrs Holbey now shrieked with the greatest violence, and summoning the attendants, protested ‘the wretches had killed her niece, and would kill her before they left the house.’

The gentleman who employed Mr Holbey and amply remunerated him, and who had been repaid with such signal ingratitude, was still in the house, and now coming into the room, with much kindness endeavored to calm the fears of the lady and ascertain who ‘had been killed ?’ Mrs Holbey pointed to Adelaide who lay stretched upon the couch the image of death. Mr —— advanced and took her hand which was now burning with fever. He

endeavored to compose her, saying no harm was about to overtake her relatives except banishment from Washington ; that in pity to the situation of Mr Holbey's family, he should suspend the proceedings of the law, and suffer him to depart quietly, that his family, however, might remain if they chose until his wife was able to travel. He then advised them to call a physician to Adelaide, (who sufficiently understood his looks of pity and concern,) and departed. A physician was immediately called, while the two ladies were carried up to bed ; he bled Adelaide and administered an opiate to Mrs Holbey ; before, however, it could take effect, Mr Holbey rushed into the house with wild and haggard looks, commanding them to put up a few clothes for him, as he must depart from Washington immediately.

The heart of Adelaide sunk within her at the sound of his voice. 'What does all this mean Mr Holbey ?' said his wife.

'Political persecution ! that is the sum total,' and he paced the floor with rapid strides, while the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead. He then said—'my wife must follow by easy stages to New York ; near there I shall take a place and send for you ; and to your care, Adelaide, I commend her. You will be better, and you must see that she comes comfortably ; take courage, we shall yet see better days.'

A servant now entered and handed him a note.

'Yes, yes !' said he, muttering between his teeth, 'I will soon be off ; but if I find out which of our number has be-

trayed us I will return to blow his brains out, though he stand in the presence of the President himself,' then softening his voice, 'now Adelaide dear, don't you forsake us in trouble, promise to see your aunt comfortably along.'

'I shall not leave her till death separates us,' said Adelaide, faintly.

'That is a good girl, farewell then both until we meet in better quarters,' so saying, he hurried from their sight. After his departure, Nanny the female domestic picked up a paper which she handed to her mistress, who passed it to Adelaide requesting her to read it—its purport was as follows:

'Sir—As an act of great lenity, you are permitted to depart unmolested from Washington, provided you go within three hours, otherwise you will be arrested and suffer the penalties of the law.

'As your children are located in New York, you will doubtless wish to be near them, if so, while you are content to remain quiet, you will be unmolested. But you are hereby forbidden to leave the Territory of the United States, or to remove any part of your family of it. You must be sensible you will ever be an object of suspicion, and consequently your movements will be watched; such an attempt, therefore, would be detected and most signally punished.

'Signed, _____.'

'I am glad of that,' sobbed Mrs Holbey, 'I am sure I don't want to be dragged off to Canada, and in New York I can see my dear children too—there I am somebody, and

live like other people, but here, Adelaide dear——,’ the last part of the speech was unheard by her niece, whose multiplied anxieties had at length given way to the soporific qualities of the medicine she had taken, or to her terror, which is known sometimes to operate as a sedative.

CHAPTER XVI.

‘So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.’

Richard III.

The morning which dawned upon this deserted family, arose with unusual splendor ; it had been preceded by a dark and cloudy night, but the clouds had passed away, and not a speck obscured the horizon : the clear expanse of Heaven reflected only the lustre of a brilliant sun which darted its almost meridian beams into the apartment before the two afflicted females awoke.

‘What a contrast,’ said Adelaide mentally, as she drew the curtain, ‘what a contrast to the gloom and desolation within.’ She arose, however, much refreshed and re-

lieved, though weakened by the loss of blood, her feverish symptoms had materially abated. The trials she had undergone within the last twenty-four hours she felt had injured her more than disease, and felt it would be long before she should recover from the shock her nerves had sustained ; the care of her aunt was now a favor, as it relieved the mind by employing the body, and cheated her as it were of much painful reflection ; as to the unfortunate invalid herself, though much distressed in mind as well as body, she still insisted upon being taken up and dressed, in order to superintend the packing of her things, which she wished done immediately, but her niece reminded her they were to await a letter from Mr Holbey, and the physician urged strongly against the departure of the party for some time yet, as neither of the ladies were well enough, and the travelling was not good ; still the pride of Mrs Holbey was so hurt at removing, that she was seriously inconvenienced by it. She had condescended to intreat of the two domestics not to mention the alarm of the preceding night, and to hire them, had agreed to take them on her journey to the town where they belonged free of expense. The kind West Indians she would not see again upon pretence of feeling too exquisitely at parting with them. A letter from Mr Holbey arrived as soon as he reached New York.

On the day preceding that of their departure Mrs Holbey mentioned to her niece for the first time her fears of a speedy dissolution ; she said she had an omen of it on the very night Mr Holbey departed from Washington : that she lay very restless and uneasy after first retiring, she

judged an hour or two, and that at length urged by some unaccountable impulse, she arose and looked out of the window facing her bed. This window, she observed, commanded a view of two or three upper windows of the Capitol, which was involved in such darkness owing to the evening being cloudy, that it was with difficulty she could distinguish even the faint outline of the dome alone, and could not had she not known its exact situation; that while gazing she saw a light appear at one of the windows apparently without the intervention of human hands, and that she was convinced it was an omen of her approaching dissolution, for in an instant it was suddenly extinguished in the same manner as it appeared, and the building once more left in total darkness; terror then, she said, drove her to bed, that she had not even the courage to wake Nanny, but covered her face until she slept.

‘People who are nervous sometimes imagine they see strange sights,’ said her niece, thoughtfully.

‘Yes,’ said her aunt, but I shall always believe I saw that light, and ah me! I fear I am very unfit to die—I wish I had not put off preparation so long.’

‘I wish so too,’ said her niece with a sigh, ‘but dear aunt, it is not too late to begin.’

‘No I don’t think it is,’ said Mrs Holbey hastily, ‘and as soon as we get to New York I intend to begin, and then Adelaide you shall talk with me, for I do begin to believe you are a very good girl,’ (for the first time kissing the cheek of her niece.)

‘I intend to begin there,’ said Adelaide mentally, ‘ah! I fear you will never see New York again.’ But much as

this truly pious girl felt distressed at her thus putting off the things that belonged to her peace for a more convenient season, yet the late conversation had conveyed a sensible joy to her heart. It appeared her aunt was profoundly ignorant of the plot in which her husband was engaged, and of which she believed him to have been chief manager, *though not the moving spring*. What she had said respecting the light at the Capitol was convincing proof of her innocence, yet she had said but little about the occurrences of that fatal night, and seemed evidently to avoid the subject. The only remark she had ever made, was that 'there must be some mistake about the papers, or a stratagem to ruin Mr Holbey.'

The kind physician who had attended both the ladies, called on the morning of their departure to take leave, and in shaking hands with them, slipped a note in Adelaide's hand unperceived by her aunt; she had not time to read it until they stopped at the first stage, as they were just then setting out. With what different feelings the unhappy girl left the city from those with which she entered it may well be imagined. Then she believed herself beloved by the E—— family, and felt rich in their friendship—now they had all forgotten her. Then, although she disliked Mr Holbey, she had no personal dread of him—now she felt she had cause both to dislike and fear him. She drew up the blind of the carriage to take a last view of the city, but Mrs Holbey commanded her instantly to lower it as the sight was hateful to her. Adelaide felt a pang of disappointment, but one look at the poor invalid banished her

resentment. She sat, or rather reclined on the back seat, bolstered up, and supported by Nanny, and looked as though a few days would terminate her journey. That, however, was *not* the case, as every mile she continued to grow better, and it probably lengthened her life for some weeks. Slow and painful, however, was the journey to both; Nanny went with them nearly to New York, but William the man servant, they set down within a day's journey of the metropolis. They regretted not retaining the female attendant in their family, but that Mr Holbey peremptorily forbade in his letter, as 'servants would blab,' and he should engage a woman and lad against their arrival.

Never perhaps had this unfortunate woman realized before the comforts of a home, but now all her thoughts seemed to centre there, she talked incessantly of the pleasures she should enjoy in the charming situation Mr Holbey intended to get, (for he had mentioned a beautiful cottage advertized which he meant to obtain if possible, within a few miles of the city, and directed them to stop at the post office where a line from him would inform of his place of residence.)

As soon as Adelaide had seen her aunt comfortably disposed of for the night at their first stage, she retired to read the note which had been so mysteriously handed her, it was evidently very hastily written, and the words were these:

'Should death deprive Miss Mellville of the protection of her aunt, she cannot remove *too soon* from the house of such a man as her guardian. Her uncle will soon appear

to claim her, but until that period arrives she may need support; should that be the case, she can draw in her own name for any sum she may want upon ——— Bank New York, and it is earnestly requested she will not let any false delicacy prevent her making use of the privilege.

‘A FRIEND.’

‘A friend indeed,’ thought Adelaide, ‘it is easy to imagine what friend dictated this—no I will not feel any false delicacy with respect to using it should my necessities require, because I hope the day is not far distant in which I could repay it.’

For the first time now since the fatal night of the discovery, Adelaide prepared to examine the bundle of papers tied with a red string, the packet which so providentially fell in her hands, and which she mistook for the one afterwards found in Mr Holbey’s study by his employer; there seemed a very special providence towards her in the mistake, as had she discovered the other, the knowledge of her uncle’s existence would still have been concealed from her.

The letters all except two, were directed to her uncle; the first addressed to her contained nothing worthy of particular notice except a promise of a sketch of his life in a future one. The last containing that sketch we shall transcribe—it was as follows:

NEW ORLEANS.

I have promised you in my former letter, dear Adelaide, a brief sketch of my past life in order to account to you for the rash promise made on leaving my country. Painful as it will be to me to retrace scenes which in the acting gave me so much anguish, and in the recollection has caused me some pangs, I shall endeavor to fulfill my promise, hoping my fate may be a beacon to you to avoid the shoals and quicksands which lie in your way; and in that of every inexperienced and unsuspicious person.

'Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,' is a caution that cannot be too often sounded in our ears, and yet we may ask who ever heeded it before painful experience had convinced them of its truth.

My father as you know was a soldier of the Revolution, his zeal in the cause of his country could not be exceeded. His eldest son, your father, was a man of retired domestic turn, addicted to business, and having no taste for public life further than that business called him into it, with no passion for books, no turn for study beyond that of Ledger and Day-Book; my father, therefore, who always hoped to have a son for the service of the State, could make no such calculations upon him. I chanced to be of a different turn. Books were my delight from a child, and it was with the greatest exertion that I could bring myself occasionally to assist in the business of the shop. Being persuaded that all his hopes in a son were about to be fulfilled in me, my too indulgent and ambitious parent took me from behind the counter, and placed me at College. Here my deportment was such as to give him perfect satisfaction, as well

as to the officers of the Institution. After my term had expired he kindly furnished me with money to make a tour of the States, in which excursion I spent a twelve-month, stopping in some of the principal cities, where I formed many agreeable acquaintances. Upon my return, my father was delighted with the observation I had made, and the report which he was pleased to say every where followed of the sobriety of my conduct and deportment. I believe I may say without vanity I was deserving of this. I knew my father's slender means would not admit of my spending money in extravagance, and as to low pleasures I never had any taste for them.

'Among the number of neighbors who kindly participated in the happiness of my friends on my return to my native village, was a family by the name of Newton, who inhabited an elegant seat at a small distance from our farm. Mr Newton was originally a poor man, and had from small beginnings gradually accumulated a fortune ; he was now somewhat in years, having married late in life to a starched maiden lady in a neighboring town, by which his already ample fortune was increased a few thousands ; few people could be more uninviting and unattractive in manners than the Newton's, the most perfect selfishness characterized their every thought and action ; their attention were measured out with such exactness to the quality of their guests, that any one well acquainted with them, could almost tell to a fraction what each one was worth. I was, however, an exception to the general rule, to me they were all attention, though I was a young man beginning the world and without any property, and

much the spectators must have marvelled at it. For my own part, ignorant of the world as I was, and of them in particular, I was foolish enough to attribute it to my own individual merits, combined with the respect which every inhabitant of the town felt for my father. I afterwards discovered that excellent but misguided parent had in the fullness of his heart spoken freely before these people of the prospects held out by some powerful friends for me.— This couple had an only daughter—their only surviving child she was in fact—that she would be the heiress of immense wealth was the last thing that would be thought of by those who gazed upon her. She was perfectly beautiful—I will not attempt to describe, I should only mar the picture ; imagine to yourself a face and form that could not be mended, and you have her likeness. She was but eighteen, yet she had all the dignity of a woman of thirty ; her manners were graceful in the extreme, her mind highly cultivated, and her accomplishments far from superficial. There was but one subject upon which she betrayed the least ignorance, and that did not displease me having from childhood had a hatred of devotees. She knew nothing of religion, in truth I heard her on several occasions attempt to quote the Bible, and give one or two profane proverbs of the ancients as authority from the sacred book. My father took her up on these occasions, when she would laugh it off with inimitable grace ; in fine, whatever she did was done with such peculiar *naïvete*, that even her mistakes made her more fascinating. One other female belonged to the family, having been adopted at an early age by Mrs Newton, an orphan niece of hers, a truly ami-

able young lady, modest, studious, retiring and unobtrusive at all times, not remarkably handsome, though she might have passed for such in the absence of her cousin, but the resplendent beauty of Isabella Newton threw the humble charms of the amiable Helen Brigham into the back ground.

I need not tell you my dear niece that I was captivated with Isabella, the very first visit. The only annoyance I had (and of him I could not possibly be jealous) was the attentions of a certain wealthy but rude and savage looking young man with black whiskers, and a scowl that would almost terrify men, much more females. To be sure he often forced himself between me and the lovely Isabella, but as I had no fears she could look upon him otherwise than with disgust, it excited nothing but contempt sometimes mixed with a little anger, at his continual interruption.

Although my enchantress favoured my views, so far as to admit my company at all seasons, and to discover no dislike at the glances of impassioned feeling daily and almost hourly directed at her, yet for some reason or other she always avoided being alone with me. I only wanted to ascertain that an application to her parents would not be disagreeable, to ask their consent to receive my addresses; but finding an interview without witnesses so difficult, I at length sought and found one with her fair cousin, to whom I freely unbosomed myself and requested her aid, she promised to assist me, but her diffidence was so great I feared much of her success, for she trembled so violently and changed color so often while I was telling

the story of my love to Isabella, that I almost feared her fainting ; however by her managment I obtained the desired interview at length, and certainly had no reason to despair, if I had not positive assurance, although Isabella declined any application to her parents for the present.

In the mean time the plans of my good father, for my advancement continued to progress. Application was made at the seat of government for an office then about to be vacated, for which it was thought my talents and acquirements particularly qualified me ; and not a doubt disturbed the minds of my father or his friends on the subject. The office was in fact considered as undoubtedly mine, and I was absolutely congratulated on the subject. As the prospect now was that I must shortly depart for a length of time from my native place, I thought it folly any longer to defer making proposals to the parents of my beloved Isabella. I accordingly solicited and obtained a private interview with Mr Newton, by and with the consent of his daughter ; the old gentleman behaved with much politeness though with great circumspection, he advised my deferring the declaration to his daughter, until my plans were all formed, but my impetuosity could not brook delay, and I insisted upon seeing her that very evening and sealing my destiny, I was accordingly indulged with an interview. Can memory ever lose the recollection of that hour when I was preparing to receive the assurance of earthly bliss ! Could the world if it were now laid at my feet with all the treasures it contains afford me another such ? I know it could not. O God, hast thou only given such intense feelings of pleasure,

such exquisite anticipations of happiness to the human heart, just to make the bitterness of disappointment more acute ?—but I am wandering from my story—

‘I went home—arrayed myself with scrupulous care and attended by all the laughing graces, light of heart and light of heel, returned to receive the vows of my idol. How passing lovely she looked, I will not describe ; with what a modest grace she received my vows, I will not say, but she was all condescension, all softness, all—but I did not ask any promises of her, I thought myself secure without, I thought her mine in heart, certainly ; and if I had doubted would have scorned the attempt to bind any one by such a pledge ; but while I was pouring forth my vows, talking over all my plans of earthly happiness, and for the first time folding the beloved and fascinating Isabella to my heart—in that self same moment, the blow which was to crush me to the earth was preparing to descend.

‘A knock had been heard at the front door a few moments before this, and now my beloved was summoned from the room to see some one who wanted her on particular business ; after waiting some time for her return, a messenger was sent to say, Miss Newton could not see me again that evening ; the servant was gone like lightning, and no one appeared to say what was the matter. I walked the house some time anxious to see some of the family, but in vain ; at length, concluding some sudden death of relatives, or friends, peculiarly distressing, had occurred I returned home, expecting to be sent for the

next day. In this I was disappointed; the day passed by and no invitation came; in the evening I walked over and received from the servant at the door a message 'that the family were particularly engaged and could not see me.' I returned home and the next morning received a letter with the Washington post mark; I opened it, its contents were—

—WASHINGTON, May 17, —.

'Sir—I grieve to state that the appointment solicited with so much confidence, and I might almost say *promised* for you, has at length been bestowed upon another, and upon one who I am told has not half your qualifications. What the motives of the President can be in thus disposing of it I cannot say, but he was inexorable. You, sir, are personally unknown to me, but the high character I have heard of you, and the eminent services your father has rendered the State, disposed me to favor your pretensions, and I assure you my influence has not been wanting in your service, and I sincerely regret it has availed nothing.

'Yours with the greatest respect,

— — — — —.'

Here then was an end to my hopes of promotion and my present prospects of a livelihood; it was a severe and bitter disappointment, but such a novice was I in the world that I never dreamed it could influence a woman in marrying me, or a man in bestowing his daughter, and beside it was next to impossible any family could have been made acquainted with my affairs before I was myself.— My blissful ignorance, however, was of short duration.— On the ensuing day I saw the beloved of my soul in ap-

parent health and high spirits, ride past, escorted by the short thick looking fellow who had disturbed me so much on my first visit to her father's, and in an hour after learnt that very identical fellow was the person appointed to the office refused me.

In three weeks from that time my Isabella was wedded to my rival, but I happily knew it not, being confined by a fever and deprived of reason. When recovered, my broken hearted father sought to comfort me. I could not, however, be prevailed upon to remain in my native country, and soon departed for Europe. From that time I have devoted my attention to mercantile pursuits, and fortune, now that happiness has departed forever, seems determined to favor me with her gifts. I find I am not a solitary instance of this kind of visitation. After the hope and almost capacity for happiness is extinguished, of what consequence is the acquisition of wealth to me, I have often asked—the grave of disappointment has closed, forever closed over my murdered hopes!

I ought not to say so, however, since there is one human being whom I can succor and protect, and to you, my dear Adelaide, I shall now look for all the comfort remaining to me. Your mother was a most excellent woman, totally unlike your aunt Holbey, whom I never could like. My promise never to come within the territory of the United States again, I can now evade conscientiously, and should I succeed in settling my business to my satisfaction, intend to settle down somewhere near New York, and take you under my special protection, that is, if you will come under it.

‘You may probably feel some interest in knowing what became of Isabella. She has long since paid the debt of nature, after enduring for two or three years the bitter scorn of a man who knew she married his office, not him; her parents are both dead, and their money gone to a distant branch of the family, as Isabella left no children.

‘Poor Helen Brigham! Alas, she merited a better fate, died even before Isabella. She went into a rapid decline, and even before I left the country her case was pronounced hopeless, and shortly after my departure she died. My father sat by her side holding her hand when the last sigh escaped her lips, the sigh that wafted her spirit from a world unworthy of her, to one where all tears are wiped away. He heard her last prayers for one who had overlooked her modest excellence in admiration of mere personal beauty, a beauty that concealed the greatest turpitude of heart that can be conceived of. My dear father did not long survive my departure, but with the circumstances of his death you are acquainted, and I hasten to close this packet of most unreasonable length.

‘Yours ever affectionately,

‘E. MELLVILLE.’

‘Poor uncle,’ sighed Adelaide, folding the letter, and again replacing them carefully in the bottom of her trunk, ‘you have had your share of affliction truly; may Heaven vouchsafe me the privilege of making your last days happier than the preceding part of your life.’

It was quite a grief to set down poor Nancy, but even our heroine thought there was propriety in it, as whether guilty or innocent, no one would willingly be made the

subject of gossip to all the country. The entire care of her aunt for the last two or three days fell upon poor Adelaide, and it was with feelings of thankfulness that she saw it draw to a close, much as she dreaded the presence of her guardian, yet so entirely worn out was she by the slow and tedious manner of travelling, that almost any place of rest was a relief. The poor invalid might have come much easier by water most of the way, but to this she would in no wise consent, her fears were so great on that element.

It was indeed a delightful residence to which the party were welcomed after their fatiguing journey. The house was an elegant little cottage, situated upon a woody eminence, commanding a view of the East River, and possessing a fine garden, every spot of which was laid out with much taste, in short, in every foot of earth around, the useful and ornamental had been consulted, and strikingly reminded Adelaide of E—— farm. It was in that delightful season of the year when ‘nature puts forth all her charms,’ that our travellers arrived at New York; the air was perfumed by the sweet scented blossoms around, and the song of the vocal choristers was heard in the grove welcoming the return of the season, which to one of the company was to return no more. This, however, the unfortunate lady did not realize, as she often made the remark on the journey that if she did not regain her health at New York, she should at Augusta’s, at Mr Bancroft’s beautiful seat on the Hudson.

A plain decent looking woman received the travellers,

and aided them into the house, saying her master had walked out, and would be in soon ; a large and airy apartment had been prepared for the mistress of the mansion, thither she was conveyed and placed on a couch, while the woman prepared the refreshment of a cup of tea. Mr. Holby soon came in, he looked very pale, dispirited and somewhat angry, and so singular was his reception of his wife, that she could not but enquire the meaning of it, and reproach him with not being glad to see her, when she had made such exertion to come to him. Her husband took fire at the reproach, and hastily and most imprudently proceeded to inform her there was cause for his anger; that news had arrived to his daughter R. that Augusta had had a rupture with her husband, and had eloped with a nephew of Mr Bancroft's; they had long been intimate and her husband had publically repudiated her,—he was proceeding, but his unfortunate wife had fallen back in a fainting fit.

The whole truth burst at once upon Adelaide. The nephew of Mr Bancroft, whom she well remembered as a dependant upon his uncle, and writing in his office, had been seduced by Augusta to deliver up the papers, which her hand had delivered to government; and the discovery of such perfidy had compelled them both to fly. 'Where will this end?' thought the afflicted girl; 'but is it not better as it is, than that they should continue to deceive a confiding husband, and indulgent relatives.'

Judging that her aunt would feel best that none should witness her feelings but her husband, her niece left the room upon her recovery, and retreated to her own. Alas!

she very soon learned this affliction was not all. Mrs R. the oldest daughter had conducted herself of late with singular impropriety. Many of her former acquaintance now shunned her; her quarrels with her husband had become so frequent and notorious, that the whole city were acquainted with them. Her husband had engaged in such a course of dissipation for some time past, that it was supposed his property was involved, beyond the power of redemption, though his father had left him an ample fortune only three years before; he was now said to be intemperate as well as addicted to other vices. The two sons of Mr Holbey had conducted very badly; the oldest had recently been expelled from college and was now gone off no one knew whither, with a set of professed gamblers.

Such was the present situation of these unfortunate children, born as they were with all the faculties of mind and body bestowed upon others, improved by education, and introduced early in life into what is called the best company, (a phrase by the way of very doubtful import.) But alas! they had been trained by parents who considered this world as their *home*, by parents who never looked beyond it, never inculcated the precept 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness,' but only to seek for an advantageous settlement in this world, and now they were about to lose both worlds.

It seemed at least to his niece, that Mr. Holby might have spared his wife, the whole shocking particulars of the state of his family, particularly when he saw her inability to bear it; but no, he followed up the work of death,

for such it proved to his afflicted help-mate ; the shock of this distracting intelligence was too much for the distressed mother, she lingered indeed three weeks after her arrival, but her days were numbered ; and miserable and hopeless were the last hours of the woman of the world. It was in vain to press eternal things upon her attention. The doctrine of repentance she at once discarded, by saying that, 'although she had perhaps done wrong in some things, yet she had done more to promote her family than any one she had ever known, and that she had been sufficiently punished in the disgrace of her children for a whole life of sin, if it had been as long as Methuselah's. There was no end to her cavilings.

Sometimes she would say that 'the Supreme Being did not require the same from all as he had not made all alike. If he had made her like her sister Mellville, meek and humble minded, why she would have been like her ; but he had given her a different set of feelings, and therefore expected different things of her.

The gospel scheme of salvation, had objections that she could not get over ; and much of the scriptures to her dark and benighted mind, appeared unintelligible and contradictory ; others required further consideration, and while she was taking time to consider of them death came. The imperfect walk of professing christians generally, buoyed her up for some time, she had never she said 'seen any perfect, and when she did she would engage to become a christian ; but before she beheld the phenomenon of perfection in mortal guise her eyes were closed upon mortality.

It would be in vain to attempt to relate the various subterfuges employed by this relentless enemy of her own soul, to put off the evil day of repentance and preparation ; suffice it to say she did put it off, and death surprised her in the midst of her excuses, and abortive attempts. She died of suffocation, and went in a moment, and all that her afflicted niece had to comfort her was the reflection that she had left nothing undone to enlighten and convince her.

The funeral obsequies were performed the second day after the death of Mrs Holby, and then for the first time Adelaide encountered Mr and Mrs R——since her return. That unfeeling woman having excused herself from visiting her mother, during her sickness on account as she said of the pain it would give her feelings to see her parent suffering so much.' The airs of hauteur assumed towards her cousin were truly ludicrous ; Adelaide however appeared not to notice them. Mr R——was extremely civil, and upon her expressing a wish to go to the city offered her a seat in his carriage, and an asylum in his house, until she could suit herself in some other lodgings. His wife sat by, and did not join in the invitation ; but as she said nothing Adelaide took it for granted she might ride with them, that was all she wished to do. They staid about a week after the interment of Mrs Holbey, and on the day of their departure when the carriage drew up, she was accordingly ready to accompany them on the road ; but to her inexpressible disappointment Mrs R——protested 'it was extremely inconvenient, as she had several trunks and band-boxes to carry which contained the

wearing apparel of her deceased mother ; and finally that it was utterly impossible to take her.

Adelaide had previously stated to her uncle in respectful terms, her wish that now her aunt was no more, to remove to the city. He ridiculed the idea of any seeming impropriety in her remaining, and asked to whom she could go for more respectable protection ?

Adelaide replied, she should not go to any one for protection, as she was now old enough to protect herself ; that she intended if possible to board with two maiden ladies of her acquaintance, whom Mr R——informed her were still living, and as amiable and respected as ever. He at length acquiesced, and upon Mrs R——'s objecting to take her, pretended to look exceedingly mortified. Mr R——was outrageous ; but finding his wife determined to carry the day, 'never mind Adelaide' said he 'I will be here early to-morrow morning after you, if you will trust yourself to go without my wife,' laughing.

Adelaide felt perplexed, but at length said, 'she would not give him that trouble, but would commission him to send the stage round that way after her.' To this he agreed, though evidently disappointed, and promised to make it his business on the ensuing morning.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage departed, and Adelaide saw it depart with feelings of anguish and a sinking of heart for which she could not entirely account ; but if her fears were excited by the departure of the carriage, what must they have been an hour or two afterwards, when she discovered their attendants the man and woman both gone, who, as Mr Holbey himself observed,

intended to stay until the morrow, and she left alone, at a considerable distance from any other house, with that dreadful man. Once she thought of flying, but then the dangers she might encounter on the road would possibly be greater than any at home. And then what had she to fly from, would not that action betray a consciousness of some extraordinary cause for fear? Her guardian she knew almost, had never suspected her agency in the late transactions, and should she make such an attempt, would not that reveal it? The result of this mental struggle was to remain quiet and put her trust in Him who had hitherto protected her.

The shades of evening were fast drawing round, while Mr Holbey himself assisted Adelaide to bring in the lamps and adjust her work-stand, after which placing himself beside her, he continued for some time in deep study; his niece felt her heart beat so that she could have counted every pulsation.

‘Adelaide,’ said he at last breaking silence, ‘I wish to ask you one question—will you give me a true answer?’

‘I will endeavor to,’ said Adelaide faintly, ‘if it is any thing I am competent to answer to.’

‘Well, it is this, do you absolutely hate me?’

‘Hate you, sir,’ said his niece with astonishment, ‘I hope not, I am sure I do not hate any body.’

‘So much the better then,’ responded Mr Holbey, ‘for Adelaide, though I am obliged to be very unceremonious, I have something I must acquaint you with immediately, don’t be shocked at my bluntness when I tell you you must be my wife—no looks of horror—I am determined

to marry you; why,' he continued to his terrified auditor, 'why I hurry matters in this manner I have not time to explain now, but with or without your consent you must become my wife.'

'Your wife! your wife!' said Adelaide, at length roused to exertion, and starting from her seat, 'husband of my aunt—wait until she is cold in her grave—wait until the solemn service of the church which restored dust to dust and ashes to ashes has ceased to vibrate in my ears.'

'Away! away!' said he, 'I know all this—but little cause had you to be grateful to that aunt—you know she was a cold hearted and unfeeling woman, and but for me, you could not have borne a residence in my family.'

'True,' said Adelaide, 'and whose interest was it to keep me in the family? Besides, it does not become you to abuse your departed wife, who had great charity for you, and would persist in thinking you innocent.'

'And who ever thought me guilty I wonder?' said Holbey with a sneer.

'I for one,' said his niece, inspired with new courage, 'I thought—still think so.'

'Oh fudge,' exclaimed he, 'those old Jacobins, the E——'s, have turned your head, and persuaded you that all who do not think as they think are enemies to the country—and that infernal persecution at Washington—the which if I live I will repay them for, has strengthened you in the belief—but this is nonsense, entire nonsense to talk to a woman upon subjects she cannot possibly understand—to know how to love a husband is enough for them to know—will you marry me, fair Adelaide?'

‘No—sooner would I lay my head beside her whom you have just laid in the earth than consent to such a detestable, execrable connexion.’

Adelaide in rising had retreated towards the window, which opening upon the ground she thought would at the worst offer her an escape, as one step upon the flowery plat beneath would give her the chance of flight; the window stood open, and Holbey probably divining her intention, immediately placed himself between her and the window with his back towards it, while secure as he thought of his victim, went on :

‘Why Adelaide your violence is unavailing, mine you must be at all hazards, and within a few hours too; I expect a person here who will unite us, and all you have to do is to submit with a good grace; but smooth your brow now, and reflect that though I have always loved you, I have respected you too much to mention it while your aunt lived, now I can make you honorably my wife.’

‘There is no honor—there can be none,’ said Adelaide vehemently, ‘in being your wife—a traitor to your country and your friend—a vile mercenary wretch who has embezzled the property of a poor orphan, and now seeks to force her to a marriage to conceal his villainy. I am not ignorant of your concealment of my uncle’s property, as well as his very existence from me, but vengeance is at hand, behold judgment stands at your gate, and the feet of those who carried out your wife wait to carry you out also.’

Staggered by a discovery so little expected, the color fled from the lips of Holbey, while he inquired in a voice

nearly choaked by contending emotions, 'who had informed her ?

'The letters,' replied Adelaide, 'found in your study are now mine, they speak for themselves.'

'The more need of despatch, then, by heaven !' exclaimed he fiercely, 'you shall marry me this very night, or death shall indeed lay you beside your aunt. I would to God I had the scoundrel who betrayed me to Government as securely as I have you that I could despatch you both at once,' added the almost frenzied Holbey.

'The wish then is granted,' said Adelaide, 'for that person is now before you—I betrayed you to Government, and saved more lives than one I conclude.'

'Impossible ! impossible !' repeated he, 'you could not have discovered——'

'But I did make the discovery,' said Adelaide, 'and found a way to reveal it, by the beacon from the high window of the Capitol.'

'Then by heaven you shall die !' exclaimed the enraged Holbey, about to make a spring, as the report of a pistol in the very next room to that in which they were standing arrested his arm, and in the next moment two men seized him from behind, pinioned him, and covering his face, bore him from the house, and Adelaide felt herself folded to the bosom of her long lost uncle, Edward Mellville.

'My own poor persecuted girl ! my dear niece,' said he, 'your affectionate uncle has at length returned, and in such a moment, another might have been fatal to you, but you have deported yourself with the spirit of a heroine, a courage worthy of the land of heroes that gave you birth—but

I don't know as I ought to praise you, however, for to beard the lion in his den was rather a hazardous exploit and the odds against you.'

'That they were, dear imprudent girl,' said Mr Van Horn, now advancing and heartily shaking her by the hand, 'don't you never venture yourself in another such encounter; had we not diverted his aim by the report of the pistol you would have now been a corpse. Holbey, for some exploit or other, performed in Washington as we suppose, goes armed so it appears, the officers have even now taken a dirk from his bosom and a loaded pistol from each pocket.'

'But where is the brute?' said Adelaide, 'surely uncle you have not despatched him; base as he is, I should not wish you to be his executioner.'

'No, hang him, he is alive, but you will never see him again unless it is suspended in mid air, no, I only fired to divert him from you while we could secure him. The State Prison will most probably take care of him for fourteen years to come unless he prefers a voyage out in a certain vessel now in harbor,' (looking at Mr Van Horn.)

An hour more saw Adelaide on her way to New York, safely stowed in the carriage with her uncle and good old Mr Van Horn, and she learned with pleasure that for the present they were to be the guests of that worthy couple. She had hurried the preparations to get out of the house of her guardian, feeling, as she said, as though there could be no safety in that place of horror, and as she now looked back upon it, while the carriage slowly wound through the serpentine path, she wondered how she could have

thought it pleasant, a proof to her that it was more owing to certain associations that a place looked pleasant or gloomy, than to the disposition of the landscape.

‘You had better have remained at New York with the old woman and me,’ said Mr Van Horn, as soon as they found themselves upon smooth ground. ‘I suspect you have not enjoyed travelling much.’

She could only express the pleasure it would have given her to have remained with that worthy couple.

‘Well,’ said the old gentleman, ‘have you discharged your conscience by speaking your mind? I never knew a woman who could live long without such an opportunity now and then.’

‘I have taken ample revenge in that way,’ replied she, ‘the monstrous threat of making me his wife would of itself have aroused me to almost any thing, but probably I should not have gone so far had I not supposed help was at hand and rescue certain; as I stood facing the open window where Holbey had placed himself, I saw the two carriages come up the avenue, and no longer felt my blood freeze with horror as it did in the commencement of our dialogue.’

‘I wonder your fears had not suggested they were persons employed to aid in forcing you into a marriage,’ said Mr Mellville.

‘Fortunately,’ she replied, ‘no such thought entered my head.’

‘I cannot conceive in what way that was to be accomplished,’ said Mr Van Horn. It is incredible that any clergyman or civil officer in our country would aid in such

a business ; I wish however we had staid longer to see, we might have seized two rogues instead of one.'

'We should have staid in vain I think,' said the other, 'he probably meant to have terrified her into a promise, and then send for one, relying upon her honour to keep it.'

'Such promises,' said the old gentleman, 'ought not to be considered valid ; all oaths to which one is compelled, I should rather think it sinful to keep than to break.'

In a much shorter time than Adelaide could have imagined, the carriage stopped at the door of Mr Van Horn, where a most hearty welcome awaited her from the old lady and her little smiling grand-child, who though much grown, was not yet ashamed to confess her favorite Adelaide, hanging round her neck, and asking a thousand questions of where her dear Miss Mellville had been.

CHAPTER XVII.

'I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than myself is nothing, nor my prayers,
Yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return.'

Henry VIII.

'By what means dear uncle,' said Adelaide after a few day's residence among these hospitable people, 'did you become acquainted with this family? the one of all the world I should have chosen next to yourself to have been obliged to. My intention was to have sought them out immediately on my coming to the city, and be governed by their advice with respect to my destination until you came. My guardian supposed I was going to procure some respectable employment for a support until that last evening.'

'Why by very natural means,' returned her uncle, 'there was not the least romance about it. I mentioned to a Dutch family in New Orleans, that I was coming here in search of a niece I had not seen for many years. That I was advised to come to New York first, as she would probably be in that neighbourhood, and expressed my fears that in so populous a place it might be difficult to find her. The gentleman offered to give me letters to two or three persons who he thought would aid me. I happened to deliver Mr Van Horn's letter first, and learnt from him the place of your residence. He had seen Holbey since his return, and ascertained your retreat. He was

kind enough to accompany me, and I took the precaution of engaging other company too ; two officers of the police, having a long account to settle with the scoundrel. I was warned of your dangerous situation in his family, and desired to come to your immediate relief, by a gentleman, who came immediately from Washington to New Orleans, and arrived there only the day before my departure. He was a stranger to me, and took pains to find me out on purpose. He was not he said particularly acquainted with you, and that made the favor greater ; he however knew several who were, he told me, and heard them express much anxiety on your account, and also that you had just learned by accident where I was. Of course I concluded you had never received the provision designed for you ; and thought no time was to be lost. I had been preparing some time to come on, but should have deferred my departure a few days longer had it not been for the information of this stranger.

The heart of our heroine rose to her lips, but for obvious reasons she was silent, and deeply lost in thought, when aroused by the abrupt question of their host—

‘ Have you kept up a correspondence with the E—— family, since your residence at Washington ?

‘ No sir,’ she answered, with a sigh, ‘ they left off writing soon after my removal to that place, and I have never heard of them since.’

‘ That is strange indeed,’ replied he, ‘ they are not used to forget their friends ; had you not better write and know if their letters have miscarried ? There is young Sidney who returned home a year since, with improved health

vastly improved by the way, would like to hear from you I dare say,' with an arch smile.

Adelaide excused herself, on the score of delicacy saying 'Eliza had once invited her to a residence in her house, as soon as she should be married, and had not written since.'

'Then it would certainly be improper for you to write again,' said Mr Mellville, in a very decided tone.

This was an unusual manner of dispatch with that gentleman, who on most occasions was mildness itself, and it struck his niece, as a last and fatal barrier, which had closed forever between her and the E—— family. It was singular that he should not give himself time to reflect upon the possibility of letters miscarrying, it was the only instance she thought of harshness she had seen in him, and in fact Mr Mellville was in reality very charitable in his opinions; early disappointments both in the object of his love and his ambition, had not soured his temper in the least; except in the case of Holbey he was never known to express himself with any thing like resentment. He was a man about fifty years of age, and had lived to this age a bachelor, yet were no disagreeable peculiarities about him either in his manners or mode of thinking. He was a fine portly figure, with something of a florid countenance, and looked certainly ten years younger than he really was; a perfect gentleman in his manners to all—there was a suavity, a softness of voice and smile of benignity towards those whom he honored with his friendship truly enchanting. Of course he knew much of the world, was very communicative and com-

panionable every way ; and as he doated upon his newly found favorite, he did not fail to exert himself to render her as happy as her presence made him. His fortune was ample ; every thing he had engaged in in the mercantile way had proved fortunate ; among all the losses sustained by others at that time, he had escaped ; his cargoes had always gone and returned in safety, and now that he had found his lovely niece, and had closed all concerns of business, he felicitated himself with the prospect of spending many happy years in his native country.

Adelaide who returned the affection of her uncle with interest, felt it her duty to strive to promote his happiness above all other considerations, and so happy herself, felt it would be ungrateful in her to repine at any thing in her present situation ; yet a shade of melancholy would some times cross her fine face, while reflecting upon the unaccountable conduct of Sidney and his sister, who she found now resided in Philadelphia ; her heart often yearned to embrace her beloved Eliza, and deeply did she regret the delicacy of feeling which she judged must have prevented her being candid with her ; then their intimacy might have been renewed, but now it was impossible ; ‘but could Sidney have forgotten her ? if not why did he not find her out ? why had he been in the country a whole year with improved health, and omitted even to acknowledge her as an acquaintance ?

Mr Mellville had decided upon settling at New York, as he found his niece had contracted a taste for the society there ; the society in fact at their present residence was different from what she had been accustomed to at Hol-

bey's. He had been looking for some weeks for a suitable situation, wishing to purchase one, and having an extreme aversion to living in a hired house.

Mr Van Horn came in the morning, rubbing his hands, and exhibiting an appearance of unusual satisfaction. He informed them that the fine old fashioned mansion belonging to the E—— family was advertised for sale, and as Adelaide used to admire it so much, they had now a chance to purchase it. He informed her the E—— family were comparatively poor to what they had been, having lost the greater part of their property to pay the debts of a person for whom old Mr E—— in his life time had been surety; that the house in question had been sold soon after her leaving the city, and that the purchaser about to remove, had advertised it. That Sidney had retired somewhere to a small village where he was Pastor of a Church, but where he could not tell. Eliza, he observed, was very happily settled, but Sidney must be poor wherever he was, as he had given up to Eliza the portion willed her by her deceased father, and paid the debt out of his own. She had but to mention her preference to her indulgent relative, who went the same day to look at the premises; the person who had advertised it was then out of the city, and she thought the few days that intervened before his return an age; he came, however, and in a few days the bargain was struck. Her kind uncle would not permit her to visit the house until he had completed a few necessary repairs and furnished it, but she entreated nothing might be altered in the old mansion, and was of course gratified.

And what were Adelaide's sensations may we suppose, when again permitted to enter those doors? It was impossible to refrain from tears when she came to the room where she had for the first time conversed with the venerable Mr E——, and for the last with Sidney. Oh, how many different scenes had she passed through since that period; what an age of trial had intervened—how many different faces had she seen—how many different persons become acquainted with, but none like them. In dignity of manner, greatness of spirit, strength of intellect and commanding appearance, who could rival Mr E——? She had never seen any, even the grave and dignified Chief Magistrate, the calm and philosophic Mr Jefferson, did not in her opinion rival him in appearance. His venerable figure was still before her imagination, as when in this very room he bade her farewell upon their retiring into the country—his look when he stooped to kiss her cheek, and bade her 'not forget the father of Sidney and Eliza.'

In the afternoon of the same day that they entered their new habitation, their late kind host and wife called in just, as they said, to take a cup of tea, and see how Adelaide looked 'in her new house at the head of her own table.'

'Rather,' said she, you wish to see how I appear as my uncle's house-keeper, at the head of his table.'

The two gentlemen looked at each other and smiled. After tea her uncle taking a seat by her with a very grave look, proceeded to recapitulate the conversation.

'And now dear Adelaide,' said he, 'I have a proposition to make to you which you must not object to, which

is, to make you in reality the mistress of this mansion—he stopped a moment in visible embarrassment, while an arch smile played about the lips of Mr Van Horn.

The blood forsook the face of Adelaide, a death-like paleness overspread her countenance, while gathering all the strength she could collect to raise her trembling limbs from the sofa, she threw herself at her uncle's feet, exclaiming, 'don't kill me, don't kill me, dearest uncle! rather leave me poor as the most destitute in the humblest cottage—poor as you found me than—' she stopped overcome with emotion, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

'What does this mean?' said Mr Mellville, raising her forcibly in his arms, and reseating her by his side, 'Adelaide my dear daughter, my sweet child, are your senses wandering? What can afflict you so much in receiving such a proof of affection?'

'Stop, stop,' exclaimed Mr Van Horn, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'I'll lay my life she thinks another uncle wants to marry her, ha, ha, ha!'

But the laugh was not joined in by Mr Mellville, the blood rushed to his temples, he dropped the hand of Adelaide, and rising, walked the room in much agitation. It was evident his feelings had received a dreadful shock; at length he said—

'Why Adelaide could you think me guilty of such monstrous absurdity, besides being your father's brother, to wish to impose such an old disagreeable fellow upon you for a husband?'

'Oh, there uncle,' said she, 'you wrong yourself, you are neither old nor disagreeable, and any young lady might love you I should suppose whose heart was not preoccupied, and who was not as nearly related to you as I am, but I love you like a daughter.'

'That is the way in which I wish you to love me,' he replied, 'and now to proceed to business. Man is a changeable being, and I am *so young* and *so agreeable* you know I might take a whim to marry some time or other, and I have been thinking my dear niece to make you independent even of my whims. To secure you beyond the power of any accident of that kind, I have taken the deed of this estate in your name and now present you with it and the bill of sale of the furniture which it contains. I wish to see you in the enjoyment of property while I am living. I am not sure even if I willed all I have to you but the villainy of man might find a way to defraud you, but what I give now I am sure you will receive, and I make this provision, that you shall not turn me out doors during good behavior ; you shall not turn me out unless I should find another help-mate, or you should select one, than which nothing could give me more pleasure, I assure you.'

We may imagine the expressions of gratitude from his affectionate niece on this occasion, the tears she shed, and which it was impossible for her to restrain, were of mingled feeling, gratitude for his kindness, and for shame and regret at having pained that good uncle by mistaking his meaning.

But there is nothing of trial in this world, however painful in its operation, without a salutary tendency. The

extreme distress of Adelaide, and the horror betrayed by her at the thought that her uncle loved her too well, had a constant effect in regulating the feelings and conduct of that gentleman towards her in future life. There was not a day in which she did not entwine herself more closely about his heart. As he became more and more acquainted with the graces of her mind, and the perfections of her character unfolded themselves more and more to his observation, he became almost idolatrously attached to her. Yet there was ever in his attentions to her a delicacy and respect mingled with affection truly parental. The knowledge of his fortune exaggerated as it was, though ample, by public report, soon drew around him a set of acquaintance of the most fashionable class, and his niece anxious to please him, consented to mingle again with a world from whose friendship she now shrunk with double disgust.— Many of the former acquaintance of the Holbey's who had casually seen her there, but never included her in their invitations, now pressed forward and were clamorous in their friendship. From such she could not but revolt at association, but as it was one of her uncle's gratifications to display his lovely niece, she consented to be exhibited, (perhaps we may term it,) for his pleasure, yet though he insisted upon her presence in all his amusements, he could not but observe with admiration how little the glare of life pleased her, and how infinitely above the contaminating power of prosperity she proved herself. The splendors of high life had little allurements for her, and at times his conscience almost reproached him for subjecting her to a course of dissipation which at the end of six months he

imagined had seriously affected both her health and spirits. She always spoke to her uncle with frankness and candor of whatever she thought would give him pleasure, of the scenes she frequented, and the subjects of reflection that interested her feelings; save one, one only, and over the disingenuousness of this she blushed in secret.

‘One only passion—but one flame,
That tinged her virgin cheek with shame,
Oh need I tell that passion’s name?’

More than six years had elapsed since Adelaide had seen this first and only object of her affection, yet the impression he had made was vivid as ever. She could have no hope of ever seeing him again, not at least as a lover, in fact he had never been confessedly such. Of what could she accuse him then? Certainly not of professing to love her in any other way than as a friend and brother; was it not then ridiculous to give way to such feelings?—To dwell thus upon his image? To let this operate as a barrier between her and every respectable connection?—Her kind uncle averred it to be the first wish of his heart to see her happily married; he had an idea, (and not a very erroneous one,) that an old maid was the most forlorn of the human species. ‘With or without property,’ he would say, ‘she is the subject of continual imposition, of insolent pity and indecent raillery. There is but one human creature more desolate, and that I am not afraid of seeing my Adelaide, a *deserted wife*.’

But how could she forget the amiable and heavenly minded Sidney on the very spot where she had been accustomed to contemplate his perfections. Now indeed she felt the imprudence of wishing to reside where every thing

would remind her of what it would be better to forget.— There was not a walk in the garden, a single corner in the house where she did not daily see him in imagination. In those moments the world and its new found pleasures lost their power to charm ; her elegant mansion, her comfortable and even splendid establishment, her kind uncle, and wide circle of admiring friends, all, all vanished ; a deadly sickness of the heart came over her, the canker of regret, of vain regret blighted every joy.

While exercised with other and great trials her natural strength of mind had been called into action, all her powers had been taxed to meet the exigencies of her situation ; in fact the perplexities in which she had been involved while they lasted, had been salutary ; they had prevented the indulgence of a morbid sensibility which was consuming her. While she was necessarily exercised with other, though not keener feelings, than those which she now indulged, she had easily refrained from these, but now they would hourly intrude ; she would return from amusements where she had been the delight of every eye, and the joy of every breast, and throwing herself on the sofa, give way to feelings of the most perfect wretchedness.

There were two reasons, probably, of Adelaide's unhappiness, and one doubtless was, that she was living a life of pleasure, of constant amusement, and reason and conscience must have continually reminded her that it ill assorted with her high professions. Not that religion requires of us to be hermits, to bury ourselves alive, secluded from all society, but there is an inconsistency real and apparent in a Christian devoting himself to the amusements of

high life, and constantly enduring and sharing in all the idle frivolities of fashionable dissipation. Besides that, there is no surer way to bring our religion into contempt, since our gay and worldly friends will be the first to condemn us, and ridicule our pretensions to piety. The Gospel itself tells us that 'the friendship of the world is enmity to God.' Either this has a *great deal of meaning*, or it has none, and who will dare to say the latter? But let any one try the friendship of the world for a sufficient season, and the result of that experiment will be a better commentary on the text than any that can be written. Adelaide found it so; her perceptions of pleasures more spiritual and refined gradually lost their force, while the enjoyment of things present did not compensate her loss; and beside that, a life of indolent pleasure and inactivity was entirely unsuited to her genius as well as to her professions, it had another unhappy tendency.

Of all the misfortunes that can befall a person who has placed their affections unfortunately, a life of ease and leisure is the greatest. Employment is as necessary it is agreed by all, for the health of mind as of body. The disappointment of Adelaide was one that almost all are doomed to suffer; among the vast number of persons connected by the marriage tie, there is probably not one to fifty that marries the object of their first choice, (to say nothing of those who never marry.) What would be the wretchedness of such a large proportion of the human family if they had nothing to do but sit down and reflect upon their disappointments? Providence has wisely ordered it that but little time is given to do so, and in addi-

tion to this, that one trial shall succeed another in such rapid succession through our mortal existence, as that our sorrows as well as our joys shall have constant variety.— Adelaide had now no engrossing employment, and this cause of sorrow continually dwelt upon, began to undermine her health.

Too delicate to pry into what she chose not to reveal, her indulgent uncle had foreborne to question her, though he had for some time discovered she had some secret cause of uneasiness ; he at length ventured to mention his suspicions to Mr Van Horn, and received from that gentleman so much light on the subject, as caused him to regret ever having purchased the house, and determined him upon a plan he had been for some time meditating, of journeying most of the ensuing summer, and he anxiously awaited for the return of spring to put his design in execution.

We must now look back to Holbey for a few moments. He had preferred going in a vessel bound to New Orleans to being made a public example of, to avoid which he not only consented to seclude himself forever from the world on a small plantation of Mr Mellville's in that neighborhood, but also to sign a paper acknowledging his baseness and dishonesty towards that gentleman, and making over all the property he possessed of every name and nature ; after possessing himself of this, Mr Mellville caused him to make out a list of his just debts, which when ascertained amounted to more than the property ; it was a circumstance of amazement to that gentleman, knowing the funds he had received from him for so many years, but

the fact was now accounted for by discovering he had lately acquired a taste for gambling. Upon mentioning this circumstance to Adelaide, she rather hastily exclaimed—

‘Then bankruptcy has made more traitors than Benedict Arnold.’

‘Oh no,’ said her uncle, ‘his treason to me, which I suppose you must allude to, commenced before this unlucky propensity.’

The winter of 1808 passed with little variation in the life of our heroine. Of all the guests that frequented their hospitable mansion, there was few whose society afforded any real pleasure except the Van Horn’s, and the old gentleman, though usually good-natured, and occasionally jocose, had of late become somewhat gloomy, the cause he protested was his fears of Holbey; that it was impressed upon his mind he would sometime return to take revenge upon the cause of his banishment. Mr Mellville ridiculed these fears, saying ‘he would be perfectly safe at New Orleans, that the overseer on his plantation was a trust-worthy man, and would look to him, and that the captain who carried him out had been apprised of his real character, and engaged to watch his movements on the voyage.’

Adelaide was silent—she knew she had more cause to fear him than any one, but she forebore to speak on that subject.

‘The only reason,’ said Mr Van Horn, ‘that I did not plead with you to let him pass the next fourteen years in the State Prison, was the service he once rendered me in

rescuing my dear little grand-child ; that action, the only good one I ever knew him perform, has sealed my lips often. I have always considered him a dangerous fellow, and I pray heaven he may never get back to convince you that he is such, if he should, you would see it.'

Spring at length returned, but not with it the bloom of Adelaide ; she had faded perceptibly during the past winter, and her affectionate relative resolved to take her up to the Lakes as soon as the weather was sufficiently settled ; it was not deemed advisable until the month of May, and a day or two previous to their setting out, Mr Mellville received letters from a family belonging to New Orleans, returning from the eastern States where they had passed the winter. They were now on a journey to the Lakes, and entreated Mr Mellville to meet them at Albany on such a day, as they should only stop there two days, and it would probably be their only chance of seeing him.— Preparations were accordingly made to hasten the day of their departure in order not only to give them the meeting but have their company on the journey ; but when the day arrived, it was drizzly and unpleasant, so much so that Mr Mellville thought it not prudent to take his niece on the water, and proposed to go on to Albany and prevail upon his friends to await her arrival, and she, attended by a faithful domestic, should follow the first fair day. She smiled at his fears of her taking cold, but readily consented to the arrangement, and he departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

‘Mysterious are His ways, whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour.’

The day succeeding the storm was a delightful one, and Adelaide as she stepped on board felt her spirits revive. The animation of the scene, and the life and activity around her had a most exhilarating effect. The stagnation in commerce was scarcely noticed here where the constant employment of inland navigation afforded business to so many. Again she was enchanted by the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, and the lofty highlands with their rugged and precipitous sides attracted her delighted eyes; hour after hour she continued to gaze with delight on the landscape; her thoughts reverted back to other times, to the season when she had first taken this delightful sail, to the party who accompanied her, and she shuddered when she reflected on the probable fate of some of them. Of Mr Bancroft she had often thought, and wondering, thought what could be the reason he had not sought her out? He certainly could not accuse her, his blighted happiness was not owing to her; no, it might have hastened the discovery of his dishonor, but the development at Washington was not the cause of it, why then should he shun her? From him her thoughts naturally reverted to the miserable though guilty Augusta, and she

fervently wished she might sometime come across her and rescue her from a life of infamy. Her aunt, her poor lost aunt, too, was present to her thoughts, and Emeline, the unfortunate Mrs R——, whose attempts at intimacy since her good fortune, she had felt herself obliged to discourage, on account of her character and conduct which had become notoriously bad, that lady having now given herself up to a course of intemperance, and formally separated herself from her husband, mournful were her reflections upon the state of this ruined family, and when she reflected upon the involuntary part she had herself in their final ruin, though no self-reproach was mingled with the reflection, it certainly gave her pain; the landscape had ceased to charm, and fatigued and dispirited, she retired to the little pavillion, which happening to be unoccupied, she entered.

The sun was now setting, and his last beams rested upon the lofty summits of the neighboring hills. 'How beautiful the scene,' she exclaimed, and again her spirits sank, without any visible cause; a deep melancholy stole over her senses, and leaning on the window she exclaimed, 'beautiful, but what is the world to me!' The exclamation was followed by a sigh so deep, so profound, that it must have convinced every one who heard it that some deep mental malady afflicted the person from whom it escaped. Overpowered by a sensation, she could not resist, she dropped her face on her arm and shut her eyes on the scene. Suddenly she felt her hand pressed in that of another, and looking up with astonishment, recognized Sidney E—— standing by her side.

The color fled from her cheek and it was with the utmost difficulty she could keep from fainting. Sidney was collected ; he had been watching her for some time.

‘If the world is nothing to you, dear Miss Mellville—is that your name?’ Adelaide bowed ; ‘If the world has lost its power to charm,’ continued he, ‘can the minister of Christ say any thing to console you ? Is there nothing held out to the afflicted that is more than a compensation for earthly privation ?’

Again she was silent, and it seemed to her as though the world could not have compelled her to speak, so deep, so overwhelming were her emotions, that speech was denied her. Perceiving her agitation, he added—

‘Though not permitted to address you as a friend or acquaintance, you must be altered indeed if as a minister of the gospel I may not.’ It was then that collecting all her strength, she succeeded in answering him—

‘Not permitted to address me as a friend ! what does that mean ?’

‘Merely that you gave up our acquaintance—voluntarily renounced our friendship. I mean not, however, to reproach you ; you doubtless knew the propriety of your motives.’

‘What can it mean ?’ again repeated Adelaide, ‘have I not always been grateful for your friendship and that of your dear sister ?’

‘I will not say,’ he returned, folding his arms on his breast and looking stedfastly at her, ‘I will not say that you have been ungrateful, because the obligation of the acquaintance was all on our side ; you had nothing to be

grateful for ; but you certainly disclaimed our acquaintance in your last letter from Washington.'

'Amazing !' exclaimed Adelaide, 'I never wrote your sister from Washington but twice, and then in the most affectionate manner. It was she who gave me up, as I supposed at the wish of her husband.'

'How could that be,' said he, 'when he too wrote in the most friendly terms, requesting you to come to them, and even offering to come to Washington after you.'

'I never received any such letter,' said Adelaide.

'Never—why you answered it, and such an answer—' a sigh that seemed almost to rend his bosom, prevented the finishing of the sentence.

'I never received any such letter and therefore never could have answered it. Oh, what tortures have I not endured at the thought that I was forgotten by—by Eliza,' she added, deeply blushing.

'And who,' said Sidney, with new animation, 'who could have contrived such a fraud ?'

'Some being past feeling,' she replied, 'must have imposed upon us all; Holbey, I fear; he often boasted that he could write my hand.'

'I was told,' said he, 'he was a very great villain, and always feared as much; but Adelaide, you have relieved me of most painful feelings; and will you tell me, too, that you love us as well as ever?' and he took her trembling hand in his.

'Certainly, I have never ceased to love you all,' said she, unconscious of the extent of the confession she was making, though she was soon made sensible of it.

‘But where are you going now dear Adelaide?’ he asked, seating himself beside her and forcibly detaining the fair hand, which she was making a faint effort to withdraw. ‘The Holbey’s are all broken up I hear; the daughters too, I rejoice you are not with any of that family. He himself I understand has gone to the south, after making over his property to some person he had defrauded; I did not learn who.’

‘It is true, it is all true,’ said she, ‘and I am going to another relative now, a relation of my father’s.’

‘But why dearest Adelaide, do not I entreat, put yourself under the care of any more relatives I——’

‘This,’ said she with quickness, ‘is my father’s brother, and a most excellent man; I have been in his family almost a year, and I am now going to meet him in Albany.’

‘Still let me entreat you,’ said Sidney, ‘to trust no more relations. O Adelaide! there was a time when I hoped in case my life was spared, to be able to offer a different home from what I now can, even in that dear house you admired so much. But now I can only ask you to share an humble parsonage, in a retired country village. Yet if Adelaide is what she once was, I think she might be happy even there. I have saved but little from the wreck of our property, but have sufficient for the comforts of life; should a follower of Him who had not even this, desire more?’

‘No surely not,’ said she with quickness ‘but——’

‘But what, dear Adelaide say.’

‘Why, I was only going to say, that I—I should think a companion would be a great incumbrance.’

‘By no means, my health will never be robust, and on every account I need a companion; I am told my father regreted extremely he had not prevailed on you to unite your fate with mine previous to my going abroad; good old man he thought of it too late, and I have lost seven years of happiness.’

‘Why you forget,’ said Adelaide deeply blushing, ‘that perhaps I should not have consented.’

‘You appeared so compassionate,’ said Sidney, archly, ‘that I think you would from pity.’

‘No not from pity,’ she replied.

‘Not, what then? say love, only say you loved me then well enough to have travelled the world with me. O Adelaide, you cannot imagine the self denial I was obliged to practice on that occasion. I never expected to see you again alive, and it would have been unpardonable selfishness to have bespoke your affections for a dying man. Yet since, when I perused that letter, where you were made to say, ‘you had formed new connexions and thought it proper to dissolve old ones,’ how did I regret I had not even then secured you.’

‘That vile forgery has made us both sufferers,’ said the softened Adelaide, ‘I will not dissemble with you dear Sidney, I believe I have suffered as much as you from the deception; yet I can see it has been so ordered by Providence. My God has required other and more important services from me, and more painful ones too,’ she added, smiling through her tears, ‘than to have been in atten-

dance on a beloved object. I have a tale to tell you which almost exceeds belief, but which must be told, and perhaps you may not exactly approve of my conduct through the whole course of a scene of trial to which woman I believe has seldom been called. Yet I can truly bless Him who, notwithstanding my own sufferings, has made me the instrument of good to others, and more deserving.'

'Any thing you can bless God for, I shall not disapprove—who did you stay with in New York?'

'Part of the time with the relation I have mentioned, and part of the time at Mr Van Horn's. Sidney you remember that good couple.'

'Yes certainly, most excellent persons they are.'

'Sidney do you know who lives at your old place?'

'No I do not, except that I heard it casually mentioned that a rich nabob had lately purchased it and given it to his niece, a very fashionable lady.'

'Fashionable indeed!' repeated Adelaide.

'Have you ever been there?' he asked.

'Yes, I know the people who live there, and I have wept in every room in the house for fear I should never see any of its former beloved inmates again.'

'My own dear Adelaide!' he exclaimed, 'let us never part again. Oh how delighted Eliza would be to see us together; do you know that notwithstanding your supposed renunciation of her friendship, she has named her little girl after you? Adelaide Mellville.'

'Indeed, then she still loves me, loved me even when she thought me ungrateful.'

‘She never thought so, she always feared you had been betrayed into some connection in which your heart had no share, and that prudence influenced you in renouncing us. What a villain that man must have been—the letters of Eliza were directed to his care. My heart bleeds for what you must have suffered in his family.’

‘I believe after all I was not the greatest sufferer by them. Sidney did you know Mr Bancroft?’

‘Yes, a most excellent man, but he is actually fortunate, he has got rid of a wife he despised, and is likely soon to marry a most amiable woman who was the object of his youthful affection, his first choice; the adventures of those two lovers would make a figure in romance, but they are likely soon to terminate in matrimony.’

‘Well, I most sincerely rejoice; I have understood he had procured a legal separation from Augusta—and poor Mrs R——,’

‘No better than her sister—but Adelaide you must see Mr Bancroft, he lives at no great distance, and is frequently one of my hearers; the farther mountain visible from his house hides my little secluded Parish. Oh, Adelaide what schemes of felicity my imagination is busy in planning. If you are only humble minded we can realize them all; once more let me entreat you not to put yourself under the care of any more relations, but give me a legal right to protect you upon your arrival at Albany.’

‘That I cannot do without the consent of my uncle. I must refer you to him, with the full assurance he will not withhold any thing necessary to my happiness.’

The idea of another uncle was infinitely disagreeable to Sidney, whose mind constantly reverted to Mr Holbey, though politeness obliged him to acquiesce without remark; and when on the succeeding day the passage-boat neared the city of Albany, his feelings of disgust towards that unknown relative continued to strengthen, notwithstanding all his efforts to suppress them. As the boat drew up to the wharf, and people in search of friends or freight began to pour in, Sidney was accosted by an old and venerable friend of his father's, who was leaning on the arm of a stranger of most prepossessing appearance. As his eye glanced upon the handsome person of the stranger, it struck him that his face resembled some one whom he had seen, but he could not distinctly recollect at the time; the association was an agreeable one, and immediately secured his esteem for the unknown. His friend introduced him in the crowd, but he did not distinguish the name, and had no time to inquire, as the old gentleman seizing his arm, dragged him forward to the ladies' cabin.

The exclamation of joy from Adelaide, as she sprung forward to receive the paternal kiss of her uncle, at once convinced him, and his satisfaction at finding himself so agreeably mistaken, may be imagined. She now turned round to introduce Sidney in form, while the deep blushes that chased each other over her face, too plainly told the interest she felt in the person she was presenting. Mr Melville saluted Sidney very cordially, but what was very uncommon with him, and certainly not consistent with his habitual politeness, he was silent a full minute after, during which he surveyed the graceful young Clergyman

with a most scrutinizing glance ; appearing satisfied with his examination, his usual smile quickly returned, and he addressed him with much politeness as they walked out to the wharf, where he handed his niece to his friend's carriage ; here Sidney bade them 'good morning,' but the old gentleman seizing his arm, exclaimed, 'you don't get rid of us so easy, come, you have waited upon Miss Mellville up the River, and I shall not separate you now.'

'I was so happy as to meet Miss Mellville accidentally in the boat,' said Sidney coloring.

'Well, well, you shall not be so happy in parting, for I will not permit the son of my old friend to stay in town at lodgings if I know it. I have just sent your baggage along with the others to my house, so in, in.' Thus pressed, Sidney was obliged to ascend the carriage, not much to his regret as we may believe, or to Adelaide's either, who, however, felt herself in rather an awkward situation.

The family from New Orleans, consisting of a gentleman, wife and two sisters, were going with Mr Mellville the next day to see the Catskill mountains, whither Sidney accompanied them, and it was while rambling in that delightful scenery, that Adelaide recounted to him her singular adventures since their last meeting in New York, and her uncle's story, except the circumstance of purchasing his father's house, this she purposely suppressed.— There was but one thing he blamed her for, and that was her temerity in talking to Holbey in the manner she did at their last interview. He called it 'madness, imprudence and unnecessary exposure,' and expressed his fears that some name upon that List might hereafter seek revenge,

even if Holbey were fairly out of the way, 'which I am,' said he, 'by no means satisfied of.'

'Oh, as to that, we may be assured of his safety I think, my uncle, who has disposed of him, is certain he will never attempt to come here again, and would not succeed if he should.'

Sidney looked incredulous, but unwilling to damp the pleasure of his sweet companion, dropped the subject.

One difficult task was yet to be undertaken, and that was to obtain the consent of the wealthy Mr Mellville to address the reputed heiress of his fortune. Sidney had now many fears that he would be unwilling to bestow her upon an indigent clergyman, with little prospect, and poor health. The case was not however as difficult as he supposed. Mr Mellville was a singularly disinterested person and sincerely desirous of the happiness of his niece. He wished to see her married, and preferred seeing her happily married rather than splendidly; besides, he fully appreciated the talents, the elegant manners and refined mind of Sidney, as well as the purity and steadfastness of his principles, and rightly judged that she would be far happier with him than with an *ordinary man* of splendid fortune. He therefore unhesitatingly gave his consent, saying at the same time, 'but I do not know how to part with her my young friend; I cannot refuse my consent to her happiness, which I have no doubt would be promoted by such a union, I have no right to withhold it, but how can I part with her who has become almost a part of my existence? I am growing old and need a daughter—who can supply to me the place of Adelaide?'

‘Why not take up your abode with us then?’ said Sidney, ‘she can be a daughter and wife at the same time, besides, in me you could find a son too; I hope we might both be able to contribute something to your happiness.’

‘Well upon those conditions I think I will let you have her,’ returned the uncle smiling; ‘you shall pass part of the year with me in town, and I will pass the other part with you in the country; at all events we will be together.’

Sidney expressed the pleasure it would give him to have the addition of Mr Mellville’s company, and it was settled they should all go together to the Lakes, and then return to New York, where Sidney was to receive the hand of Adelaide, when they proposed to visit Eliza at Philadelphia, and be the first to apprise her of their marriage. All this time Sidney was unacquainted with their place of abode in the city, Mr Mellville having kept it concealed at his niece’s request, though he came very near revealing it several times in the exuberance of his joy. Sidney had to detain them a day or two later at Albany while he provided for his pulpit in his absence. In the mean time Adelaide was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr Bancroft. His delight at meeting Adelaide was such as might have been attributed to a warmer sentiment than friendship, had not the situation of the parties precluded such a supposition. Sidney who had rode down to his parish, had stopped to inform him of her vicinity. She was delighted to see him, and especially as he was able to account for his seeming neglect to her entire satisfaction.— In a conversation apart he reverted to the trial he had been

subjected to in the treachery of Augusta, with more composure than Adelaide could have believed possible in one of his fine feelings.

‘And you, Adelaide,’ said he, ‘was the person appointed for my deliverance. I have heard how eloquently you plead my cause at a certain place, and how successfully too. Had it not been for that I must have been ruined in the estimation of one whose esteem I should more regret to lose than his favor.’

‘I could do no less,’ she replied, ‘after having ignorantly betrayed you into the difficulty to help you out of it, but had I not been fully satisfied of your integrity, you might have stood your chance with the rest of them.’

‘And who were the others implicated, whose names were on that List, can you recollect?’

‘I never saw them,’ said Adelaide, ‘and I imagine the secret remains in the breast of the President.’

‘Why Adelaide!’ he exclaimed, ‘any other woman would have stopped to read it, if ten thousand lives had been at stake.’

‘Thank you for the compliment paid to our sex; I differ much in opinion with you there; I believe there are many who would have acted as I did in that respect, and who are capable much more than the generality of men of keeping a secret. I believe there is little they conceal except their own individual sins.’

‘Oh, your memory fails my fair friend. Think of the Masonic Institutions—think what immense numbers are admitted, and how many ages has passed over, and all except the *‘sons of light’* are as much in the dark as ever.’

‘As to the length of time since its establishment, I know nothing, but I don’t believe they can hold out forever; if there is any thing to develope it will come out some time,’ said Adelaide, laughing.

‘Never, never,’ he exclaimed, ‘unless some woman should get into the Lodge—but we are wandering from the subject—that List, of which I barely know there was such a one, was never, I presume, revealed, certainly not to the public. Most nobly has he acted whose life it may well be supposed was the object of the plot. There is a mystery about it all which will never be fathomed in this world, never until——’

‘Until,’ said Sidney, who had returned and just entered the room, ‘until we meet in that world where the *merciful shall find mercy*.’

‘I regret,’ said Mr Bancroft rising, ‘I must now leave you, but Adelaide we must not part thus, I must have the pleasure of introducing you to a woman whom you cannot help loving; it is that one whom I once told you you so much resembled. My house is now no place to invite a lady to, but if you will stop on your return, we shall have a hostess to entertain you.’

‘That is not convenient at present,’ said her uncle, answering for her, ‘but we think of residing in your neighborhood before long, and will then visit you with pleasure.’

‘Ah, you are going to purchase an estate near us then?’ asked Mr Bancroft.

‘Not I, but my niece here is, it happens to be personal property though,’ looking significantly from his niece to

Sidney, whose cheek positively reflected the glow from hers.

'Ah!' exclaimed Bancroft, 'how could I be stupid, my friend I give you joy of your good fortune, (shaking Sidney warmly by the hand,) I shall certainly belong to your Parish now.'

'He really seems in better spirits now,' said Adelaide, after his departure, 'than when I last saw him, better than on the day he was married.'

'I have no doubt of that,' said Mr Mellville, 'there is a something within us that gives warning when we are treading dangerous ground, resist it who may.'

The ride westward was delightful, and Adelaide as well as the party generally seemed to enjoy it much, but Sidney from some cause or other, probably because he had seen the Lakes before, betrayed considerable impatience to return; this, together with the desire Mr Mellville had to see the wedding, never, as he said, having seen a relation married, contributed to hasten their return. They parted with their company on their return, who pursued their way back to Boston, from whence they were to embark for New Orleans; though a very pleasant set of travelling companions, Sidney was far from regretting their departure, as the ladies', incessant talkers, took up so much of Adelaide's attention, that he had but little chance of engrossing it himself. On the morning of the fourth day after parting with them they arrived at New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

' Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory;
But in the midst of this bright shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud.'
Shakspeare.

Many significant glances passed between the uncle and niece, as they approached the city, not observed by Sidney, whose mind was intent upon other things. He could not avoid the melancholy reflection, that once he had a home there worthy of the lovely mistress who could now have presided at it, and that it was no longer his; that hallowed home was now the property of strangers—but what would he not give even for a view of its interior?

Adelaide had contrived to place the furniture in the same manner it used to stand in, and studied to make it look as much like what it formerly was as possible; and except that it was more modern, she knew it must look perfectly natural to Sidney, who all at once aroused from reverie, looked up in amazement at the number of streets they had passed through, (for they had contrived it on purpose to reach their dwelling by a circuitous route.)

'Why what part of the city do you reside in? we certainly have come a great way since we entered it.'

'Not far from where you used to live,' returned Adelaide. Sidney sighed deeply.

'Local attachments are very hard to overcome,' observed Mr Mellville, 'but I have to stop at your old place of abode, as my niece tells me it is, and if it will be any pleasure to you to see it once more, you can alight with me.'

Sidney thanked him, but declined entering, as the present owners were strangers to him. The carriage now drew up, and Mr Mellville hurried in to prevent the servants coming out, and giving them some instructions, returned to the carriage door, saying—

'The people here are so anxious to see you, niece, that you must alight a few moments; Mr E—— you will assist her,' and he hurried back again.

'Come,' said Adelaide, giving her hand to Sidney as he helped her to alight, 'never mind, you will have a chance to see the old place;' and Sidney, drawing her arm through his, proceeded through the great entrance towards the sitting room, where they had formerly spent so many happy hours. The thought that this house belonged to Adelaide had never once entered his mind; he had always avoided saying any thing respecting it, when any of his friends from the city were present, merely because it gave him pain to think of it; and to that circumstance it was owing that he was ignorant who the present owner was. His mind was so entirely engrossed by painful reflection, that he did not notice, upon leading her to the sitting room, that no single human being appeared to welcome them, while he made the remark—

'These people must have a singular taste for antiquity; I am not displeased that it has fallen into hands who keep it in such a state of preservation. The old armorial

bearings of our house, over the gate, so entirely out of fashion, and indeed out of place now, have been suffered to remain, and even retouched; and see,' said he to Adelaide, as he led her to a chair, 'the landscape over the mantel-piece is still here.'

'And now,' said Adelaide, 'if you have looked enough, permit me, Sidney, (extending her hand,) to welcome you to my house, who have so often welcomed me to yours.'

Mr Mellville, the relator of this scene, had the politeness to take himself out of hearing just at this time, so that we cannot tell what was said in reply, nor what turn the conversation took just then, but he gave it as his opinion to Mr Van Horn, that there must have been some very foolish talk, as he did not return until nearly half an hour had elapsed, and the traces of tears were still visible on the cheeks of both the parties; but as he begged them 'not to be childish, they behaved with tolerable decency after he came into the room.'

With what delight Adelaide displayed each well known apartment of the house to Sidney may well be conceived. The garden too, where they had formerly enjoyed so much of each others society, was still an object of interest; each plant had been restored to its former situation, and every vine taught to clasp its old companion. The little arbor so neat and trim, though like the house it had received many improvements, still retained sufficient traces of its former looks.

Surely, dear Adelaide,' said Sidney, 'if I were in the least doubtful of your affection for me, here would be evidence I could not dispute.'

While seated at their evening repast, Sidney expressed a wish to have Eliza the partaker of his happiness. 'I cannot approve our former plan, he said, with respect to my sister, or think we ought to put it into execution; it would give her so much pleasure to be of our party, and see us together in this dear old mansion. If Mr and Miss Mellville will extend their hospitality to her and her husband, I should delight to see them here, and have their presence on a certain occasion to which I am looking forward with such delightful anticipation.'

'I approve the plan very much,' said Mr Mellville; 'I have but one objection to becoming acquainted with your sister, and that is because she is married; but I am not the master here, here is the mistress of the house.'

Adelaide expressed her approbation in full of the plan, and on the following day a letter was despatched by post, bidding them to the wedding, and telling them that the stranger from abroad who had purchased the house, had a very amiable niece to whom he was about to be united, and who joined with him in the invitation, and that he would not undertake any description of the lady as he wished her to form her own opinion when she came to see her. He entreated them to make no delay, and to come immediately to the old mansion, without stopping in the city, and bring their little one if possible.

Most sincerely did Eliza rejoice, that her brother had found some one to supply the place of their lost Adelaide! for whose uncertain fate she had had many bitter moments. She knew the delicate health of Sidney made it peculiarly necessary he should have a kind and tender

companion, and though he had chosen a wife from the ranks of fashion as appeared, yet she might be such. She had merely heard in relation to the present possessors of the old house, that they were very fashionable people, kept a world of company, and were thought rich. This had been mentioned in a letter from one of her friends, but their names were not told. It would have pleased her better to hear he had chosen some village maid from his own parish, or some other humble spot, for she had no opinion of fashionable women for wives. She knew besides that the wife of Sidney, unless she possessed an ample fortune herself, could not expect to live in the enjoyment of the luxuries of life, and that her brother was opposed from principle to that display of pomp and vanity which constitutes the happiness of fashionable women.

‘Poor Sidney,’ she said to her husband, ‘has, after a life of singular discretion, made an imprudent choice at last. She may be what the world calls *amiable*, but I fear she is unsuited for him.’

‘Well, don’t be borrowing trouble,’ said her husband, gaily, ‘nor condemn the poor girl beforehand, contrary to all the rules of charity, which requires you to cover her sins, after you have found them out, not to expose them beforehand.’

‘We will hope for the best,’ returned Eliza, smiling at her husband’s reproof, ‘but at all events we must comply with the invitation, or we shall not have a chance to know what sort of person she is, and I confess my curiosity is quite awakened on the subject.’

‘No doubt of it, no doubt of it,’ replied he; ‘I never

knew a woman with whom that propensity slumbered, so we must go, I see, there is no help for it.'

It was just after twilight, when the carriage which contained Frederic D——, his Eliza and their little one, drove up to the door of the old mansion. Sidney, who was on the lookout, was at the carriage door in a moment, and leading his sister in, introduced her to Mr Van Horn, who was sitting there. As neither Frederick nor Eliza knew that gentleman personally, they immediately concluded he was the master of the house, particularly as the old gentleman fidgeted about to hand them seats, and very cordially welcomed them 'to New York.'

'So, a Dutch girl,' whispered Frederick, while Eliza was laying aside her bonnet and shawl, and disposing of little Adelaide's, who, after receiving her uncle's kiss, was soon seated on the knee of Mr Van Horn.

'Now dear Sidney,' said Eliza in a low voice, 'I hope you mean to let us see the lady.'

'She will be here presently,' he replied; 'I am most anxious to introduce those who I hope will be sisters in affection.' A shade passed over the brow of Eliza, and she sighed deeply as she remembered the moment when Sidney placed the weeping Adelaide in her arms the day before his departure, and said, 'be sisters,' and she mentally exclaimed, 'oh, that she might be like her.'

Adelaide had just entered unperceived from a door that opened back of the chair where Eliza had chanced to seat herself, and Frederick, who had been thinking all the time of a short, plump Dutch-girl, was surveying her with looks of lively admiration.

'She is here, sister,' said Sidney, and Eliza hastily rising, turned and beheld her long lost friend; a piercing shriek, as she caught her to her bosom, rung through every room in the mansion, and brought even the servants into the room to ascertain the cause. The little girl was terrified even to tears, and in fact there was no one present who did not shed more or less on the occasion. The uncle, who always shunned excitement of all kinds, in the meantime kept himself aloof until the hysterical laughing and crying of Mrs D—— was over. He had been quite distressed before, as he said, 'for fear he should fall in love with Mrs D——,' but he was entirely relieved now, as he protested 'he could never love a woman with all the perfections of an Angel, if she had hysterics,' he now however advanced, and was introduced by Adelaide as her uncle.

'Why I thought this gentleman was your uncle,' said she, looking at Mr Van Horn, 'is it possible you can have an uncle so young and—and——'

'And handsome,' said Frederic, 'I suppose you would say, if I were not present.'

In the course of conversation on that interesting evening, the affair of the letter was discussed and explained, and Adelaide thanked Frederic for the home she had understood he offered her, though she had the misfortune then to remain in ignorance of his kindness.

'It was ordered by Providence, I believe,' observed her uncle, 'that you should not leave that family until the measure of their iniquities was filled up.'

During the week that preparations were making for the

nuptials of Adelaide, she was very greatly surprised by a call from Mr and Mrs Malcomb, the West Indians, with whom she became acquainted at Washington. They had just arrived at New York, and she expressed her surprise they could have found her so soon, for Mrs Malcomb said she had flown to embrace her almost as soon as they landed.

'We brought your direction from Washington,' said she; 'the gentleman who used to employ Mr Holbey informed us from time to time of your welfare, and when we came away, furnished us with the direction to your house. He appeared much pleased when speaking of your present happy situation. That Mr —— is an excellent man I think, of course you are well acquainted with him.'

'Not at all,' said Adelaide, 'I never saw him but once, and that was the night before Mr Holbey's departure from Washington.'

'It was rumored,' said Mr Malcomb, that Mr Holbey's sudden departure was occasioned by a disagreement with Mr ——, but he never said any thing on the subject, so we suppose it was a mistake. He informed us of the decease of Mrs Holbey, and expressed his fears that her journey might have hurried it.'

'That was not the case observed Adelaide, 'she was much benefitted by it, and I think would have lived some time longer, had not domestic afflictions hastened her dissolution. The misconduct of her children I think was the final cause of her death, communicated to her as it was in the most abrupt and unfeeling manner.'

‘And in what state of mind,’ asked Mrs Malcomb, ‘did the poor lady die?’

‘As she lived,’ replied Adelaide. ‘The habitual frame of her mind was a most forlorn one, as perfectly unfavorable to religious impressions as possible; whenever the subject was forced upon her attention, she would employ every subterfuge to evade it; if she said any thing, it was usually in the way of cavilling, and it was evident she did not wish to speak of the subject at all. That feeling of self-righteousness which is perhaps the last thing we renounce, supported her against all the terrors of the Gospel; its hopes and promises, she persisted, ought to belong to sufferers of every description. I regretted she could not have had some suitable person to converse with; her death was instantaneous.’

‘Where were the ministers of religion?’ asked Sidney; where were you?’

‘The ministers of religion she would not see. I have nothing to reproach myself with on her account; she would not permit me to talk to her. I once thought before she left Washington, her heart was softened, but the feeling was transient. She had, however, Sidney, Moses and the Prophets, and them she would not hear.’

‘Shocking!’ exclaimed Mrs Malcomb, ‘but if her death was dreadful to her, I hope it may be useful to us. It is very rare, I think, that a life of fashionable frivolity is closed by a hopeful death. May it be a lesson to us all.’

‘And this,’ said Adelaide, after Mrs Malcomb had taken her leave, ‘this is the person whom Mrs Holbey made a stumbling-block of, protesting if *she* had religion, she her-

self had, as she was sure that lady never thought of religion out of church.'

'What correspondents have you at Washington?' asked Mr Mellville, 'they seem very well acquainted with our affairs there.'

None, sir,' said his niece, 'either you or I must be persons of great importance I am thinking, to be so well known, and she ventured a sidelong glance at Sidney, who smiled significantly.

Mr Mellville had determined upon celebrating the wedding with some pomp, though against the remonstrances of his niece. The Malcomb's were invited *en famille*, and cards of invitation despatched in various directions to their numerous acquaintance for the evening. The wedding was to be solemnized in the morning at St Paul's, and attended only by their particular friends, and to take place on the ensuing week. In the meantime, the Van Horn's, who protested they would have one more visit from Adelaide before she was Mrs E——, had contrived a little rural *fete* at a country seat of theirs, a short distance from the city. The party was small, consisting only of the particular friends of the families, to gratify Sidney, who disliked large parties, and Adelaide, likewise, who of course did not wish for a public display just at this season; it was to be the day before the wedding, and though small, very splendid preparations were made to render it tasteful and entertaining.

The weather being very fine when the day arrived, tempted Sidney to drive Adelaide in an open carriage, and in passing through the Bowery where they drove very

slow, Sidney being in earnest conversation with his fair companion, she happened to cast her eyes on the opposite side of the street, and he saw her color change in a moment, while grasping his arm, she exclaimed, 'Holbey!' 'Impossible,' said Sidney, following the direction of her terrified glance, he saw several sailors standing near a lamp post, but no one that looked like the person in question.

'What is the matter dear Adelaide,' said he checking the horses to a walk, has any thing alarmed you ?

She persisted she had seen a man in a sailor's dress when she first looked that way that so much resembled Holbey she could not but believe it was himself, and that he had immediately disappeared upon seeing her. Sidney tried to soothe her terrors by saying it was no way probable that Holbey was then in that vicinity, 'though I have always feared,' said he, 'he might return at some future time with some plan of revenge. But do not, I entreat you, wear such a look of gloom on this happy day when our good old friend has exerted himself so much to entertain us.'

It was in vain that Adelaide strove to be cheerful, a gloom still clouded her fair brow when they arrived at the fine old Dutch mansion that had for so many years been the seat of the Van Horn's. Its singular and antique appearance interested the travellers very much ; constructed of very dark brick, its low porches, gable ends without number, and heavy cornices of curious carving, could not fail to excite much admiration in the guests, and while examining it, and promenading in the fine old grove of

sycamores in front that looked as though they might have been coeval with the first settlement of the country, our heroine for a time appeared to have forgotten all cause for uneasiness and alarm, but upon adjourning to the drawing-room, she once more relapsed into a fit of gloomy abstraction. Sidney himself could not but at length become seriously uneasy, and drawing their host apart from the company, he related the adventure on the road, and expressed some apprehensions that it was possible the malignant and revengeful Holbey might be near. Mr Van Horn was silent some moments while pondering the subject with true Dutch consideration, at length he said—

‘I fear my young friend your suspicions are right. It certainly was a most inconsiderate thing to suffer that man to go off in the manner he did. I fear me he has got to perform some terrible deed yet ; something about him seems to assure me he was born for the gallows.’

‘And if it were not,’ returned Sidney, ‘that *what would bring a man’s head to the block in any other country, is regarded as nothing in this*, he would have suffered his deserts long ago ; there is no question but he has been guilty of murder in intention.’

‘Yes, of murdering our sweet Adelaide, you mean. I believe Mellville has concluded after all that was an idle threat.’

‘If he knew what I know, he would not consider it so,’ replied Sidney, ‘and if she will permit, you shall both know sufficient to convince you, under the seal of secrecy, however.’

Adelaide was now called out, and gave permission to

Sidney to develop as much of the proceedings at Washington as he thought fit, and he thought proper to give a candid and detailed account of the whole transaction, though, as he said before, under the seal of secrecy. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of both the gentlemen, but Mr Mellville still endeavored to allay their apprehensions by the improbability of his being in their vicinity; he had once heard of his arrival at New Orleans, and his overseer had written he was safe at the plantation, and seemed quite pleased and contented with his situation, and appeared to have no desire to walk beyond its boundaries.

‘And is that all?’ exclaimed the astonished Mr Van Horn; ‘has such a villain been permitted to go out without irons, and have the liberty of strolling about the country when he gets there? I lay my life he is here.’

The countenance of Mr Mellville fell, still he contended he could have no motive or wish to return but revenge, and no possible means to get here, being entirely destitute of money and credit too, with no friends here, and nothing but shame and poverty to come to.

Still their host argued revenge might bring him, and means might be contrived, and urged his friend to summon some of the police to search for him.

‘I will to-morrow go myself and engage the fellows who first apprehended him to search, they would know him again, and do it wholly to satisfy you and my niece, for I do not yet believe he is here.’

‘Send now,’ said their host, ‘to-morrow may be too late.’

‘To see him, I think it would,’ said Mr Mellville, ‘for he is not here depend upon it,’ so saying he led the way back to the drawing-room, whispering his niece, ‘not to look gloomy, for what she feared, was impossible,’ and Sidney and their host, if not convinced, thought fit to drop the subject for the present, and endeavor to reassure Adelaide. Tranquility being once more restored, the company proceeded to partake of the sumptuous feast prepared for them. In the evening Mr Van Horn invited his guests to an alcove in the garden, with the intention of surprising them with the music of a band which he had stationed in boats at a little distance from the shore. The walk to this spot was delightful ; the air was a perfect calm, and the moonbeams rested on the beautiful cove, where here and there a white sail half furled of some vessel at anchor, announced the labors of these fresh water sailors were done for that day. Suddenly the soft, sweet notes of the Vesper Hymn, as it came across the water and floated on the air, seemed like celestial music. Sidney and Adelaide had strolled to the extremity of the garden, which was edged with willows, and seating her on a little rustic bench, he took his station beside her, and as she listened entranced with her fine eyes raised towards heaven, he thought he had never seen a human countenance of such seraphic expression. A sudden and suspicious movement in some bushes near, caused her suddenly to start from her seat, and instinctively grasping at Sidney, he folded his arms about her, while at the same instant a pistol ball came whizzing through the air, and a piercing shriek from Adelaide as she sunk to the earth by her lover’s side,

announced it had taken fatal aim. A little boat, so small as to have escaped observation, immediately shot from beneath the pendant boughs of a willow which hung over the water's edge. The assassin sprung and made for the skiff, but a mighty arm arrested his progress, and tugging for life, he drew the person who had seized him out upon a kind of platform that extended about twenty feet into the river.

'Save my uncle!' groaned Adelaide, as she raised her head momentarily from the ground and beheld the deadly combat, 'let not all I love on earth be mur——' the words died on her quivering lips, and she relapsed into a swoon as a heavy plunge over the cap-log announced that one at least had taken his final leap.

By this time the whole company had reached the ground, and every eye was at once directed to the prostrate lovers. The white garments of Adelaide were completely drenched in blood, but where it flowed from they were unable to discover. Sidney was apparently lifeless, having fainted immediately, and a greater scene of horror and distress could not well be imagined. Mr Van Horn of all the party seemed the only one who retained his senses; he shouted to the retreating boat, offering immense reward to any one who would stop her, while he ordered the bodies of the hapless pair to be carried immediately in.

As they raised Adelaide gently from the earth, Melville for the first time caught a view of their persons, and rushing headlong from the platform where he had at last executed signal vengeance, and amply atoned for his former len-

ity, he caught the insensible form of his niece in his arms, pressing his lips to hers, and conjuring her to live, with all the wildest and most extravagant demonstrations of grief. Meanwhile Sidney was borne into the house, and his coat being removed, it was found the ball had penetrated the fleshy part of his arm and lodged in the shoulder; the pain of removing the clothes recovered him from the swoon, and by proper restoratives he was soon enabled to speak; his first words were to enquire after Adelaide. Eliza, who really thought it was all over with that dear sister of her heart, unable to answer, burst into tears. Adelaide, however, was unhurt, and recovered partially from her fainting in bringing her into the house. She was borne into the next room where Sidney was, and laid on a couch; here the first sound she distinguished was the enquiry from some one in the room, if Sidney was mortally wounded; raising herself from the couch, weak and exhausted as she was, she insisted upon being conducted to him, and her uncle, who in vain remonstrated with her, was obliged to support her tottering form to the couch where he lay.—The idea that he was mortally wounded had taken full possession of her imagination, and throwing herself beside him, she once more fainted on his bosom, and it was long after his recovery before they convinced her the wound was not mortal; nothing could, however, keep her from being near him. A physician and surgeon had been sent for, and an alarm given to the police, and the surgeon when he arrived, could not for some time decide which was the patient, so great was the ravages that grief and fear had made in her countenance in a few brief hours, that of the

two, one would have been led to suppose her the most in need of medical assistance.

Unable to witness the extraction of the ball, Adelaide permitted them to lead her out while that operation was performing, but no persuasion could induce her to quit his side after that. For three days Sidney continued very ill, and Adelaide the image of despair, but on the fourth he began to mend, and after that his recovery progressed rapidly, and he was soon able to be carried back to the city.

Almost the first inquiry of Sidney after his immediate danger was over, was 'What had become of Holbey?' for he could not doubt who the assassin was.

'He has gone to his place at last,' said Mr Mellville, whose habitual mildness gave way at the bare mention of his name, 'I gave him to the fishes, but they would not have him, and he is now buried in the poor-house yard. He whose boundless ambition the world could not have satisfied, who aimed at the highest place in all companies, and who would have sacrificed innumerable lives to his own aggrandizement, and did in reality sacrifice his own soul, has made his grave with the refuse of society. I shall never forget the Satanic glance he gave me, when after I had hurled him in the flashing waters, he rose again, and grasping my feet, sought to carry me down with him; I gave him a blow that released me, and sent him a few yards further; he rose once more, and had he been grappling with all the fiends of darkness, his countenance could not have exhibited greater horror or fiercer tortures.'

‘I’ll lay my life,’ said Mr Van Horn, ‘that whatever he lived, he did not die an unbeliever; his look, and it was the only glimpse I had of his countenance, forcibly reminded me of these lines of Blair :

‘In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain.’

‘Oh, what must have been the horror of his soul at that dreadful moment !’ said Sidney, ‘what visions of futurity must have broke upon his view even in the brief space of a moment. The great judge of quick and dead about to sit in judgment on his soul—his past life, the violated law of God, all, all in awful array against him, surely a whole life of gratified ambition would have been dearly purchased by the horrors of such a death.’

‘His body,’ said Mr Mellville, ‘was taken up a little below here, and identified as the person who fired the pistol. No other recognition was made known, and as no one appeared to claim it, it was given to the physicians. What use they made of it I cannot tell, if any; the one who visits here informed me where he was buried.’

‘Oh, never, never can I forgive myself,’ said Adelaide, ‘my rashness had nearly cost the peace of my whole life; let no one after this trifle with the resentful passions of such a monster; but who would have thought he would have taken such measures to compass his revenge.’

‘As you appear so very sensible of it,’ said Sidney, ‘I shall say but little; but I had reserved a severe lecture for you, previous to this. I had some suspicion that, unknown to yourself, a feeling of revenge had prompted you-

to make the disclosure to him you did. It was every way wrong and imprudent. In the first place, it was not only trifling with your own life, for he might have murdered you on the spot; but it was also ungrateful to those who had given you a pledge it should not be known, and for aught you know, robbed justice of its due in order to secure your person, or at least that might have operated as one powerful motive. I am thus plain with you, dearest Adelaide, as an earnest of what I mean to be—your spiritual as well as temporal friend. The human heart is deceitful above all things, and frequently betrays us into things where the hidden motive is unknown to ourselves. Charming as I think you,' said he, taking her hand affectionately in his, 'you know I do not believe there is any perfection here below.'

'You are perfect in sincerity, at least,' said she smiling, 'but I deserve it all, and feel very happy, you may be assured, to come off so.'

CHAPTER XX.

'A matchless pair,
With equal virtue formed and equal grace.'
Thompson's Seasons.

The day at length arrived that was to unite the fate of Sidney and his Adelaide. The marriage had necessarily been postponed a few weeks on account of the distressing

affair mentioned in the preceding chapter. Sidney was still convalescent, but as he insisted that it should be put off no longer, and as Adelaide did not object, it was accordingly celebrated. The day before the ceremony, a sealed paper was delivered to Adelaide from an unknown hand, that contained an elegant set of pearls, attached to which was a medallion containing a lock of hair. On the reverse was inscribed the words 'Integrity—Patriotism.'

The eyes of Adelaide sparkled with delight as she examined this bridal gift, which was much admired by all present, and much more did they admire at the sly method her uncle had taken to bestow it; for to him they all attributed it. He however stoutly denied having any hand in it, and said he had reserved his present for the next evening.

On the morning of the succeeding day the charming Adelaide gave her hand to Sidney, on the spot where she had first seen him seven years before, having prevailed on her uncle to change the place to T—— Church for that very purpose.

The bride appeared in pure white, with no ornament except the set of pearls necklace, while the interesting and elegant appearance of Sidney was rather heightened than diminished by a silk scarf which Adelaide had wrapped his arm in, and tastefully fastened around his neck. They all complimented him upon the improvement it made in his looks, but there was much sport after returning, caused by the question from one of the spectators, who will happen in on such occasions, 'whether the Parson had had an affair of honor lately.'

The late unhappy occurrence had caused Mr Mellville to alter his plan of celebrating the wedding in such pomp as he had planned before, and the idea of the evening party was given up, much to the gratification of the bride and bridegroom, and the real friends who were present.— In the evening Mr Mellville said he had waited to make his present thus long, in order to have the pleasure of addressing the bride by her new name, and stepping gracefully across the room he presented her with a sealed paper which he drew from his bosom, saying, ‘with this accept my blessing and fervent wishes for your happiness.’ For a few moments his niece was unable to break the seal, but at length opening it, she found it contained a draft for *ten thousand dollars*.

‘My dear uncle,’ said the sweet bride, springing across the room and throwing her arms around his neck, ‘this is too much ; I shall be too rich, to be loved by two such beings and have all this money beside.’

The simplicity of the speech caused a general smile, while Sidney, taking up the paper which in the vehemence of her movements she had thrown on the floor, seriously addressed Mr Mellville with, ‘my dear sir, you are too good ; had you not better reserve this till you see what use we make of your former kind bounties ? I really fear, as Adelaide says, *we shall be too rich*,’ and the tears stood trembling in his eyes.

‘Be assured, my good nephew,’ said the uncle, forcing the paper back into his hand, ‘I shall not impoverish myself ; I am too selfish for that, and nothing can give me equal pleasure to seeing you both enjoying the good things

of this life. It would be a small favor in my opinion to bestow a fine house and nothing to support it with. This will at least make a beginning. As to the use you make of wealth, the integrity that led you to part with your paternal estate, rather than distress one who had lent his property upon the good faith of your father's security, is sufficient evidence for you. I have known many a man esteemed honest in other things, seek to shuffle off a debt of this kind, and think almost any deception lawful; what loose notions they must have of honesty and morality, I will not now say. It is sufficient that if you had done it, Adelaide would never have been yours with my consent. We have all preserved our integrity, and still have enough of the good things of this life, and as a beginning, let's to supper, for I assure you the events of this day have given me an excellent appetite,' so saying he led the way to the supper room, where a plentiful repast awaited them, and many toasts were drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom.

A few days after the wedding, Sidney and his wife, accompanied by Mr Mellville, took their departure from the city for the Church in the mountains, and were cordially welcomed by the expecting people, with whom the sweet and gentle manners of Adelaide were much admired, and their Pastor warmly congratulated upon the choice he had made. The calm and peace of this secluded vale was a sweet relief to one who young as she was, had long been weary of the bustle of the world; the mountains that bounded her prospect, bounded her wishes also. The life she led here was exactly adapted to her taste, and such

as she had delighted to anticipate ever since she had first contemplated becoming the wife of Sidney. Habitually simple minded, she wished for no distinctions beyond what the love of her family and the esteem of her friends conferred, and she now looked forward to spending her remaining days in the seclusion of her cherished home ; and here perhaps we ought to leave her, in the enjoyment of every coveted blessing. Here properly our story ends, but as we know that many of our readers will be anxious to know what was the future life of one whose earlier pilgrimage was marked by such peculiar trials, we will endeavor to relate all that came to our knowledge respecting this interesting family in subsequent life, though we can only give a rapid sketch in

CONCLUSION.

The health of Sidney was yet delicate, so much so, that he was obliged to give up his Parish for the winter, and spend it in their city residence ; the effect of mountain air on weak lungs, added to the exposure he was necessitated to bear, compelled this. He was confined much of the time to the house during this winter, and the impracticability of his mingling with much society gradually weaned Mr Mellville from it ; besides he had now a companion of his own sex in the family whose society he felt to be vastly superior to most of those found in the circles of fashion. Sidney labored to, and was successful in convincing him, that the fashionable dissipation he had formerly indulged in was as repugnant to plain republican simplicity, as to the precepts of our holy religion.

With great effort Sidney performed the duties of pastor

on the ensuing summer to his little flock, but in the autumn, his health again declining, he was persuaded finally to resign the charge, and Mr Mellville being advised to take him to a warmer climate, in the month of October, induced Frederic the husband of Eliza to remove with his family to New York, and leaving the care of his house to them, proceeded to embark with Sidney and his wife for France. In that delightful climate they passed the ensuing three years, with occasional excursions to Italy and the Netherlands, and returned by the way of England to the United States. We regret to say that though the health of Sidney was very much improved, he was never able to preach afterwards; every thing that required any exercise of the lungs out of the usual course, never failed to bring back those pulmonary symptoms that the greatest care could alone keep back. Amiable as our heroine was, we see in her case that perfect happiness is not ever the lot of such; her life indeed was little less than one continued scene of trial; her affections were bound up in her husband, and it was her lot year after year to watch the variations of his health with that restless assiduity that woman only knows, who loves as she did. His profession was reluctantly abandoned, though with that habitual resignation to the Divine will that ever marked his conduct.

During their three years residence abroad, they had two children; one of them, born in the Netherlands, Adelaide presented to Mr Van Horn on her return, as a real Dutchman. Little Edward was therefore a great favorite with the old gentleman, and particularly distinguished by

him from the other boys, though habitually fond of children, he loved them all.

It is frequently remarked that valetudinarians live longer than persons of robust constitution, and Mr Mellville used to tell Sidney often, 'that he had no doubt he would live to be an older man than himself, though with a patched up constitution.' Whether that is often the case or no, is impossible to say, but Mr Mellville, whose constitution seemed to promise to hold out to extreme old age, is now no more. He survived the marriage of his niece ten years, and left his ample fortune to her. The last winter of his life was passed with Sidney and his family at New Orleans. It was 'his merriest and his last,' and doubtless hastened his end. Since living in the family of Sidney, he had learned to be temperate in all things; he had been entirely thrown out of the society of those jovial souls who once surrounded him in Europe and New Orleans, but once returned to mingle with them again, he found insensibly his old habits of conviviality return, a proof we ought never to feel so sure of a reformation as to trust ourselves in the way of former temptations. For the last month of his life he extremely regretted not having devoted his life to the service of his Maker, 'his high endowments of soul and body,' as Sidney observed, 'had qualified him for every thing that was excellent and truly great,' he died, however, in the humble hope of the Publican, and left behind many pleasing evidences of his state of preparation for a happy exchange of worlds, one of which and not the least perhaps, was a legacy bequeathed to the two abandoned daughters of Holbey, in case they could be persuad-

ed to leave their present evil course of life, and retire to some place of seclusion in the country.

Those two unfortunate women, both long since expelled from the society of all decent people, had taken a house together, and abandoned themselves to every species of vice almost that could be named. Mrs R—— was notoriously intemperate, and Augusta, though not addicted to that vice, was guilty of almost every other. They had now been missing two or three years, and their present place of residence could not be traced, yet it was supposed they were living. It was not until many months after the decease of Mr Melville that Augusta returned to New York. As Adelaide was one evening stepping into a carriage in Broadway, she was accosted by a half clad miserable looking woman, who seized her gown, exclaiming,

‘Bread, madam—I have not tasted a mouthful in two days.’

The voice made Adelaide start, though from what cause she could not exactly tell, but as her ears were ever open to the cries of distress, and her hand ready to relieve, she stepped back to feel for her purse, and upon putting some money into the hand of the suppliant, she recognized the wretched Augusta. The recognition was mutual, and mutually afflictive. The sobs of Mrs E—— brought several gentlemen to the carriage door, who inquired the cause and proffered their assistance. Unwilling to take her into the carriage with her children, Mrs E—— requested one of the gentlemen to call a hack, and have the unfortunate female conveyed to her house; it was complied with, and here she nursed and tended the unfortu-

nate creature herself, reduced as she was by famine and misery to the last degree of wretchedness, and as soon as her health was restored, she acquainted her with the provision made for her in the late Mr Mellville's Will, and entreated her to comply with the conditions annexed to it. It seems almost incredible that the mention of retirement should excite anger in a being so desolate and miserable, yet it was the case, and for some time she was unable to answer, while the rapid changes in her countenance announced a strong mental conflict. Adelaide was hoping it arose from sensibility and gratitude at such an unexpected and unmerited bequest, and was most painfully disappointed when she spoke.

'And so,' said she, 'to gain this paltry pittance, I am to be moped down in the country, and compelled to pass my days among a parcel of country boors. I who was educated for the first circles of society.'

Amazement for a moment deprived Adelaide of speech, but she felt herself called upon now to speak plainly; hitherto Augusta had preserved a stullen silence in presence of her cousin, and to all her exhortations to repentance and amendment of life, she had rarely returned any answer whatever. This excellent woman who acted as spiritual as well as temporal friend to her, imputed this silence to shame, and argued well from it, but now she could misunderstand it no longer, and she answered with some spirit—

'If high notions would keep people from mean actions, your life Augusta would have exhibited a different example from what it has done. As it is, the question is not

what you have been educated for, or what unhappy notions may have been instilled into your mind, but what you are now fit for. The woman who has lived in open disregard of all the laws of decency and propriety, and of all the common regulations of morality, is no longer to be tolerated mixing with the world; if she can find some peaceful spot where she can hide her sorrows and her guilt safe from the frowns of the virtuous, from insult and persecution, it is as much as she can in conscience ask for.— Heaven may be appeased upon sincere repentance, but the world knows no mercy in such cases.'

Mr E——, as trustee to the sum left, had agreeably to the conditions of the Will, found out a suitable asylum for her with a family of farmers of Pennsylvania, where she might have enjoyed all the comforts of life without danger of intrusion or molestation from any one, and Adelaide then informed her of the arrangement. Augusta asked three days to consider of it, which ridiculous as the request was, was granted her, though the family now felt the greatest repugnance to her longer remaining under their roof, particularly as they were in daily expectation of a visit from Mr Bancroft and family at the time. Nothing becoming a Christian minister had been omitted on the part of Sidney to restore the wanderer then under his roof, but she was too hardened for argument or persuasion to reclaim. At the expiration of three days, however, she consented to go, with the proviso of being permitted to make her payments herself to the persons where she was to board, this was at length granted, and at her earnest request, a half yearly payment given her in advance. Her

letters to the family, (persons with whom Sidney was well acquainted,) and a seat in the stage secured for the following day, but in the morning of that day it was found she had decamped with a young man who had lived in their family some time, and whom she had succeeded in corrupting during her short residence in the same house.

After that period she had the audacity to write to Mr E—— several times for money; this he uniformly refused. In three years from that time she was again left destitute and humbled, and set out on her return to claim the conditions of the Will, but was drowned in crossing a ferry on her way back to New York, Heaven seeing fit to reject her late attempts at reformation.

Mrs R—— was sought for in vain for several years, but soon after the death of Augusta, was found in one of the city hospitals, where she soon after died, being too ill to remove. Sidney E—— attended her in her last moments, and indulged the hope that she died a penitent.— She constantly suffered great horrors of mind for the last three months of her life, and made the most humble confessions of guilt, to Adelaide in particular, and solicited her prayers and forgiveness.

The last ever known of the sons of Mr Holbey one of them was in the State Prison, and the other having run away from a vessel lying in the harbor of Matanzas, was supposed to have joined the pirates. A strange fatality seemed in fact to have attended this family; without one exception it seemed as though not one of them could stop short of utter ruin.

It was on the eve of the departure of Sidney and his

wife for the south of Europe, several years subsequent to this, that Adelaide collecting her family of boys around the domestic hearth, recounted to them the *history of the Holbey's*, and urged upon them the warning and the moral of their story, in conclusion she observed—

‘There have been persons who have spoken of their singular fate in argument for the doctrine of fatalism, while others presumptuously adduced their case as proof of the unfailing justice of a Being who has thus taken vengeance upon the last of their race, not only for their own sins, but for the crimes of some of their immediate progenitors. But who that ever took the trouble to trace effects to their causes, can believe either one or the other ? The whole lives of that unfortunate family had but one object, *self-exaltation and aggrandizement*. That was their being's end and aim. ‘*To rise in the world*,’ as they termed it, by whatever means, was inculcated as the one thing needful. It was the sum of all the instruction they received from parental admonition, the object of all their endeavors. It must be confessed they finally took strange methods to attain it, but here we only see the inconsistency of idle ambition, and I wish to convince you on this occasion, my dear children, that all ambition is not only idle but, sinful and dangerous, and every feeling that exalts you in your own opinion above your fellow men, to be shunned.

The distinctions of virtue, of intellect, and of education, though highly desirable in themselves, should not be sought with the mean motive of exalting us above others ; whoever feels his superiority even on the score of his vir-

ties, let him beware ; already that virtue totters ; for the only thing which can give stability to it, is humility. In reality the more we know of our own hearts the more cause we shall see to be humble, the more learning we possess the more we become acquainted with our own ignorance. And as to the pride of intellect, who has made us to differ in this respect, how are we sure of the possession of this superiority even for a day ? a very slight circumstance may overturn the whole fabric of reason, and completely prostrate all our mental faculties. Of what then can we venture to be proud ? Of what distinction shall we be ambitious ? Beauty is fading—riches take wings—reputation is precarious—our reason unstable—and friends more uncertain than all the rest.’

Thus reasoned the pious and intellectual mother, who had been recounting, with the history, the particulars of her own eventful life ; far different was her language when speaking of herself, from what others would have used of her ; she did not arrogate to herself the least merit, that she was not like those whom she described, and particularly unlike that unhappy family, whom the besom of destruction had swept from the earth.

‘Their fate my dear children,’ she added, ‘I wish you never to forget, was occasioned, next to a bad education, by an indulgence of feelings, which reason and religion both condemn. Not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, and for each to esteem others better than himself, are maxims laid down in that holy book, which we profess to take as our guide, and they cannot be too often meditated upon.

'That pride, my children, which impels the ambitious few to seek the reigns of power at whatever cost, in order to lord it over the ignorant many; which disposes men to trample upon the dearest rights of the people, and upon the people too; to aggrandize themselves, and enjoy the transports of tyranny and the pleasures of domination, in governments is termed *aristocracy*, and of all the evils with which a nation can be afflicted, it certainly is the greatest. I need not refer you to the history of feudal times in the old countries, nor even to the past history of our own, its present state must convince every rational mind that the secret working of this principle is the bane of national happiness. The continual struggles of a few to gain supreme power, is and ever has been a drawback to our happiness as a people.

'True we are the most favored nation upon the face of the globe, and what prevents our realizing it? The intrigues of the ambitious—the continued system of manœuvring practiced, and the cloud of dust which its turmoils continue to raise, to blind men's eyes, alone prevents our seeing and realizing it. You see then that this principle in a national point of view is a great evil; you see that it stops at nothing—that to blast the character of a political opponent, it will stoop to every meanness* and utter any falsehood. That there cannot be a candidate set up

*One of the most astonishing proofs of this is to be found in the life of the Empress Josephine. An English writer who has lately published her life, confesses that the slanders circulated against her, were invented by the British Government, not that they could have had any thing against

for any office in the gift of the people, let his former life and character have been what it may, but he is immediately accused of every sort of crime. If they do not represent him as ignorant, illiterate, and totally incompetent to the duties of office, why then he is sly, subtle, and designing—a man to be feared and dreaded, and guilty of every sort of vice. No matter where his former life has been passed, whether in *philosophic shades* in study and retirement, or in the *tented field*—no matter what services he may have formerly rendered the State, there is no protection against the unprincipled abuse of aspiring ambition.

‘The meannesses to which individuals often stoop for promotion in the world, and in order to gain access to what is termed *good society*, (more properly *fashionable*,) are greater we should think, than the lowest minds would descend to. Nor is the end proposed a source of any happiness when attained—the cravings of ambition, the demands of pride, are never satisfied. Some powerful competitor is always at hand, to poison the cup of happiness. Pride and ambition create envy, and envy begets meanness. It will not hesitate to blast the reputation of any who stand in our way, for what else can occasion the surmises and insinuations we so often hear repeated? They are never directed against inferiority; it is not a person below us that we censure with such malignity, but those whom we feel to be our superiors, either in virtue, talent,

the ‘good Josephine,’ he says, but Bonaparte being at the head of affairs in France, *they wished to couple his name with dishonor*. Who can read such a confession and not feel his blood curdle with horror.

beauty or accomplishments—possibly in all. We cannot indeed rob him or her of those rich gifts, but we can perhaps destroy their attraction; their fame once blasted they can do us no injury; degraded from the rank in society to which they are justly entitled, they will no longer stand in our way and we may possibly rise by their fall. Thus reasons envy, whose malignant whisperers have driven many a man to suicide and woman to destruction, for the sole object of self aggrandizement. But behold the day cometh that shall burn the proud as an oven; in the strong language of Scripture, ‘they shall consume as stubble; the Lord shall not leave them root or branch.’ Let this prophecy, so abundantly fulfilled in the case of the unhappy family whose story I have related, be a warning to you, my children, of whom I hope better things.

‘Bear in mind the parting advice of an affectionate mother; to you my sons, your country may hereafter look for an example, and she who now urges you to become such, remember has suffered much for the principles she endeavours to inculcate. You will not I trust misunderstand me, in what I have said on the subject of pride; humility does not teach us to seek low and vulgar associates. The fawning obsequiousness of ignorance and vulgarity, are disgusting to persons of true humility; to be pleased with such, argues an excess of pride. I wish you to prize the society of persons of true refinement, and to seek by every means in your power to augment the number of such. Our country can boast of many such, and they, clothed in the humility of the gospel, and living in mod-

eration and in-republican simplicity of manners, are the salt that preserves us as a nation. To them we look to check the tide of corruption and extravagance, that threatens to bear all before it. While such remain, and the blessings of education are so widely disseminated among us, there is no danger of our becoming an enslaved people, though an unquiet one I fear we shall ever be.'

The declining health of Sidney once more compelled him to seek a prolonged existence on the shores of Europe. Hitherto they had taken their little family with them when compelled to reside abroad ; but they had now arrived at an age when the pernicious tendency of foreign manners was to be dreaded ; and this more than Roman mother, the heroic Adelaide, chose rather to endure separation from those beloved objects, than subject them to such a trial.

The weak lungs of Mr E—— had for some time prevented his giving verbal instruction to his children, and upon Adelaide the task had mainly devolved. In leaving their country again, they had assigned the care of their dear ones to Frederic and Eliza, persons of whose principles, or competency for the charge they could have no doubt. Believing that her own want of fortitude would materially distress her husband, Adelaide sobore all emotions at parting. 'My dear and venerable friend, said she to Mr Van Horn, love my children as you have loved me;' and to her children, after giving them some general instruction respecting their conduct and deportment, she added, and it was her last words to them—

‘And remember above all things not to be high minded.’

At the extremity of the pier stood Frederic holding by the hand, the weeping children, and close beside him the vénéral Mr Van Horn, his white tocks flowing in the breeze, and waving his hat to the departing vessel, while interrupted by many a sob he said,

‘I shall no more behold yon matchless pair ! ere seas shall cease to roll between us, I shall be numbered with the dead ; but you will never, never, forget me—’ he added trying to dry his tears, and taking a hand of his favorite little Edward to lead him home.

His predictions were just ; as he survived the departure of his friends only a few months ; but he had lived to a good old age, and he decended to his grave in peace. His life and death furnished a strong contrast to that of Mr Holbey with whom he had once been so intimate. A steady patriot, an honest man, and a christian, he died the death of the righteous, and the turf that covered his mortal remains, was hallowed by the tears of the virtuous.

But virtue is not to seek, or to find its greatest reward on this earth. There is a place reserved for the righteous where it is not only to attain its highest state of perfection but to enjoy its highest felicity likewise, to this abode the just look forward with longing desires ; the hope of this inheritance lights the darkness of their way through the thorny paths of life’s pilgrimage, shall it then be a subject of grief when they are early called to take possession of it ? It ought not to be so, though the loss of such is doubly felt by survivors.

The virtuous and exemplary pair whose story has been related here in connexion with that of the Holbey's, are now no more, they have been dead several years. They did not even survive their excellent friend Mr Van Horn whose aged eyes were called to weep over their loss, before he departed himself. It can be of little consequence to the reader in what way, or by what disease they died, or by what singular providence they died together. Adelaide always thought it would be so, as she felt the moment that deprived her of Sidney would end her mortal existence, and often made that remark to Eliza; her words proved true. But whether it was by the lingering disease that had so long afflicted Sidney that he died, and his wife of a broken heart—whether they fell victims to some terrible disease peculiar to a foreign climate, or whether they *perished in the fated Abion* we do not think it proper to state; that they have assuredly left this earth is certain, and left, it may be safely added few equals behind them. The betrayer of *treason*, has nothing now to dread, from the pistol of the desperado, or the sword of the assassin; for she rests with God, but—

‘Where shall the traitor rest?

Shame and dishonor sit by his grave ever,
Blessings shall hallow it—never, Oh never!’



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